APR 17 '56

The Saturday Evening
POST

April 21, 1956 — 15¢

LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE

HOW TO MANAGE TEEN-AGERS

By Governor Collins of Florida

Ernie Banks of the Chicago Cubs

JOHN FALTER

LIBRARY BALDWIN-
WALLACE COLL
BEREA OHIO
25-56

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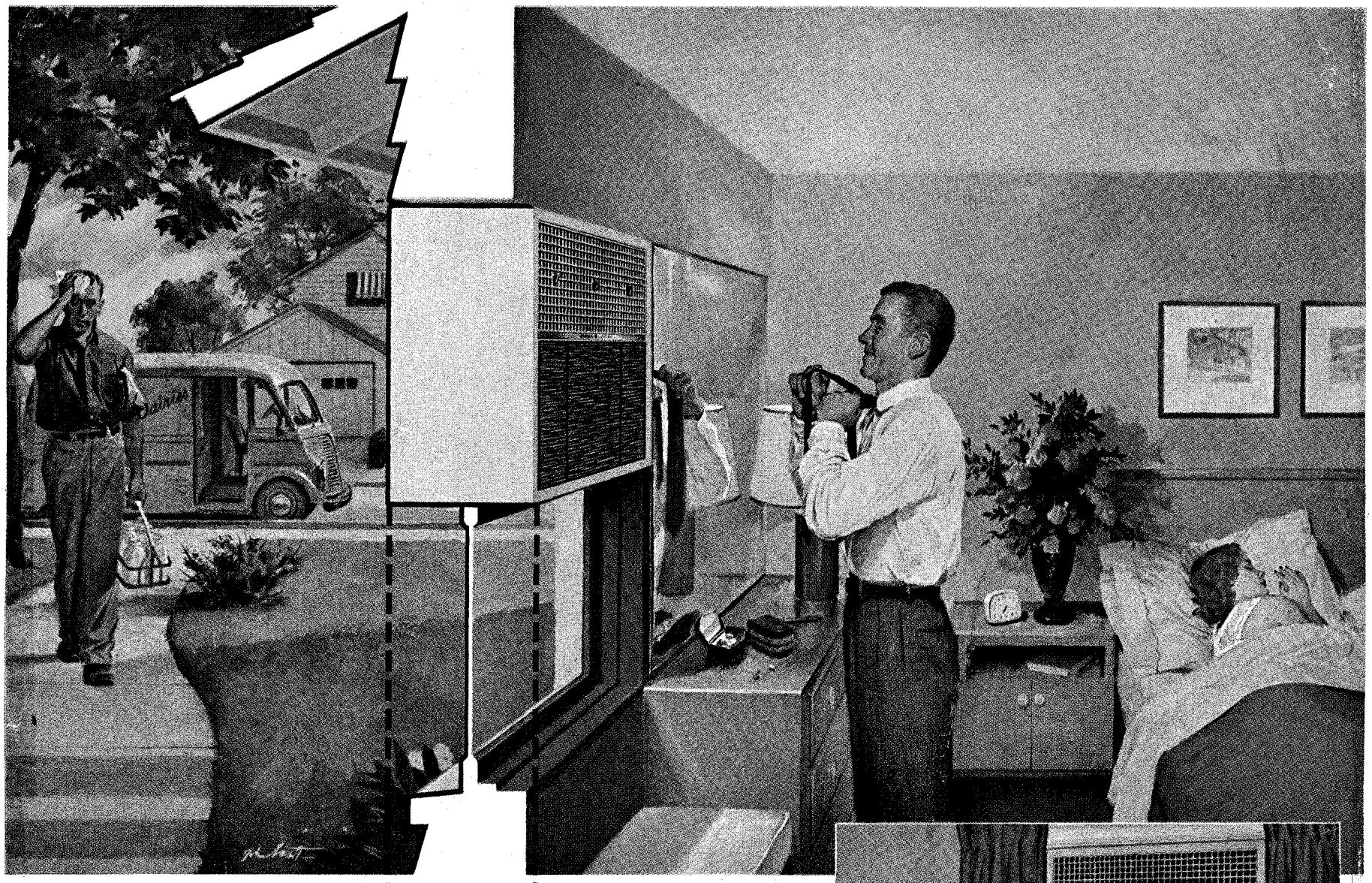
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All new G-E Thinline Air Conditioner takes up ⅓ less space!



G-E Thinline is 16½ inches "thin"... no unsightly overhang!

Why swelter when you can switch from hot, humid misery to cool, cool comfort with a G-E Room Air Conditioner!

HERE is a completely new concept in room air conditioners that offers top performance, yet actually takes up one-third less space than previous corresponding models.

It fits flush with your inside wall, yet has no unsightly overhang outside. And not only does it offer you amazing cooling capacity and dehumidification—its High Power Factor Design *assures economy of operation!*

You have a choice of many different comfort-conditions just at the flick of a finger. Delightfully cooled, filtered air pours quietly into your room, makes your days and nights comfortable all summer long! See your G-E dealer today for a demonstration—he's listed in your classified phone book.

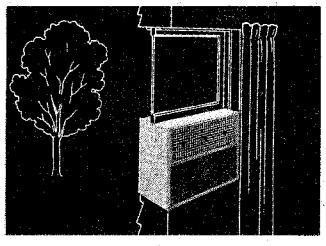
General Electric Company, Room Air Conditioner Department. Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Most models available in Canada.

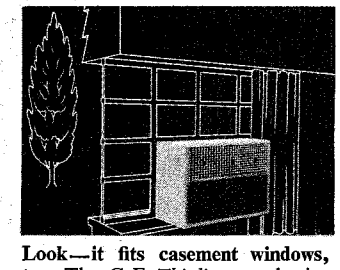
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

With a G-E Room Air Conditioner you choose your own weather with the flick of a finger. Knobs on top grille control 3 air directors, send cool, twice-filtered air to all parts of your room. Jet Air Freshener freshens your room in seconds.



Fits anywhere—in upper or lower sash. Can be mounted flush with inside wall as shown here or all-outside to allow windows to be closed. All inside installation is ideal for use in offices.



Look—it fits casement windows, too. The G-E *Thinline* can be installed in casement windows, without altering or defacing the windows. It can even be installed through any outside wall.

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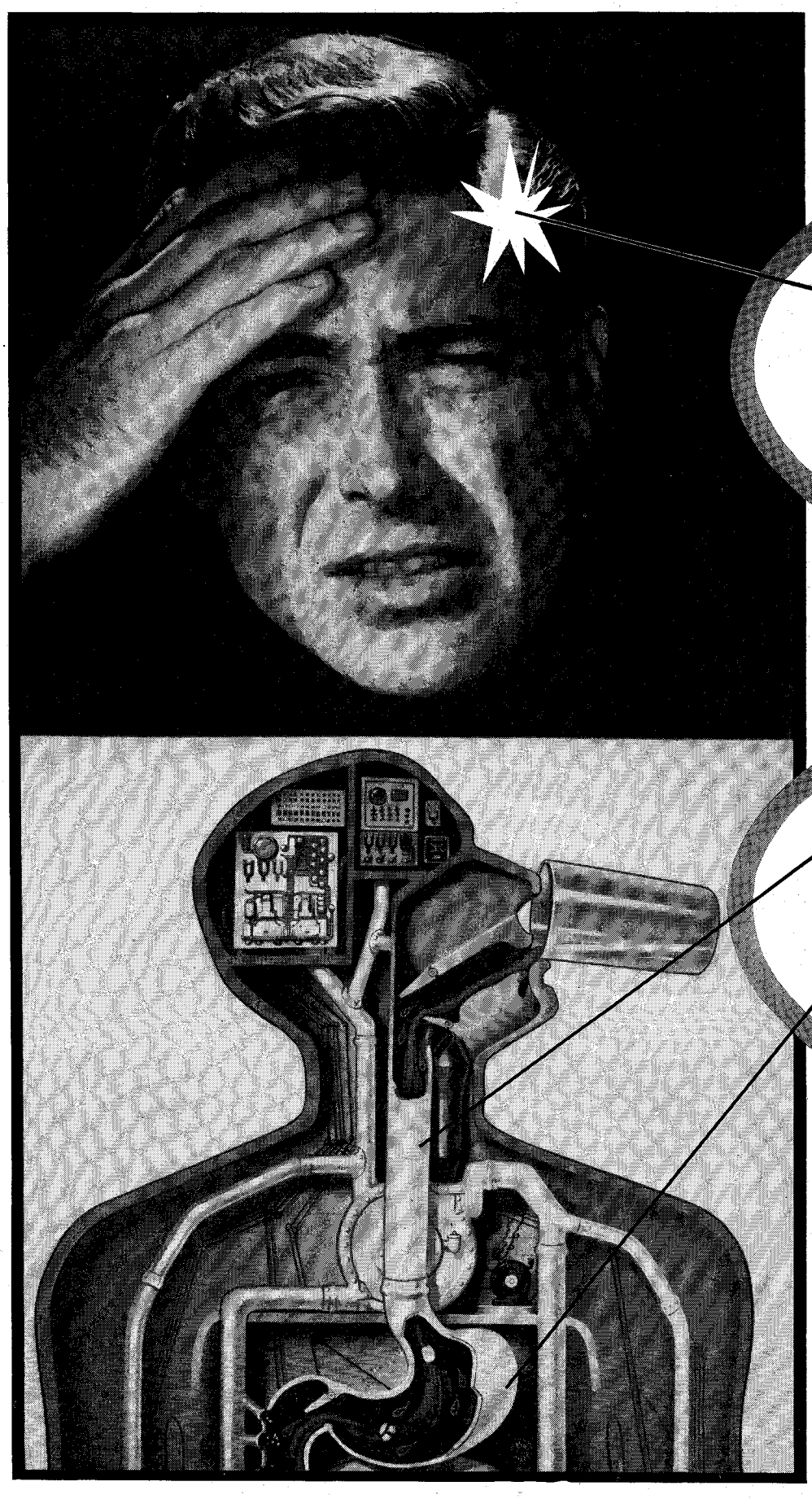
Medical evidence shows why

BUFFERIN®

acts twice as fast as aspirin



...DOESN'T UPSET YOUR STOMACH AS ASPIRIN OFTEN DOES!

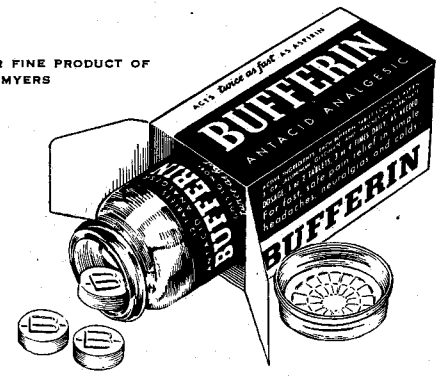
Headache? Don't wait for relief!

Millions of people have discovered that Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. Laboratory tests comparing Bufferin with aspirin show that Bufferin's pain relieving agent gets into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. 10 years of continuous research in hospitals and clinics has proved Bufferin's effectiveness and speed.

Faster pain relief . . . no upset stomach!

Any pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to be able to work. Bufferin combines aspirin with two special antacid ingredients, which speed the pain reliever into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. They also protect you from upset stomach. Take Bufferin next time pain strikes.

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS



IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN

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LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you

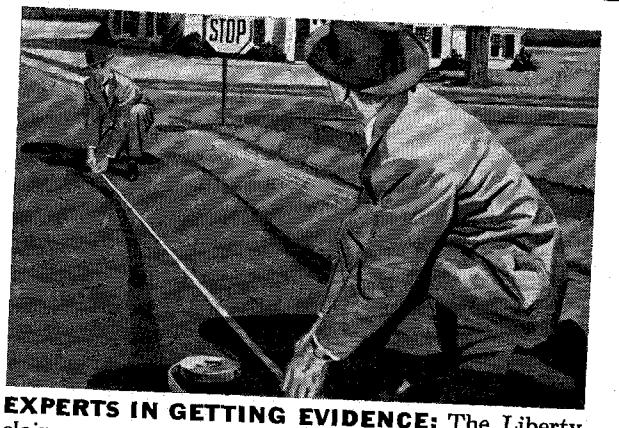
Mother in smashup tells how Liberty helped her

A LETTER came into Liberty Mutual from a woman who had a smashup with another car, her first accident in thirteen years of driving. She wrote, "I was very upset, and having three small children and a dog along throughout the ordeal added to my worries."

She was a Liberty policyholder far from home and she telephoned our office in a nearby city. She got the help she needed. "There was no quibbling or stalling," she said. "Being able to call you and being received so kindly was very helpful."

That's how Liberty claims service works. Help starts as soon as you phone. It's available 24 hours a day in all 48 states, Canada and Hawaii. When trouble strikes, Liberty Mutual is *the company that stands by you.*

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMEONE READY TO HELP YOU when you phone Liberty Mutual after your accident. You simply "plug into" Liberty's fast-moving organization — not only in one city, but across the nation. All this smooth-running machinery of a strong company is ready to protect you whenever you call.



EXPERTS IN GETTING EVIDENCE: The Liberty claimsman protects you by gathering facts about your accident quickly. Photos, witnesses' statements, medical information, damage appraisal — vital evidence is uncovered by the Liberty team. You escape this labor when you're a Liberty Mutual policyholder.

LIBERTY MUTUAL

HOME OFFICE: BOSTON

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY • LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

INSURANCE FOR: AUTOMOBILE, LIABILITY, FIRE, WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION, ACCIDENT AND HEALTH GROUP, INLAND MARINE, OCEAN MARINE, CRIME

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Mary is glad her beau and her parent are so companionable, but not very glad. And now, pretty one, will you excuse us a moment while an unfavorable crack is made about the vernal equinox, colloquially known as spring? It's a sham, a delusion; the true rebirth of life comes one moon later, the baseball equinox. Sure, the gentle zephyrs whisper before then, the blooms unfurl, the bluebirds carol themselves blue in the face; and so what? That's like the pop of a champagne cork, which is O.K., but not so O.K. as the nectar yet to be sipped. Spring's nectar is a song heard in the land, the thrushlike tones of umpires trilling, "Play ball!" To Mary: how can you be bored with all those books to read? To John Falter: who you picking to win the old gonfalon, boy?

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How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue, the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 22–56 or December 1, 1956; 49–57 or June 8, 1957. You always count from the previous July first.

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Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 208 — The greatest star of the screen!

Even as the swan is the perfect picture of grace, so "The Swan"—M-G-M's eagerly awaited love story of a princess—is truly the perfect motion picture!

★ ★ ★ ★

Grace Kelly, Alec Guinness and Louis Jourdan are perfect talents.

★ ★ ★ ★

And to follow this charming courtship through a European court, M-G-M has arranged an impressively regal mounting that commands—and gets—a dazzling sweep of CinemaScope and Eastman Color.

Nor will it surprise anyone who has seen almost *any* magazine cover in recent months, to hear that Miss Kelly is exactly right, as well as exquisitely radiant, in the role of a young girl so stunning she couldn't be anything less than a princess.

★ ★ ★ ★

Alec Guinness, that famed actor of many arts (most of them humorous, all of them adroit), is similarly well-matched as the prince who watched a shy girl become a woman.

★ ★ ★ ★

Louis Jourdan is the young and handsome tutor. The princess shouldn't have encouraged him for she was a blue-blood and he was a nobody, but even royalty can fall in love.

★ ★ ★ ★

Swept up in the headlong course of this absorbing story are a number of other sharply conceived characters, superbly delineated by the star-bright cast.

★ ★ ★ ★

We're thinking especially of Agnes Moorehead's dowager empress with the heart of gold and the acid tongue; Jessie Royce Landis' matchmaking mother; Brian Aherne's all-understanding uncle; Estelle Winwood's maiden aunt, cool but quite uncollected; Leo G. Carroll's suave servitor and Van Dyke Parks' young princeling.

★ ★ ★ ★

You'll be engrossed throughout at producer Dore Schary's skillful blending of stars and story.

★ ★ ★ ★

Every twist and turn in this tale of the royal family circle that turned into an only-too-human triangle has been smartly projected by director Charles Vidor and scenarist John Dighton from the play, "The Swan", by Ferenc Molnar.

★ ★ ★ ★

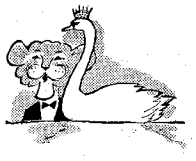
"The Swan"—with its glades and glamors, its marble-cool balconies and wine-hot nights, its majestic Coronation Ball and colorful beauty— is a triumph of tasteful entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

It is a refreshing release from the sledge-hammer school.

★ ★ ★ ★

Call it escapist if you will but it is an escape to a land of manners, good behavior and memorable humor.



★ ★ ★ ★

"The Swan" glides gracefully onto the screen!—*Leo*

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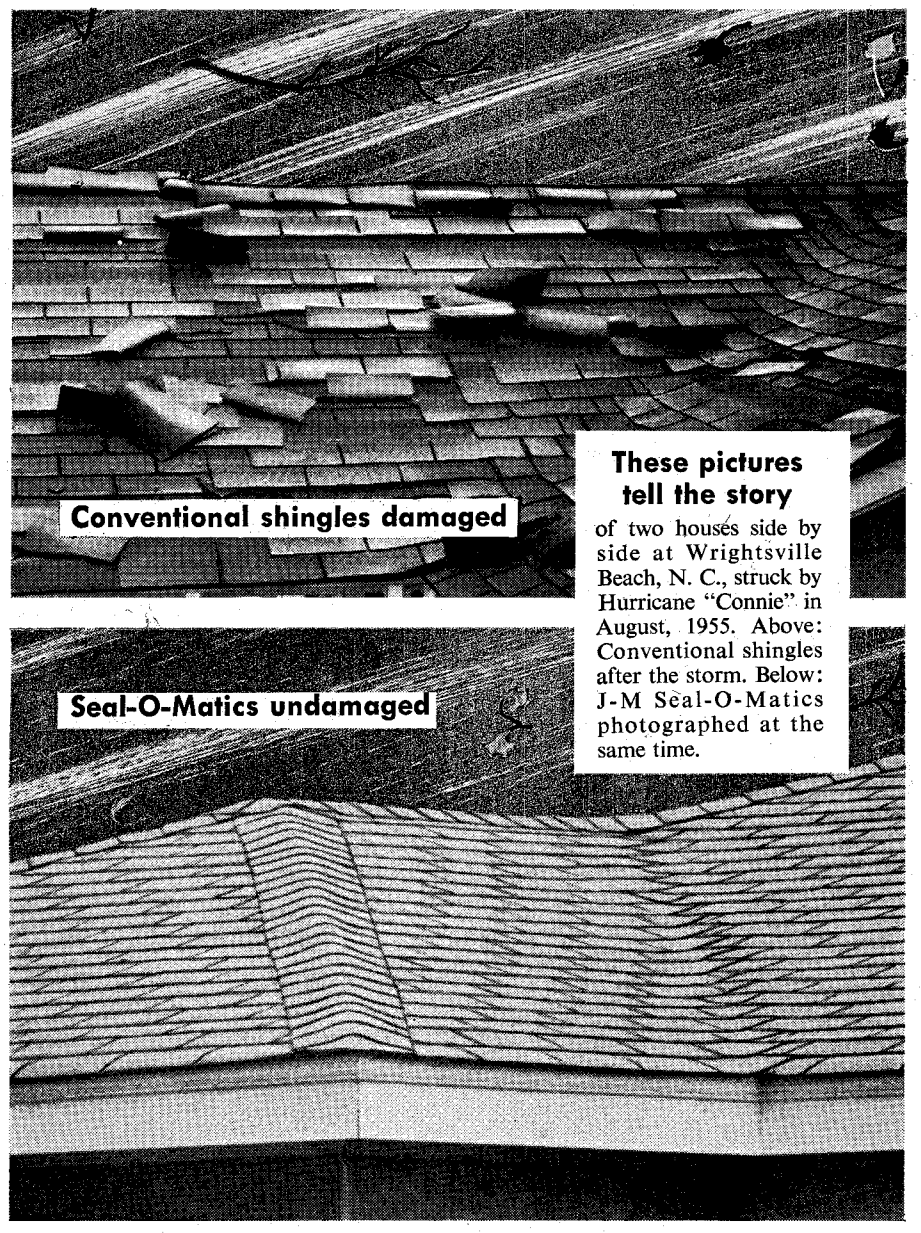
Seal-O-Matic Shingles defy Hurricane "Connie" stay flat and tight!



These pictures tell the story of two houses side by side at Wrightsville Beach, N. C., struck by Hurricane "Connie" in August, 1955. Above: Conventional shingles after the storm. Below: J-M Seal-O-Matics photographed at the same time.

You can depend on Johns-Manville Seal-O-Matic® Asphalt Shingles—for they have proved themselves on thousands of homes all over the country.

They grip tight—stay flat. Wind and rain can't get under the edges. Get this exclusive protection now. Your choice of many colors and blends.

Here's the secret

A stripe of special Seal-O-Matic Adhesive is factory applied to underside of each shingle. The sun's heat automatically seals shingle down.

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Mail coupon for colorful descriptive literature about Seal-O-Matic Shingles

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Please send me free Seal-O-Matic booklet

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Letters

On Kids and Music

Dear Sirs:

A salute to Jan Peerce for his courage in telling the brutal truth about the chances for success in a musical career [DON'T BE A SUCKER, JUNIOR!, as told to Stanley Frank, March 17]. I recommend this article to the widest possible audience of musical novices.

I plan to include this article on the required reading list for my students.

ROBERT E. EGNER
Ass't Professor of Music, Northland College
Ashland, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

. . . It is the blunt truth about musical training and Peerce deserves a medal for his clear thinking on the subject. I'm a music student myself, so I know. . . .

MRS. DOROTHY R. ARMATO
Oakland, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Parents who read the exactly right article by Jan Peerce . . . should not confuse the facts which he presents with the basic truth that all children need music—to the extent that it is a joyful and satisfying experience. It has been proven psychologically that all children respond in some degree to music; and the curricula of the elementary schools in the United States have been tailored to fit these needs; relaxation, creation, enjoyment, achievement, love of beauty and social adjustment.

HELEN OITTO
Spearfish, S. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

Your Jan Peerce article indicates the extent to which your viewpoint has changed with the times. In January, 1915, you carried an article by Mme. Schumann-Heink titled NEVER SAY DON'T! TO AN ASPIRING YOUNGSTER.

STARK AURINGER
Flushing, N.Y.

● *Mme. Schumann-Heink's article dealt mainly with her early struggles for recognition, but she did say, too: "The man who is always saying Don't! is the frost that kills the tender bud of aspiration. It is as presumptuous for him to judge and advise us as it is weak and foolish for us to accept his judgment."* ED.

Surprise!

Dear Sirs:

I know just how Norman Rockwell's Miss Jones [cover, March 17] felt as she walked down the hall toward her classroom. This was a birthday she'd like to skip. She was wondering if she ought to try something else maybe—some job that paid more or wasn't so wearing. Maybe she was in a rut. Then she walked into the room.

Some days can be stored in the memory as guards against the darker times. I wish the children's faces could be seen—the eager, excited looks, the unselfish delight at the wonderful surprise.

Miss Jones knows she is where she belongs. After that day things aren't quite the same, and the feeling of warmth makes it much easier to stuff that data into small eager craniums.

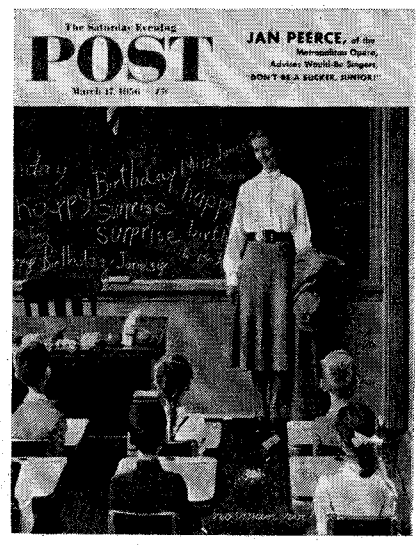
I know, because it all happened to the undersigned Miss Jones, too. I even had a cake with "We Love Miss Jones" written on it.

LAURA R. JONES
Atlanta, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

. . . As veteran teachers, my wife and I have had at times the experience of being completely in rapport with our classes. I wish to congratulate Mr. Rockwell on the perfection of his portrayal of the mixed feelings so obvious in Miss Jones' face. . . . Miss Jones has received an emotional recharge that will keep her plugging on for the next five years. My wife and I know. . . .

HOWARD T. HOFSTEATER
Jacksonville, Ill.



Dear Sirs:

. . . The arithmetic Miss Jones is teaching could be third-grade level but the spontaneous spelling (on the blackboard) of her small-sized pupils is much more advanced. Being a third-grade teacher myself I would like to know Miss J.'s secret. . . .

MARGARET E. BRION
Needham, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I think Norman Rockwell caught the full loving beauty of what is called "teaching" in that sweet face. He is a master.

VIRGINIA BRASIER
Altadena, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Why did Norman Rockwell make the schoolteacher so mousy-looking? The modern schoolmarm walks in beauty and steps in style. And the children on the cover look as if they are suffering from malnutrition. I hope the Russians won't see this cover.

MRS. GEORGE B. ALEXANDER
Fort Worth, Texas

Dear Sirs:

. . . I suggest that we give Miss Jones a raise of $300.00. . . .

ROY L. WOOLHEATHER
Amboy, Ill.

Merry Munich

Dear Sirs:

The article in the March 17 issue, CITIES OF THE WORLD: MUNICH, aroused overwhelming nostalgia in me. As a "*Münchener Kindl*" (born and raised in that city) I'd like to thank James P. O'Donnell who truly gave an expert portrayal of this city's unique charm and historic background. He completely captured all the exhilarating whimsicalities and characteristics of Munich life. . . .

MRS. ANNEMARIE ROBB
Kenmore, N.Y.

(Continued on Page 6)

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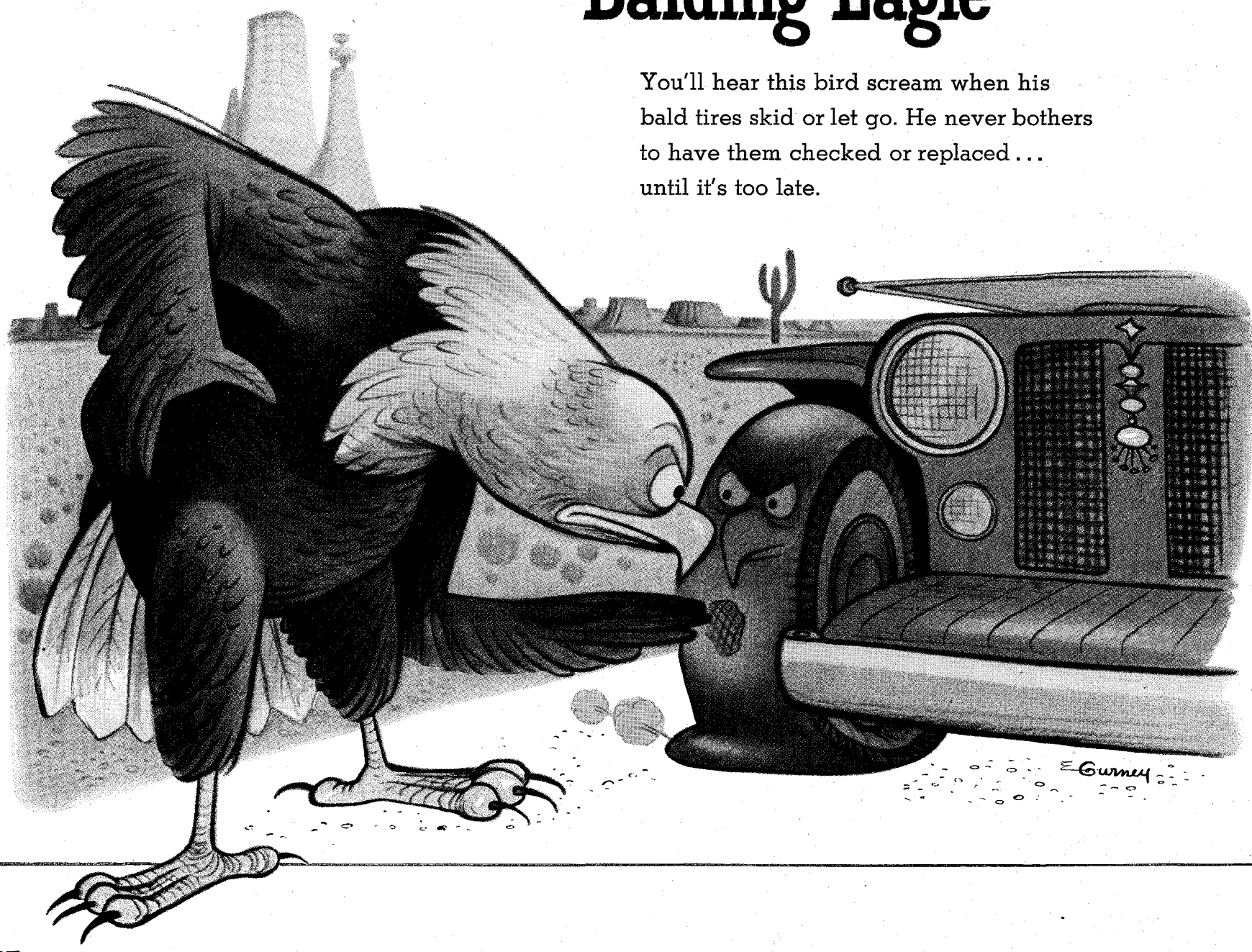
THE

Balding Eagle

You'll hear this bird scream when his bald tires skid or let go. He never bothers to have them checked or replaced... until it's too late.

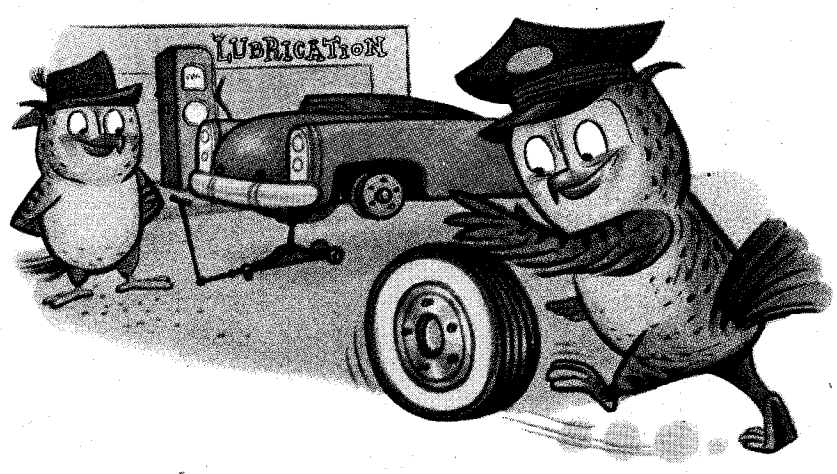


THE

Smart Bird

knows his tires give best service when he gives them good care. He makes sure they're properly inflated at all times and replaces them when the tread wears thin.

The Smart Bird gets best service from his engine, too. He always uses premium gasoline. Premium gasoline has a higher octane rating. It lets modern engines deliver top power... top mileage... top driving pleasure.



It's smart to use *premium* gasoline

ETHYL
ANTIKNOCK COMPOUND
ETHYL CORPORATION

ETHYL
CORPORATION

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The World's Most Honored Graduation Gift

Longines

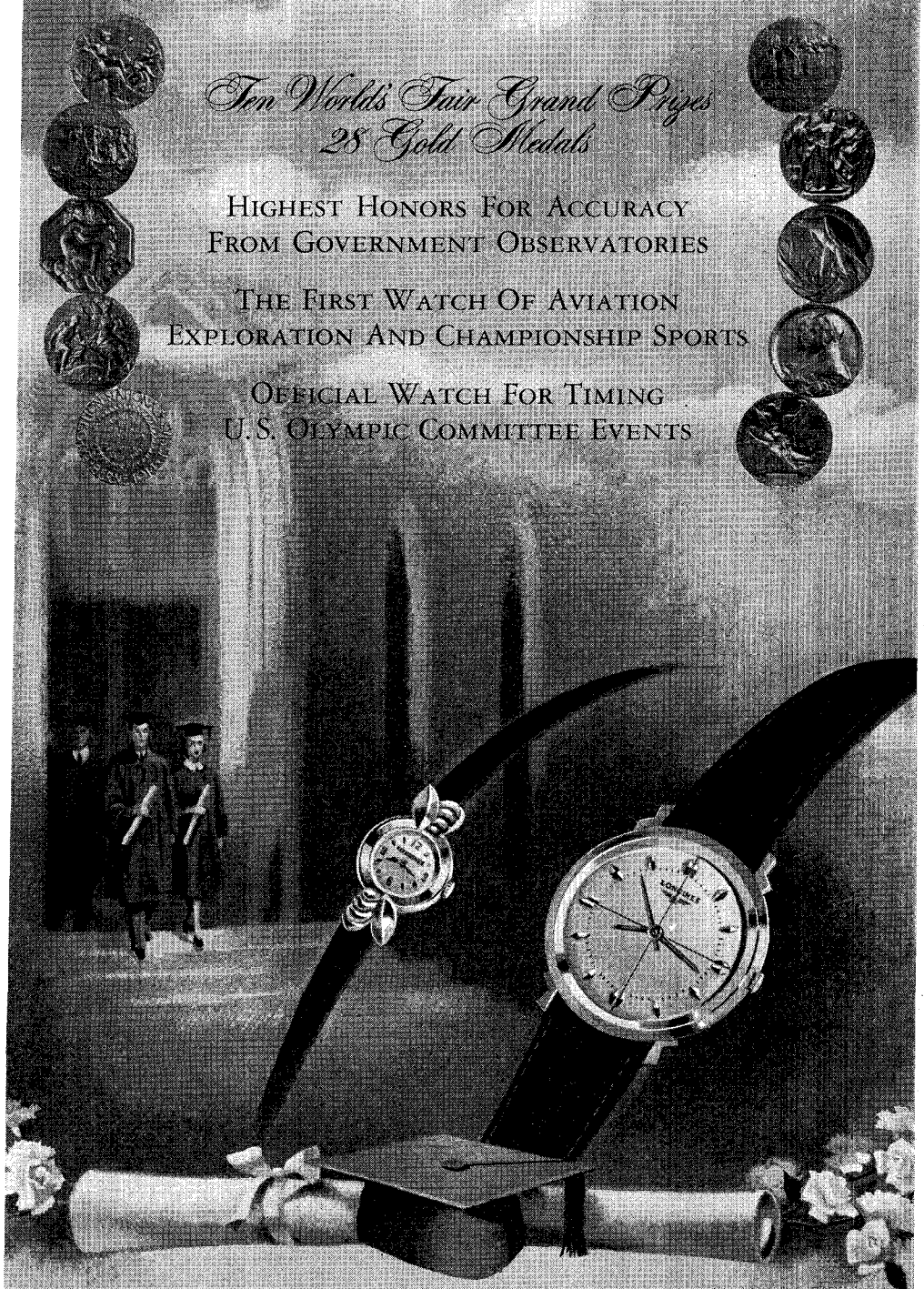
THE WORLD'S Most Honored WATCH

Ten World's Fair Grand Prizes
28 Gold Medals

HIGHEST HONORS FOR ACCURACY
FROM GOVERNMENT OBSERVATORIES

THE FIRST WATCH OF AVIATION
EXPLORATION AND CHAMPIONSHIP SPORTS

OFFICIAL WATCH FOR TIMING
U.S. OLYMPIC COMMITTEE EVENTS



A Longines Watch Honors The Graduate

To a graduate entering a new world of competition and opportunity, a Longines watch is an inspiration. For Longines watches have proved superiority in all fields in which a watchmaker can compete. Longines watches have won highest honors for excellence, for elegance, for accuracy and reliability. And when today's graduate begins to reach his goal five or ten years hence, his Longines watch will be running even better than new—still smart and fashionable—thanks to the perfection of Longines manufacture and the good taste of Longines styling. ¶ There is a wide variety of Longines watches to choose from, many priced as low as $71.50. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be *honored* to serve you.

Highest honors for the graduate—left: Longines Fashion "A," $135; right: Longines Pres. Van Buren "R," $150—both 14K gold. Others from $71.50.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

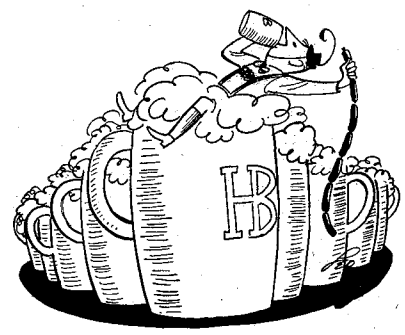
SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

. . . You will receive, no doubt, many letters from your more staid readers lamenting that there is still in existence, in a civilized country, a city so given over to merry-making and near paganism.



However, to those of us who have reveled during the *Oktoberfest* and have suffered the consequences of *Fasching* this article was like a breath of malt-flavored air. . . .

RICHARD R. RAYMON
Eagle Butte, S. Dak.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I now know where to go for beer.

GEORGE E. MCBEAN
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Surely there is something to Munich besides beer guzzling and dancing. Home life and churches and schools, for instance.

JACK IMMELL
Buffalo, Okla.

Educational Dilemma

Dear Sirs:

The solution to the problem discussed by John A. Perkins [WHAT IS A HIGH SCHOOL FOR?, March 17] is easy.

When well-trained brainpower is rewarded in proportion to our need for it, the classes training this brainpower will be filled. For the first time in history, there is a shortage of this commodity, but many are not willing to accept this plain fact. The shortage will continue until they do.

HUGH TEMPLETON
Supervisor of Science Education
The University of the State of New York
Albany, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . The real reason we have to fear a shortage of trained specialists is that in the tough subjects like mathematics and science most students refuse to train to that razor edge of perfection which the college athlete does in sports. Lack of stamina may be at fault, but the strange veneration fond parents have for the college diploma (get it honestly if you can, but get it!) gives Joe College the wrong impression. Life on the college campus smacks too much of the aristocratic leisure of the country club. Then, too, college administrators hearken unduly to the jingle of the cash register. Too much emphasis on big enrollments rather than on high standards of student achievement will eternally frustrate the teaching staff. Anyway, the end result is a mediocre product.

GEORGE P. HOFFMAN
Professor of Business Administration
Florida Southern College
Lakeland, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

. . . There is much truth in the fact that parents will goad unwilling or unsuited children into college, but what . . . of the parent too indifferent to the child's possibilities to bother with a little encouragement? Too many well-meaning parents leave the decision entirely up to the child, when, after all, he is still very immature. . . .

MRS. RAYMOND ODERWALD
Bayside, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Take athletics out of our schools and you take away one of the most effective ways of preparing our youth for the competitive road that lies ahead. I might also add that the boy who scores those touchdowns is very often the boy who is tops in the classroom.

CHARLES E. MARVIN
Washington-Lee High School
Arlington, Va.

● *Maybe not "very often" but sometimes.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I can tell Doctor Perkins what a high school is because I teach a vocational-education class in one. . . .

We have a new half-million-dollar school building and nearly five hundred boys and girls. . . . Three fourths of our graduating class of about fifty will go to college. . . .

The time and efforts of teachers and students is divided among innumerable fund-raising projects of the many organizations in the school, the spending of these funds on social affairs, and sometimes some scholastic work. . . .

There must be thousands of schools like us in the United States. . . . Our brightest students get what they need with very little help from teachers. We concentrate on those who are mediocre. . . . Those below normal drop out at about the age of fourteen. We do not educate many people, but perhaps most people do not want to be educated.

SHELBY W. ARRITT
Emporia, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Why must education always be an either-or proposition? Surely the United States will lead the nations to make a better world if we train young people to become auto mechanics, carpenters and bakers in the same conscientious manner in which we've trained them to enter college to become doctors, engineers and architects. . . .

MAURICE J. LEVIN
Hempstead, N.Y.

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Now!

World's finest cleaner has world's longest reach!

(for cleaning anywhere in the house)

Click . . . it's on! Hoover's new double-stretch hose snaps on in half a flash.

Here's the easiest way to clean your house next to having a maid. The new Hoover Citation with its double-stretch hose lets you reach across the largest room . . . even up a full flight of stairs. But, being a true Hoover, it's really happiest cleaning rugs. It beats, as it sweeps, as it cleans, to get the dirt other cleaners miss. Keeps your rugs blooming with fresh, like-new color for years. See the new Hoover Citation at your dealer's—$124.95, tools extra. Also available in Canada.

P.S. Notice the smart new Forecast Colors. Styled for the young at heart!

HOOVER®
FINE APPLIANCES
. . . around the house, around the world

New Vinyl Jacket. Won't fade. Won't pick up odors. Wipes clean with a damp cloth. Zipper in back lets you remove throw-away dust bag without touching dirt.

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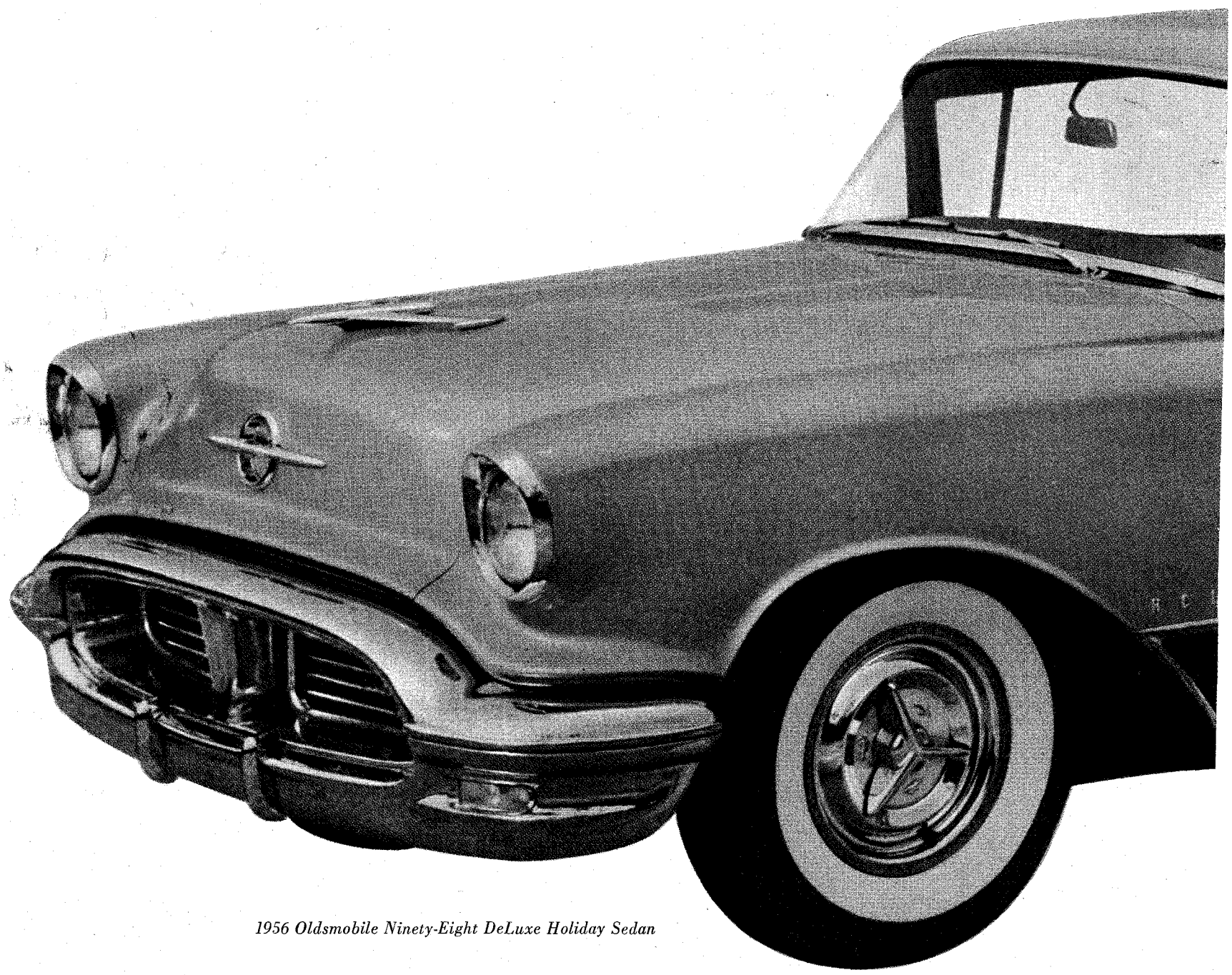
from high compres



1956 Oldsmobile Ninety-Eight DeLuxe Holiday Sedan

GENERAL M

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sion to high style—

"Be careful—drive safely"

YOU NAME IT — engine, transmission, brakes, steering, performance, comfort, safety, style — from any angle you can't beat a '56 General Motors car in its price range.

Each one — Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac—has the highest-compression V8 engine in its history, the result of GM's 42 years of pioneering in developing V8 power. And with them you can enjoy thrilling advances in Powerglide, Dynaflow and Hydra-Matic automatic transmissions that harness this livelier power with super-smoothness and give you a greater margin of safety.

Add to this such pace-setting styles as the panoramic windshield and the four-door hardtop. Such security "firsts" as precision-aimed head lamps and interlocking safety-type door locks. Power steering, power brakes and seat belts are also available. Any way you look at it—your key to greater value in 1956 is the key to a General Motors car.

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • *All with Body by Fisher* • GMC TRUCK & COACH

)TORS *leads the way*

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Editorials

It May be a Bad Year for "Moderate" Candidates

The political wizards who have been putting the Democratic nomination in the bag for Adlai Stevenson can now be relied on to pass the honor to Senator Kefauver—at any rate, as long as he continues to run in front. The truth is that few races are won that way, either at Belmont Park or at a national convention. Practical politicians have a way of rising above the voice of the people as expressed in primaries. Indeed, Mr. Stevenson won the nomination in 1952 without entering any primaries at all, although voters in several states wrote in his name.

However, the idea of this editorial was neither to bury Stevenson nor to praise Kefauver. The dust hasn't settled yet, and according to the news from Dixie, it may be some time settling. In the meantime, if comment from the side lines is permissible, it might presently be confined to the expression of a cautious commendation for Mr. Stevenson's refusal to play the demagogue on at least two issues: segregation and farm policy. Despite prodding from the impatient men on horseback—or perhaps men on hobby-horseback—in his party, he seems to us to have treated these issues realistically and honestly. He hasn't emulated Senator Kefauver in promising the impossible to the angry farmers, or Governor Harriman in steaming things up toward a renewal of the Civil War.

In times of crisis, or even imaginary crisis, the fate of the moderate man is usually tough. He is denounced as a trimmer who dodges issues by saying, "On the one hand this, but on the other hand that." He is expected to stand up and be counted on one side or the other of questions whose actual merits are split about even between pro and con. He raises few hopes and inflames few passions, and as a rule comes in second. Elections are usually won by men with few doubts and no inhibitions. If later events indicate that caution might have been in order, the promising candidate is either safely in office or busy piling up nonfulfillable pledges for "next time."

There are some things upon which any candidate for office ought to have definite and white-hot opinions. In 1952 Mr. Stevenson certainly neglected at least one of these issues: the infiltration of the Government by communists. Instead of recognizing that situation and promising to throw out at least the Red rascals, Stevenson mostly ignored the issue in a lofty Ivy League manner. A man has a right not to be too cocksure about "parity," but he certainly ought not to horse around with a thing like communist penetration of American institutions. Our advice to Mr. Stevenson during the remainder of his campaign, if any, is to go on being "moderate," but be careful what he is moderate about.

The Indian Ocean is a Long-time Russian Objective

The recent rioting in Bombay should have been sufficient proof even for Nehru that Red Russia exports her brutal political system in the same crate with her false smiles and invalid promises. The means change with circumstances, but the end—world rule by the communists—is always the same.

Moscow's long-term ambition to seize control of the land mass between the Soviet southern frontier and the shores of the Indian Ocean has been considerably advanced. If India's leaders have not been awakened by the Bombay violence, there will almost certainly be other Red-inspired uprisings which should indicate to the dullest the tactics of conspiratorial violence in that area.

The Bombay "issues" still stew. It is to be anticipated that other sections of India will experience similar "uprisings of the population" against a neutral India. Diversions elsewhere can be counted on to keep the intended victims guessing. So New Delhi walks a narrow path with American good will on one side and ravening red wolves hungry to tear it apart on the other.

Contrast Khrushchev's avowal that the Indian tour was one of pure friendship with a document which for eleven years has reposed in the archives of the United States Department of State. In 1945 the American and British armies captured great masses of documents of the German Foreign Office. Among these highly secret archives was a draft of a Secret Protocol No. 1 between "the States of the Three Power Pact, Germany, Italy and Japan, on the one side, and the Soviet Union on the other."

This draft formed the basis for German Ambassador Schulenburg's conversations with Molotov at Moscow in November, 1940, when Germany and Russia were in a state of profound co-operation. The draft wound up in Washington five years later.

Secret Protocol No. 1 exposes the secret territorial aspirations of Germany, Italy, Japan and Russia, broadly defined so that they would not poach on one another's interests. The Soviet Union's purpose is thus stated, verbatim:

"The Soviet Union declares that its territorial aspirations center south of the national territory of the Soviet Union *in the direction of the Indian Ocean.*"

In view of the consistency of Soviet objectives from Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin to Khrushchev—not to mention the strategic imperialist designs of czarist Russia—why should there be any mystery about the Red purpose to make India a Soviet satellite? And why should India's leaders be unaware of the real motives of those who wish to keep her "neutral" in a struggle involving her independence?

Back Magazines Can Make Overseas Friends for America

In his recent syndicated newspaper articles Sir John Bagot Glubb, who was dismissed as commander of Jordan's Arab Legion, wrote in despair that, although Great Britain was paying two thirds of Jordan's national budget, the natives "heard on the radio that the British were sucking the life blood of their country and they believed it—because nobody took the trouble to explain the budget to them." Explaining budgets is difficult in any circumstances, but certainly more should be done than has been to refute plain falsehoods.

A few years ago Prof. Albert Croissant, of Occidental College in Los Angeles, had the bright idea that an effective supplement to official information services would be the distribution abroad of back copies of American magazines and other publications. Professor Croissant's idea blossomed into Magazines for Friendship, an organization which has already distributed tons of American magazines all the way from Austria to Indonesia.

The response from the recipients has been extraordinary for the simple and obvious reason that anyone reading a magazine which is intended to inform or entertain people without any covert design to reform them or mislead them develops an understanding of the country where such periodicals are published which he does not get from a propaganda broadcast or publication. Actually, there is no conflict between Magazines for Friendship and our United States Information Agency. The latter has co-operated in many ways to assist in the distribution of the magazines contributed.

The United States is undoubtedly the most magazine-reading nation in the world, and the back copies of magazines create a problem for most of us, especially since shelf paper now comes in so many colors and sizes. One hates to throw away back issues, but, after all, few care to live under piles of dated periodicals, like the Collyer brothers who died in a New York house stuffed to the ceiling with periodical literature.

Magazines for Friendship provides the perfect solution, in addition to giving thousands of individuals in remote places an opportunity to get a true picture of our way of life and our point of view. According to the United States Information Agency in Vienna, the available copies of American magazines have been "read until they literally fall apart."

Magazines for Friendship suggests that your magazines can be sent directly to individuals abroad, universities, libraries or other likely recipients. However, the best way to get specific directions on how to do this is to write to Magazines for Friendship, Occidental College, Los Angeles, California.

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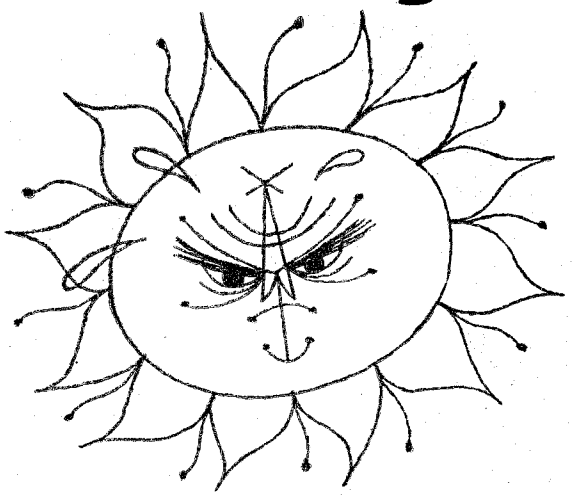
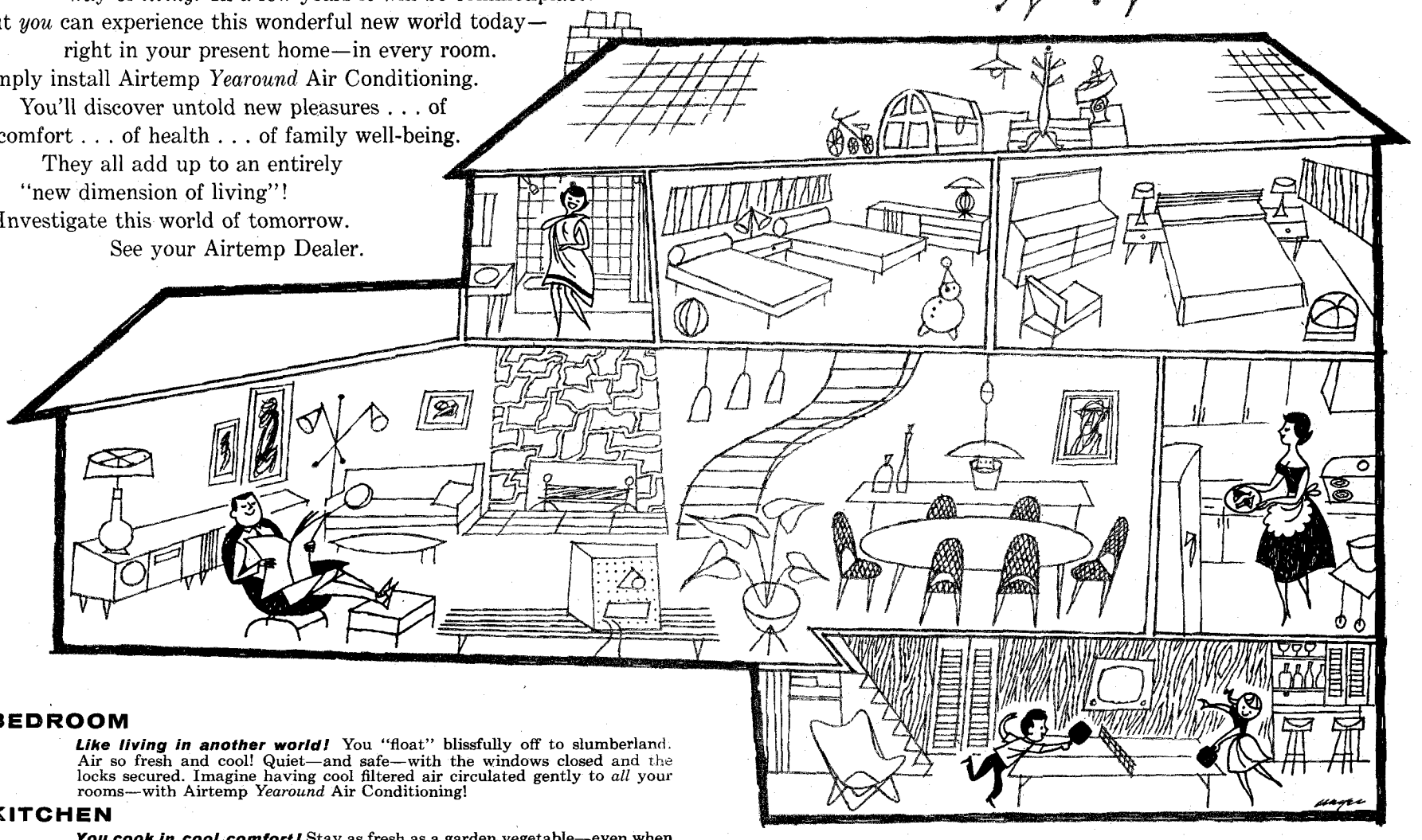
Enjoy Airtemp* Yearound air conditioning in every room in your home!



You'll discover a wonderful "New Dimension of Living"!

You have a glorious adventure ahead of you—a new way of *living!* In a few years it will be commonplace. But *you* can experience this wonderful new world today—right in your present home—in every room. Simply install Airtemp *Yearound* Air Conditioning. You'll discover untold new pleasures . . . of comfort . . . of health . . . of family well-being. They all add up to an entirely "new dimension of living"! Investigate this world of tomorrow. See your Airtemp Dealer.



BEDROOM

Like living in another world! You "float" blissfully off to slumberland. Air so fresh and cool! Quiet—and safe—with the windows closed and the locks secured. Imagine having cool filtered air circulated gently to *all* your rooms—with Airtemp *Yearound* Air Conditioning!

KITCHEN

You cook in cool comfort! Stay as fresh as a garden vegetable—even when it's "ninety in the shade." Airtemp makes it a joy to cook those "roastin' ears" and other vitamin-rich foods your family needs. And besides staying *cool*, the filtered air remains *clean*, too!

DINING ROOM

Sparks up appetites! Watch 'em down the food you serve in cool surroundings! Food tastes better, looks better, and keeps better. And Airtemp improves dispositions when hot weather normally makes folks cross and tired. Your family will welcome Airtemp's "soothing" effect.

LIVING ROOM

It's fun to entertain! With Airtemp, you *welcome* company in "sticky" weather! No trouble preparing for them—your home *stays* so clean. One thing guests especially appreciate is the way you can quickly adjust the temperature. Just "dial the climate" on the automatic thermostat.

RUMPUS ROOM

Keeps "the gang" at home! Your rumpus room gets a four-season workout with Airtemp *Yearound* Air Conditioning. For it's never too hot for a fast game of table tennis—or too chilly for a quiet game of bridge. So pleasant your family spends more time together in air conditioned comfort.

BATH

Ends "hot-and-bothered" dressing! Stepping from the shower, you dress in cool comfort when the bathroom, too, is air conditioned. The air is dehumidified in summer—keeps you dry and comfortable. In winter, moisture is added—keeps you healthfully warm—lessens your chances of catching cold.

LIMITED TIME ONLY—

Special Trade-in Allowance!

Your old room air conditioner may make the down payment on Airtemp Yearound Air Conditioning for your entire home!

Your Airtemp Dealer now makes this amazing offer: Trade in a room air conditioner—any make, any model—on any Airtemp *Yearound* Air Conditioning System. Up to 36 months to pay! See him now!

REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY — Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping — IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

THE *FORWARD* LOOK IN AIR CONDITIONING

Airtemp *DIVISION CHRYSLER CORP

DAYTON 1, OHIO

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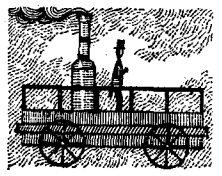
Growing with America for 125 years

1831 is a year to mark



The United States was being swept by the tide of the industrial revolution . . . and men of vision and faith saw the changing times and the greatness of the future.

A young man named McCormick built a reaping-machine . . . people were talking about the "Tom Thumb," "West Point" and "DeWitt Clinton," the first American-built locomotives.

And in Frankford, Pennsylvania, men of vision and faith organized the first savings and loan association in the United States. They founded the Oxford Provident Building Association.

To help men have homes of their own

This first Association, forerunner of today's Savings and Loan, Building and Loan, and Homestead Associations, was founded to help its members buy their own homes. This movement became the most important instrument in all American history to encourage and make possible home ownership by the individual.

Today, more Americans go to insured Savings and Loan Associations for home financing than anywhere else. Nearly 40 per cent of all home mortgage loans made in 1955—more than $11 billion worth—were financed by these Associations.

6,000 new savers each day!

Today, the people of America are saving for many important things. Because many millions look with confidence to Savings and Loan Associations, the growth of these Associations in the past 125 years has been remarkable. Assets of insured Associations have soared to $34.5 billion—over eight times the total national wealth in 1831! Today, nearly 15 million Americans are savers in insured Savings and Loan Associations—2 million more than the total U. S. population in 1831!

And today, new savers are coming to these insured Associations at the rate of 6,000 each day!

Helping communities to prosper

Savings dollars put into insured Savings and Loan Associations are put to work locally where they help communities to prosper. Savings are not subject to market fluctuations and are protected by sound, forward-looking management and substantial reserves. Savings accounts are insured up to $10,000 by the FSLIC—an agency of the U. S. Government. All insured Associations are members of the Federal Home Loan Bank System and have access to the System's substantial resources.

Responsibility to public trust

Today, Americans are putting more of their savings account dollars into insured Savings and Loan Associations than anywhere else.

This represents a tremendous vote of confidence. It also imposes responsibility to adhere to the principles, integrity and farsightedness which have caused these Associations to grow with America for 125 years.

On the occasion of this 125th Anniversary, the Savings and Loan Associations pledge themselves to the continuation of the standards which have enabled them to serve so successfully two of America's most cherished traditions . . . *thrift and home ownership.*

A MESSAGE FROM THE MEMBERS OF THE

Savings and Loan Foundation

A nationwide organization of insured Savings and Loan, Building and Loan, and Homestead Associations. Address: 1111 E Street, N. W., Washington 4, D. C.

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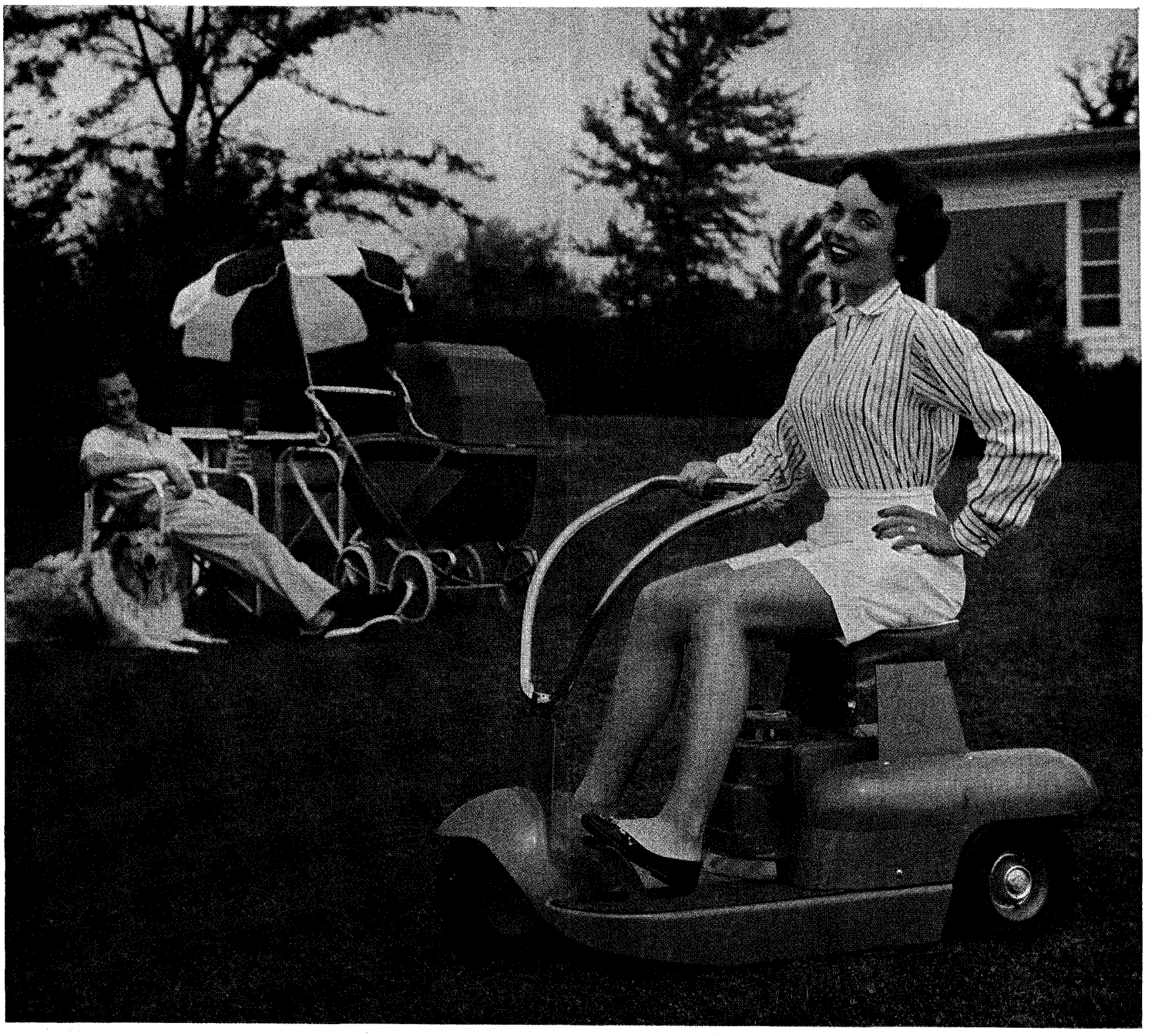

Mother's new love has Dad's O. K.!

Mother looks chic riding this smart-looking mower over the soft green of the lawn. She knows she's at her best and loves it—while the *mower* does the work! Dad is all for it, too. Why shouldn't he be? He only had to give up $209.00*—an unheard-of low ante for a 21″ riding mower.

This is the finest quality mower your money can buy! Look at these features! Rewind starter . . . adjustable cutting height . . . one-pedal control . . . foam rubber seat . . . silencer . . . rigid steel frame . . . easily sharpened cutting blade . . . 2¾ hp., 4-cycle engine . . . and wide tread tires that compress your lawn less than the footprints of a 180-pound man! And, if you want them, an electric starter and a headlight are available.

Ask your local Fairbanks-Morse dealer to demonstrate this beautiful riding mower on your lawn. If you do not know the location of the nearest F-M dealer, *mail the coupon.*

*List price. Slightly higher west of the Rockies.

FAIRBANKS-MORSE

a name worth remembering when you want the best

MOWERS • WATER SYSTEMS • GENERATING SETS • MAGNETOS • PUMPS • MOTORS • SCALES • DIESEL LOCOMOTIVES AND ENGINES

Dept. SEP-421

Fairbanks, Morse & Co.,
600 South Michigan Ave., Chicago 5, Ill.

Gentlemen: We want a free demonstration of your 1956 21″ riding mower on our lawn. Send us the name and address of the F-M dealer nearest us. Send also a booklet on Fairbanks-Morse power mowers.

Name.....

Address.....RD.....

City.....State.....

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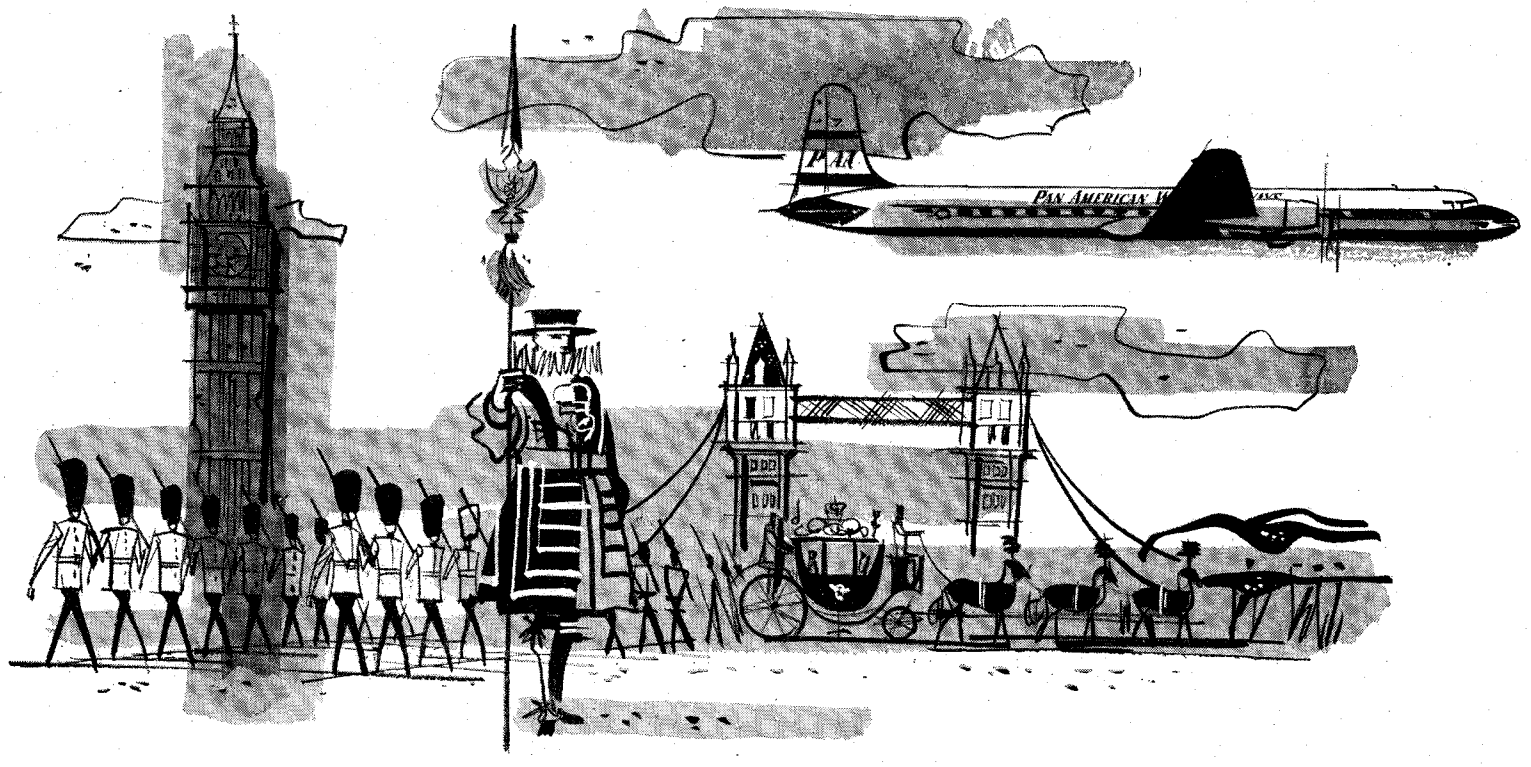

5 Glorious Trips To England For Two!

You'll fly to England in 11 hours via "Rainbow Service" aboard a new "Super-Seven Clipper" of *PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS* — world's most experienced airline.

Enjoy 14 glorious days in England, planned by THOS. COOK & SON, world's most famous travel agency. Stay at London's finest hotels. See historic points of interest.

Enter Johnson & Johnson's

$100. ROBIN HOOD

Calling Dad—Mom—Sis—Son! Here's fun for the whole family—fun that can bring you a valuable prize.

Johnson & Johnson's great new *Robin Hood Jingle Contest* is loaded with wonderful prizes, and it's so simple to enter. You can enter as many times as you like. All you have to do is supply a last line for the simple jingle which appears on the coupon at right.

Johnson & Johnson

The most trusted name in Surgical Dressings and Baby Products.

No connection with
American National Red Cross.

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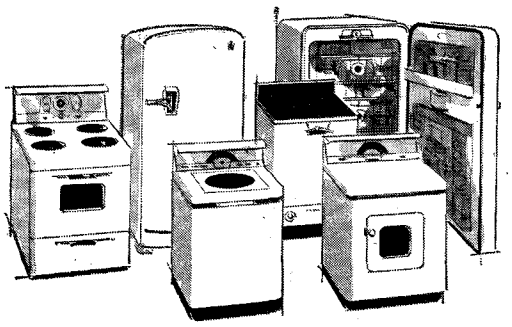
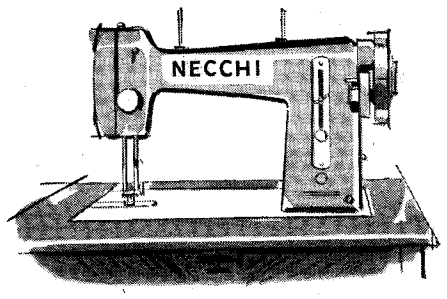
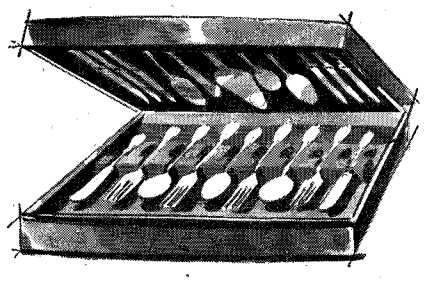


8 KELVINATOR Kitchen-Laundry Ensembles. Include electric range, refrigerator, freezer, automatic dishwasher and Kelvinator's famous laundry twins, automatic clothes washer and dryer.

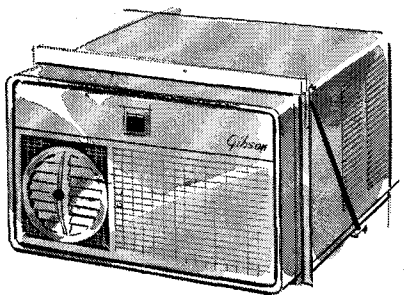


45 NECCHI BF Console Mira Sewing Machines, the sewing machine that enables you to do fancy stitching with ease; many exclusive features. Available in handsome Catalina cabinet with complete accessories.

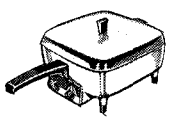


45 Sterling Services for 6 by the ALVIN SILVERSMITHS. By one of the most distinguished names in sterling. Choice of Chateau Rose, French Scroll, Rosecrest or Southern Charm patterns.

Plus all these other great prizes



45 GIBSON Custom Room Air Conditioners. This powerful air conditioner, efficient and economical to operate, features "Gib-Sun-Air" ozone lamp, Infinite Control directional louver, push-button control.

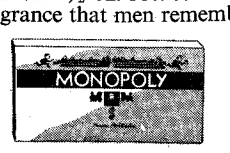


175 Dominion Electric Fry-Skillets. Actually 8 wonderful cooking appliances in one. Perfectly controlled heat.

175 Toastswell Two-Slice Automatic Toasters. Gleaming, fully automatic toaster that toasts to your taste.

350 Ship 'n Shore Blouse Ensembles (3 blouses per award). Beautifully cut and styled blouses that fit perfectly.

350 Bottles "Miracle" Perfume by Lentheric—½-oz. bottles. The haunting fragrance that men remember.



350 Parker Bros. Games (4 games per award), famous fun games like *Monopoly*, *Sorry* and the popular *Rook*.

750 Remco Dick Tracy Wrist Radios—one of the most thrilling and exciting toys of all. Battery powered!

2300 Johnson & Johnson First Aid Kits

75 Kodak Pony 135 Camera Outfits for making brilliant color slides. Excellent lens, fast shutter.

75 Evans-Colson "Olympic" Bicycles for boys and girls. There's super-speed, plus super-safety in every model.

75 Osterizers, by the John Oster Manufacturing Co. The perfect liquefier-blender for dozens of kitchen tasks.

75 Montague-Ocean City Fresh Water Spinning Outfits, the spinning outfit that any fisherman will prize.

175 New Casco Deluxe Steam and Dry Irons—the most modern of all irons with more worksaving conveniences.

75 Wittnauer Watches, products of the famous Longines-Wittnauer Watch Co., your choice of man's or woman's model.

5000 JINGLE CONTEST 5000 PRIZES

Follow these easy rules for the ROBIN HOOD CONTEST

1. Print or write plainly your last "line" for the Robin Hood Jingle. Make your last line rhyme with the word "too." Use a plain sheet of paper or this entry blank.

2. Mail entries to Robin Hood Jingle Contest, P.O. Box 2A, Mt. Vernon 10, N. Y. Submit as many entries as you wish. Each entry must be accompanied by any Johnson & Johnson box top or BAND-AID bandage wrapper. Entries must be the original work of the contestant submitting them.

3. Any resident of the United States or Canada may compete except employees of Johnson & Johnson, its subsidiary companies, its advertising agencies and their families. Contest subject to all Federal and state regulations.

4. Entries must be postmarked no later than midnight, June 15, 1956 and received by June 29, 1956.

5. Entries will be judged by an independent judging organization on the basis of originality, uniqueness and aptness of thought. Judges' decisions final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. One prize to a single family. No entries returned; all become the property of Johnson & Johnson.

6. Prizes will be awarded as listed on this entry blank.

7. Winners notified by mail approximately four weeks after close of contest. List of winners available to those requesting same and including self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Use the attached entry blank for a starter. Get additional entry blanks where you buy your First Aid and Baby Care needs. Enter today. *Be sure to check the contest rules* printed on this page.

JUST FINISH THIS JINGLE:

Most trusted name in First Aid needs
and Baby Products too,
Johnson & Johnson always leads

.....

(last line here must rhyme with "too")

Print name and address and mail to:

ROBIN HOOD JINGLE CONTEST, Dept. P, P.O. Box 2A, Mt. Vernon 10, N.Y.

Your Name _____

Street _____

City _____ **Zone** _____ **State** _____

Be sure to include 1 box-top from any Johnson & Johnson package or 1 BAND-AID bandage wrapper.

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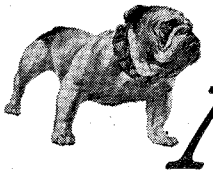
Right down the forest production line . . .

Macks HANDLE THE IMPORTANT JOBS

These modern Paul Bunyans of the tall timber must be extra-rugged and dependable to stand up to such demanding jobs. That's why Mack trucks are so widely used in the deep woods, hauling out huge loads with unfaltering ease.

The most profitable worker on highways or at construction sites, in oil fields or on city streets, each Mack is made to the world's most exacting production line standards. Each is engineered to do its own job superlatively well, and to keep on doing it at the lowest cost per mile.

It pays to remember . . . nothing can handle the important jobs, the ***Mack-sized*** jobs, like a Mack.



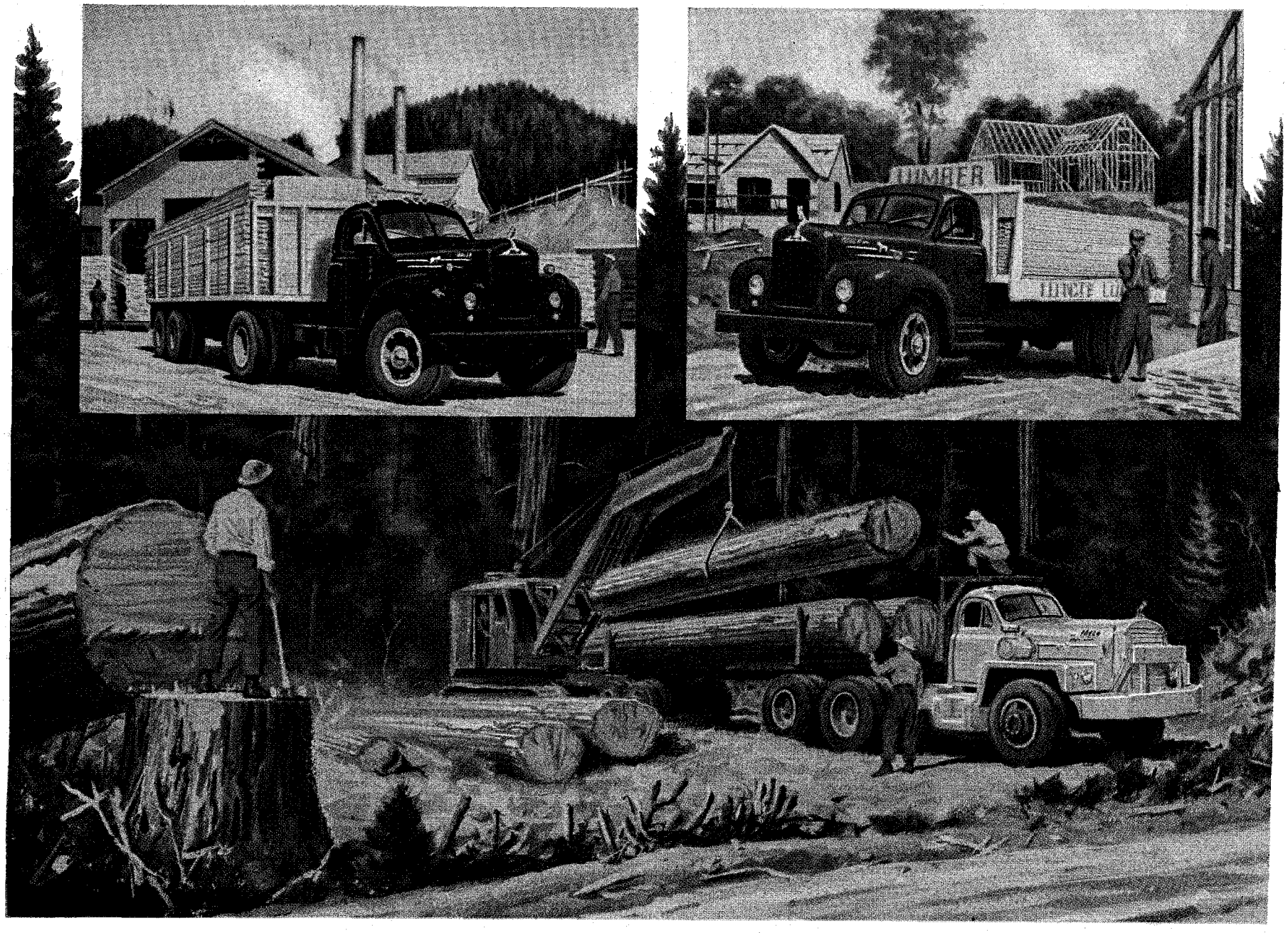
Mack

FIRST NAME FOR TRUCKS

BUSES • FIRE APPARATUS

From the sawmill, rough lumber is taken in big Mack diesel tractor-trailers to planing and fabricating mills.

Here finished lumber for new homes is being delivered by a Mack gasoline-powered platform truck.



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You may never see Mack trucks of this size at work. But they're familiar sights on countless logging properties, hauling thousands of board feet of logs at a time, often over the toughest terrain, the most mountainous roads.

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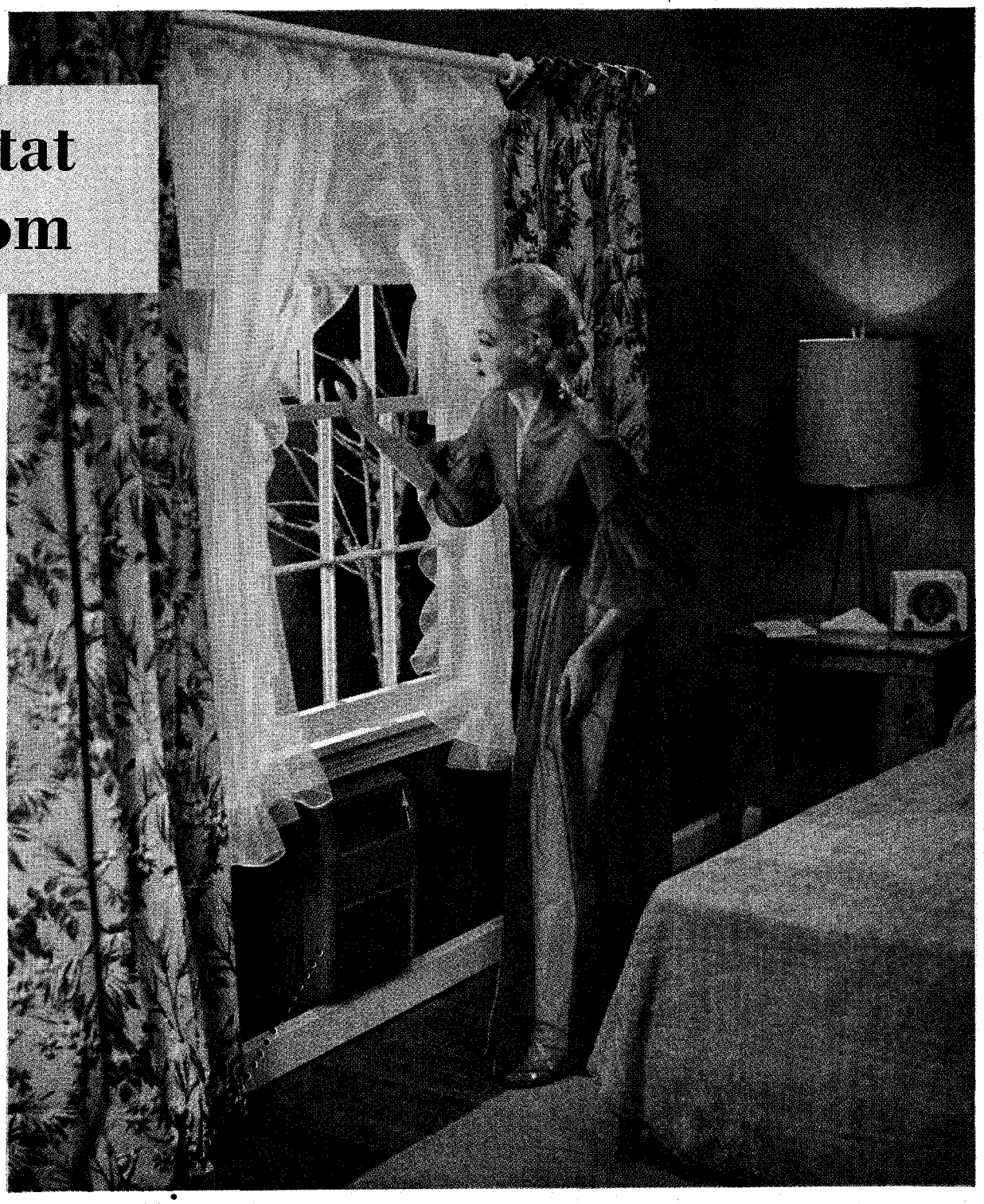
A thermostat in every room



Here's a revolutionary Iron Fireman development in heating! It's so simple, so practical, and brings such a new standard of indoor comfort, that many ask, "Why didn't someone invent SelecTemp years ago?" SelecTemp accomplishes what heating engineers for years have tried to do. It provides a sensitive, dependable system of temperature control for *each room*, plus greater comfort and economy than any other heating system known.

HAPPY OWNER SUMS IT ALL UP. Mrs. C. S. of Chardon, Ohio, pinpoints the SelecTemp features that all owners like. She writes, "We like being able to adjust each heater for the desired temperature. We like the wall installation, eliminating radiators. The heat is circulated about the room—no 'cold spots' any place—floors are warm. Walls and curtains stay clean much longer—no blackened walls around the heaters. Filters in each register can be removed and cleaned."

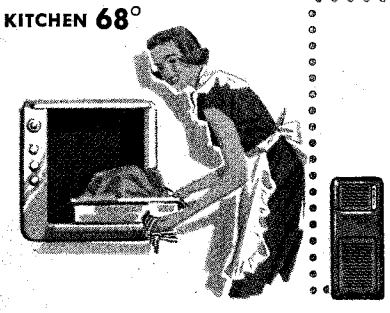
HERE ARE THE OUTSTANDING ADVANTAGES OF IRON FIREMAN SELECTEMP HEATING: 1. Occupants can select the exact temperature they want in *each* room or office. **2.** Steady uniform heating—modulated flow of filtered warm air. **3.** Heat responds quickly to thermostat adjustments. Temperature is maintained very accurately at selected level. Automatic compensation for fireplace or sun heat. **4.** Saves fuel—you can turn heat down in unoccupied rooms, but reheat them quickly. **5.** No electricity required to operate either heating units or thermostats. **6.** Attractive heating units—can be painted to match rooms. Units are recessed into wall; use no floor space. **7.** Plenty of year-round domestic hot water can also be obtained from the same boiler at very moderate cost. **8.** SelecTemp and modern built-in cooling units make an ideal combination for year-round temperature control in each individual room.

GET THE FACTS — Before you decide on any heating system you owe it to yourself to get the facts on Iron Fireman SelecTemp heating. Send the coupon below.

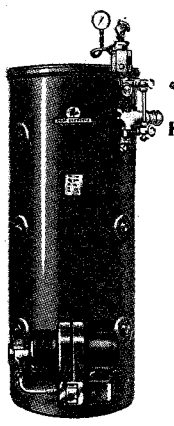
For every size and type of building, including Hotels and Motels, Apartment Houses, Schools, Churches, Office Buildings, Institutions, Hospitals, Residences.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE IRON FIREMAN SelecTemp® HEATING

KITCHEN 68°



Room where active work is going on can have reduced temperatures, as in kitchen, laundry or workshop.



HOW SELECTEMP WORKS

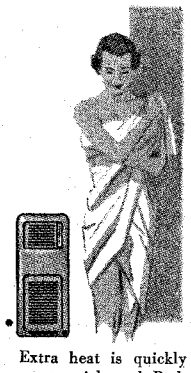
Automatic steam boiler supplies low pressure steam which is always available right at the room units the moment it is needed. Fuel can be gas, oil, bottled gas or coal. Boiler may be installed in any desired location.

Each room heating unit circulates filtered warm air which is heated by steam supplied through small copper tubing. The same steam that heats the air also drives the circulating fan. Both fans and thermostats are non-electric—no wiring required.

LIVING ROOM 72°

Temperature of any room is held automatically at the desired level, with no effect on other rooms.

BATHROOM 78°



Extra heat is quickly available for any special need. Bathroom temperature can be turned down after bathing.

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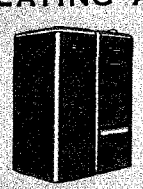

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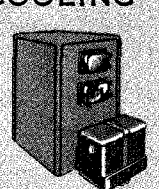

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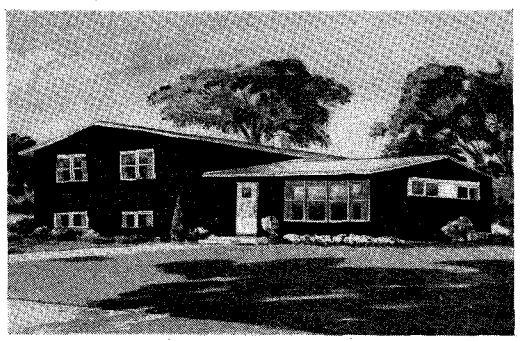
Add a luxurious note to important rooms with paneling of rich, warm Western woods. Full-color photographs in the new booklet, "Ideas for Decorating with Wood Paneling," show how you can use Weyerhaeuser 4-Square paneling to give your home charm.



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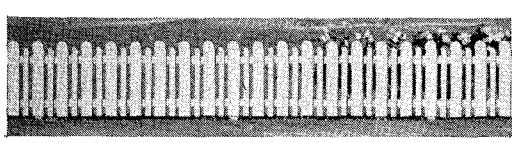
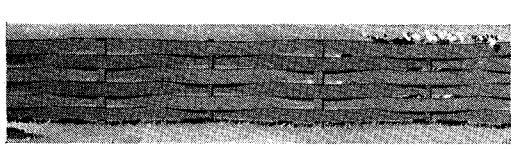
When you select wood siding for a new home or for remodeling, you are always certain of "correctness" of design effect, plus long life and low maintenance. The new booklet, "Sidings for Ideal Homes of Wood," shows various siding patterns, Western Red Cedar shingles and shakes, and includes information on finishing.





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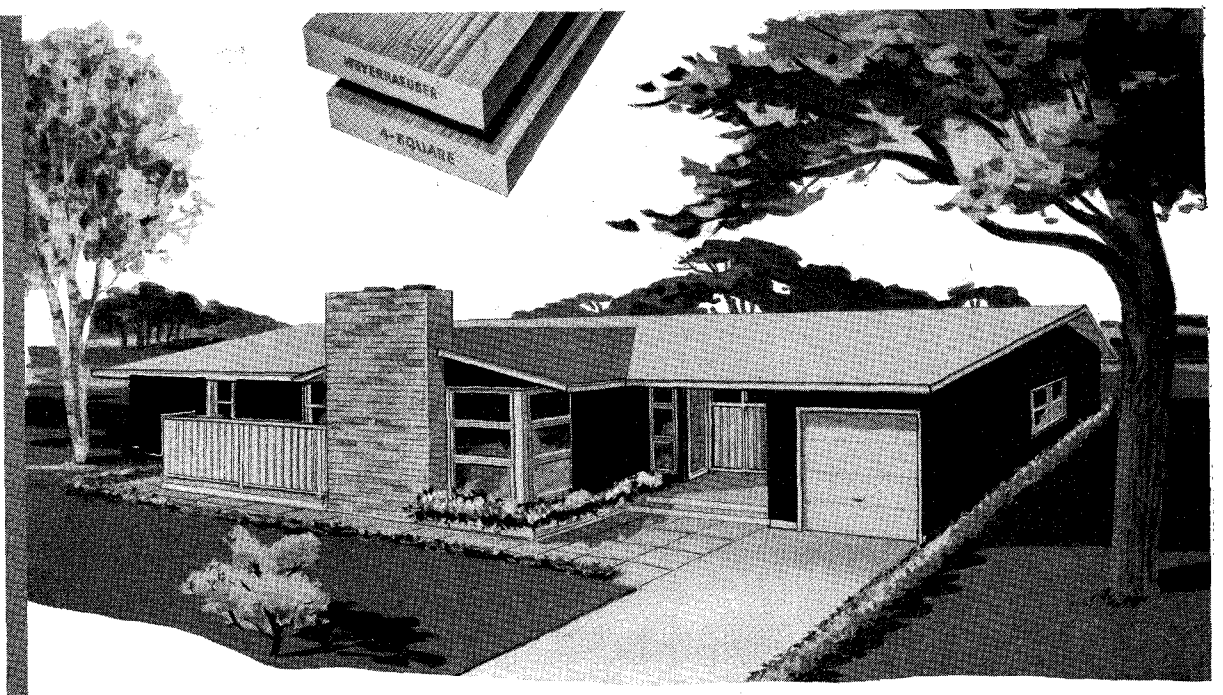

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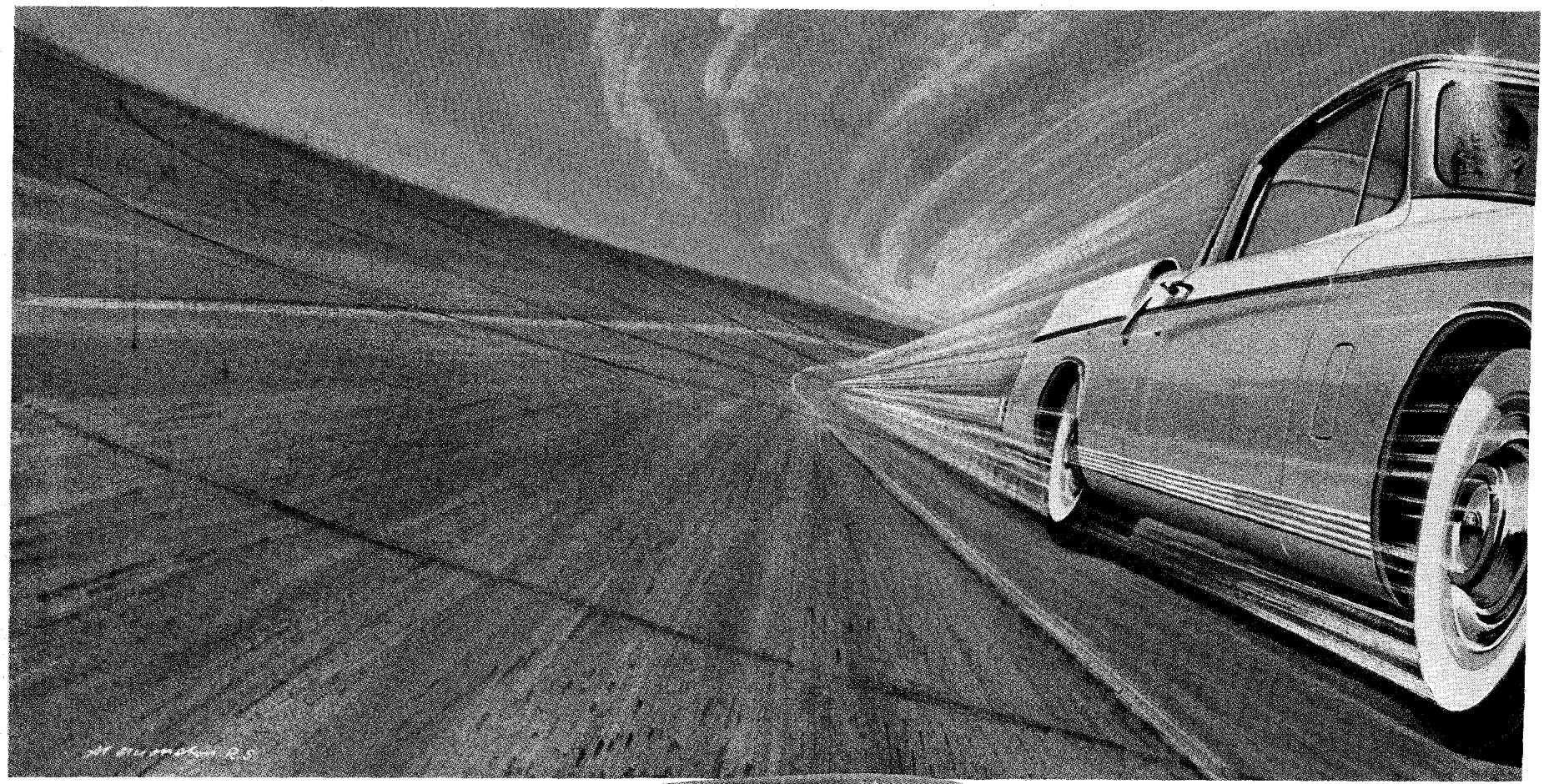

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120½-inch wheelbase, 210 hp. Just one of 16 new Studebaker models that bring
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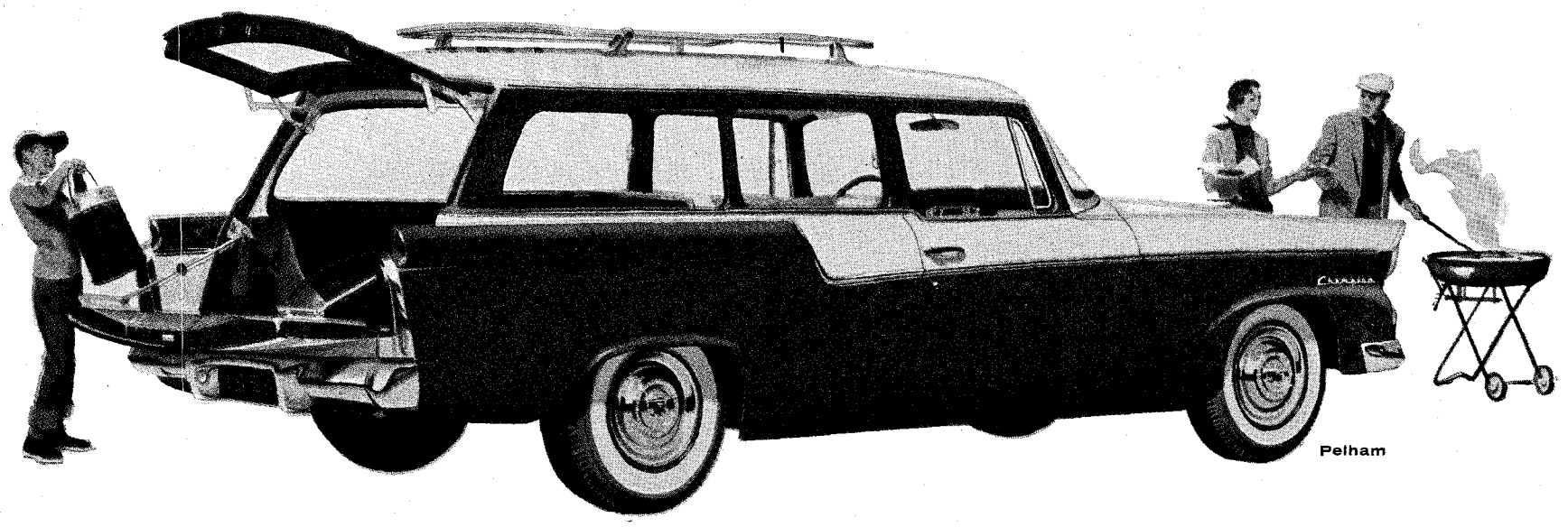
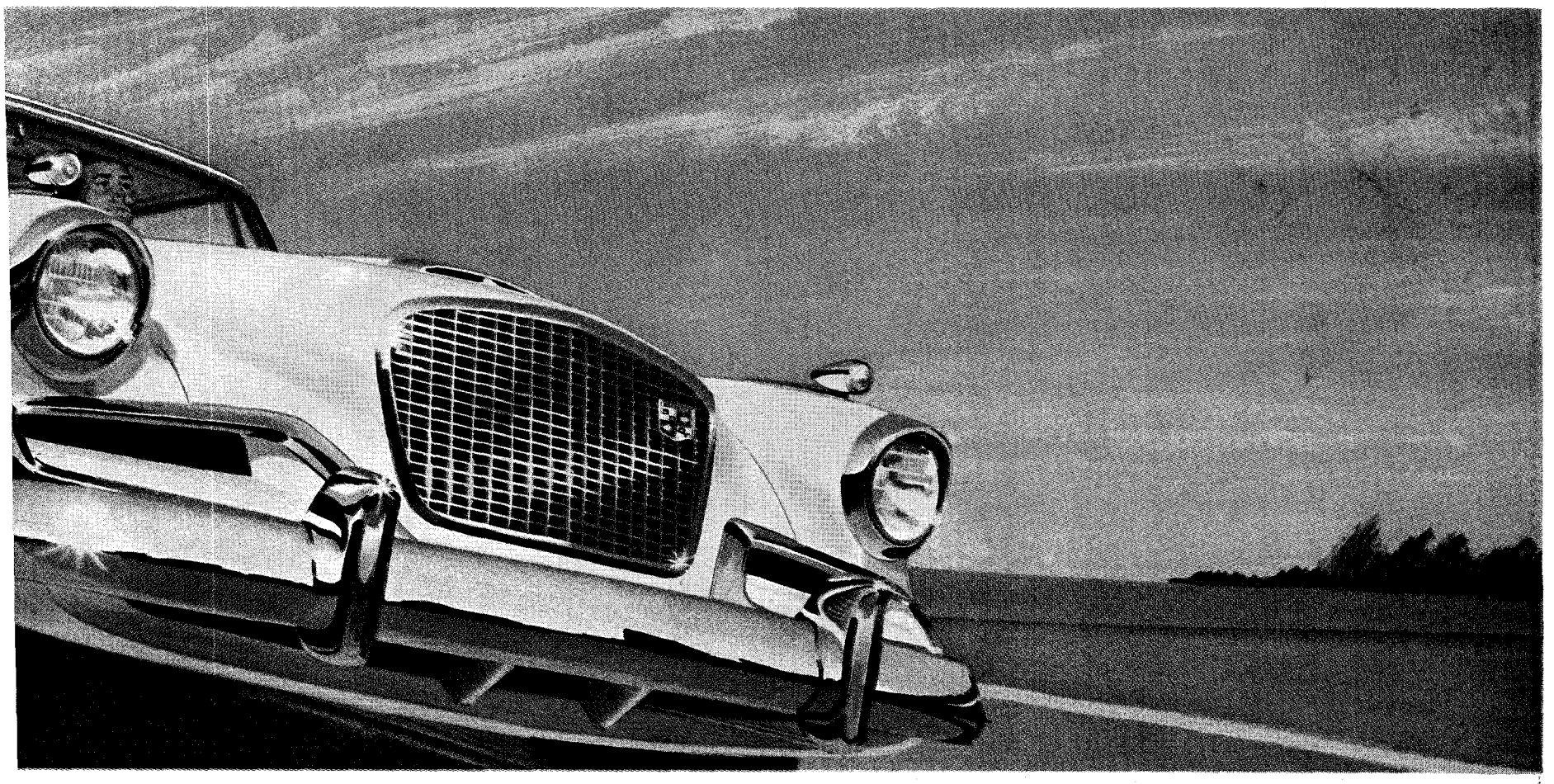


nove !

Big! Three big, beautiful new Studebaker station wagons to choose from. All bring you an exclusive Studebaker first—double-teamed springing to give a road-hugging, limousine ride whether loaded or empty. You'll have more kinds of fun in these new Studebakers—the ruggedest, best-looking, most comfortable wagons of them all!



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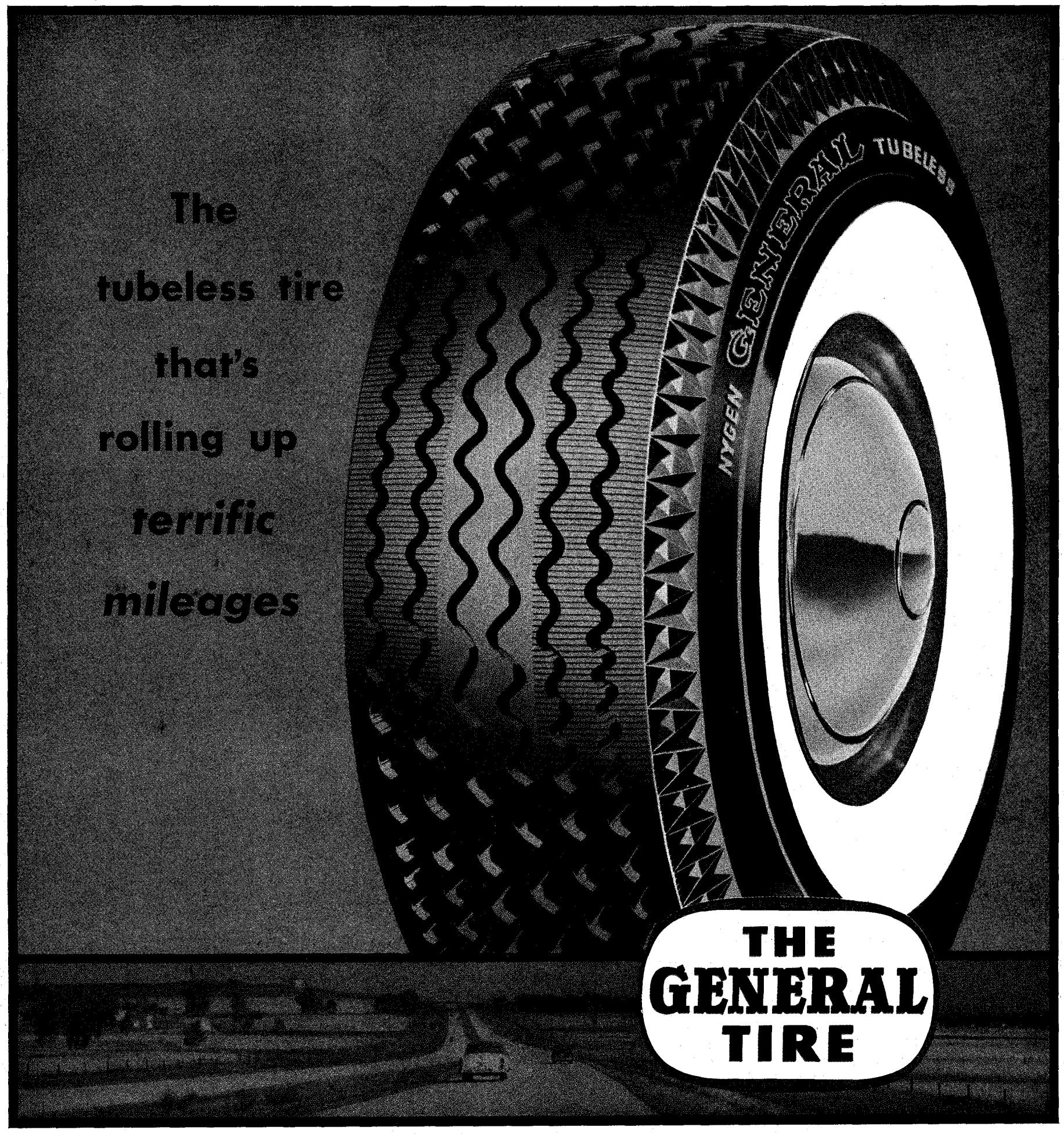

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1821

How We Solve Our Teen-Age Problem

By LEROY COLLINS,
GOVERNOR OF FLORIDA
as told to GLENN D. KITTLER

A few years ago Florida had one of the highest juvenile-delinquency rates in America. Now it boasts the lowest, says the governor, who reveals what caused the big change.

One day last July I was driving, accompanied by New York friends, from the state capitol in Tallahassee to a Jacksonville conference when, a few miles outside Lake City, I stopped the car to let a school bus swing onto the main highway from a country road.

"Kids going to summer school?" one of the New Yorkers asked.

"In a way," I said.

"Poor kids," he said sympathetically. "How they must hate it."

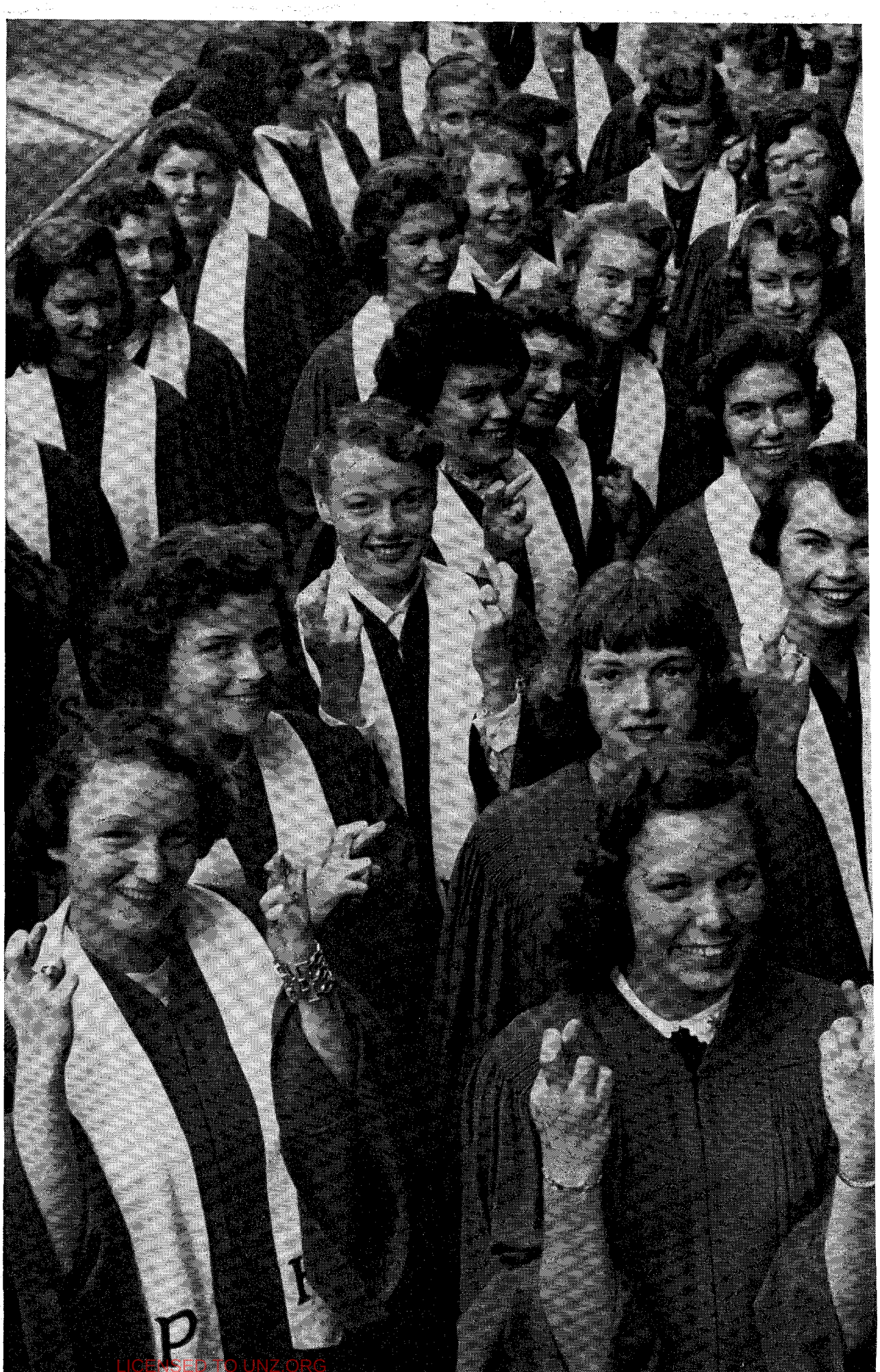
I laughed. "You're wrong. They love it. For that matter, you'll find half the youngsters in Florida going to summer school, and next year we expect even more."

Amazed, he asked, "What's the big attraction?"

The big attraction, I told him, was the school itself. My friend couldn't believe it. Several experts in the field of combating juvenile delinquency couldn't believe it either, until they saw the statistics. All of us in Florida readily admit that something bordering on the miraculous has happened in our state. The statistics are irrefutable: from having one of the highest juvenile-delinquency ratings in the country, we have progressed until today we have the lowest. Even in summer, when juvenile crimes usually soar, Florida's rate diminishes even further.

This achievement was no accident, and if there was truly anything miraculous about it, it can be traced to one word: co-operation.

In 1946, when I returned from the Navy and resumed the office of state senator, the



Girls from Pensacola High School wish themselves luck before competing in a glee-club festival. Florida students enjoy school: Nearly half of them returned last summer to participate in a novel Summer Enrichment Program.

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Governor Collins at his private home in Tallahassee with daughters Mary, 14, Jane, 17, and Darby, 5. The governor's son is an Annapolis midshipman.

biggest problem facing Florida was the needs of our children which directly affected their moral development. But this was true of every state. Never before had a generation of youngsters caused such heartaches to their families and headaches to their communities. The pain was in admitting that we, the adults, might be to blame.

"My fault?" a father challenged me when I suggested that to him. "I can't watch my kids night and day. Neither can my wife. What do you want us to do, keep the kids in chains?"

Too much restriction, of course, would have been as bad as too much freedom. But it wasn't a question of restriction or freedom; it was a question of guidance.

It was true, however, that parents couldn't maintain a twenty-four-hour surveillance on their children. After all, children were away from home during school hours. After school, they roamed the community, looking for fun. Evenings, many of them continued the same hunt. If guidance was essential, and surely it was, then apparently all those who dealt with a child during his day would have to cooperate in it. In Florida, organizing that guidance necessitated a minor revolution.

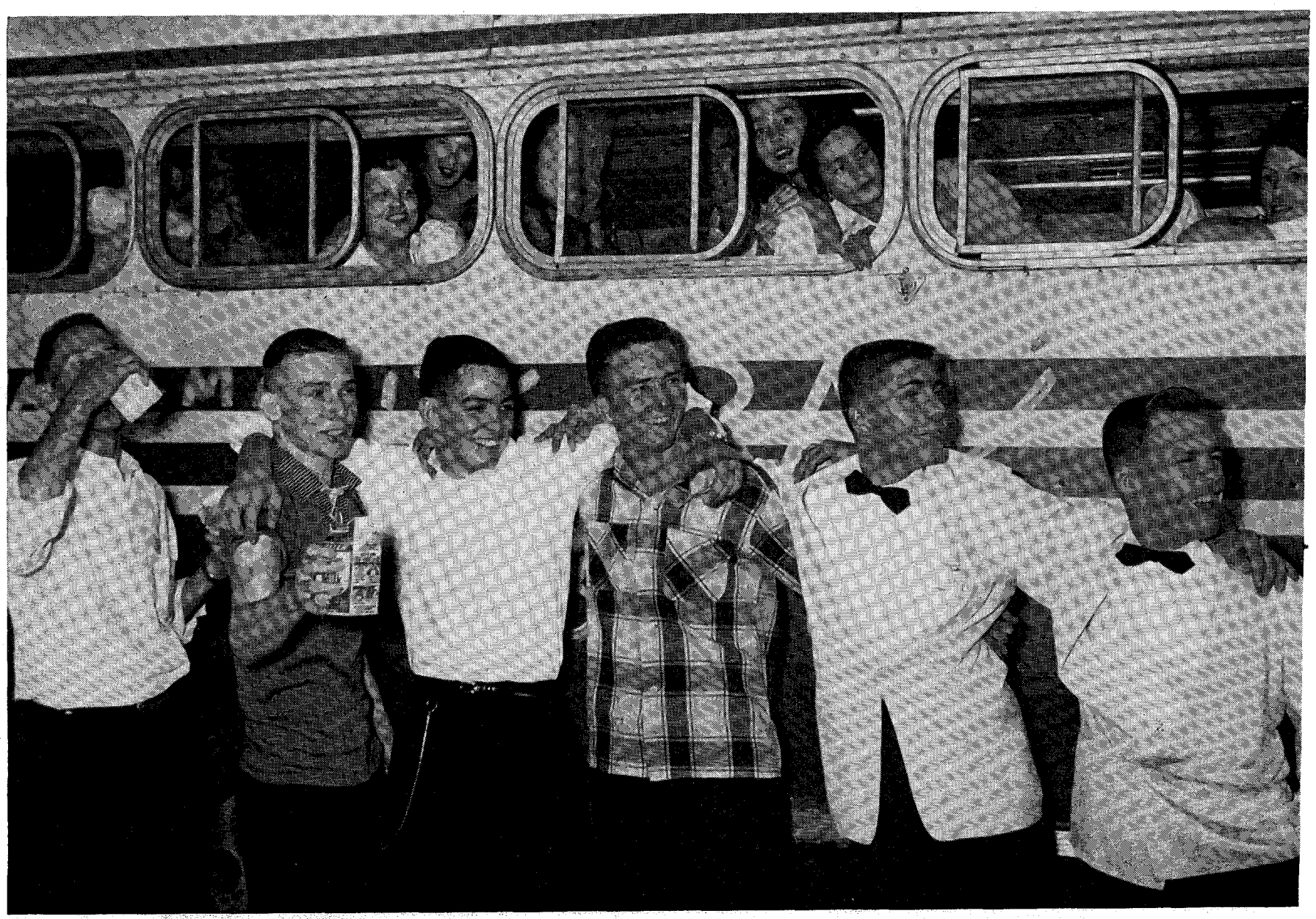
The need for drastic action was shockingly obvious. The war had just ended; thousands of families, separated by military service or war-plant jobs, were deep in the complex process of re-establishing their homes. Florida had a unique problem: Thousands of servicemen who had spent part of their military careers in Florida decided they wanted to live here, and so, while other communities were concentrating on returning to their prewar stability, Florida witnessed its greatest surge of in-migration in history.

New people meant new responsibilities for the state. Many of us in the government were gravely concerned over Florida's postwar preparedness to absorb either the people or the responsibilities.

Our housing facilities were limited, employment was fluid and uncertain, our schools were seriously crowded. Furthermore, Florida had already earned a reputation as the Playground State, and thousands of war-weary and war-rich tourists flocked to the state for some frantic fun.

The direct victims of the fun craze were our youngsters. With insecurity in some homes and immorality on some streets, the door to juvenile delinquency was wide open. Sen. Estes Kefauver, investigating crime in Florida, found not only legalized race tracks, big-time illegal gambling and quickie divorce rackets, but also evidence that our juvenile-delinquency rate was high.

We got a jolt, but not a surprise. Our headlines and police records had forewarned us. But our state pride, for which we Southerners are noted, was seriously injured.



Glee-clubbers from Panama City, Fla., drink a toast in milk at Pensacola. None of Florida's 67 counties has a juvenile-delinquency rate nearly as high as the national average.

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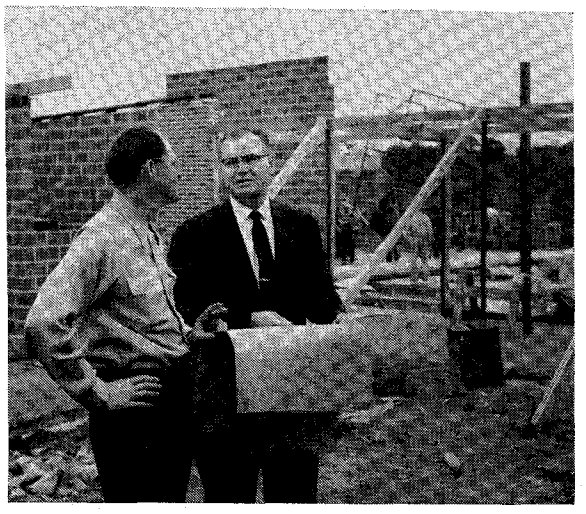
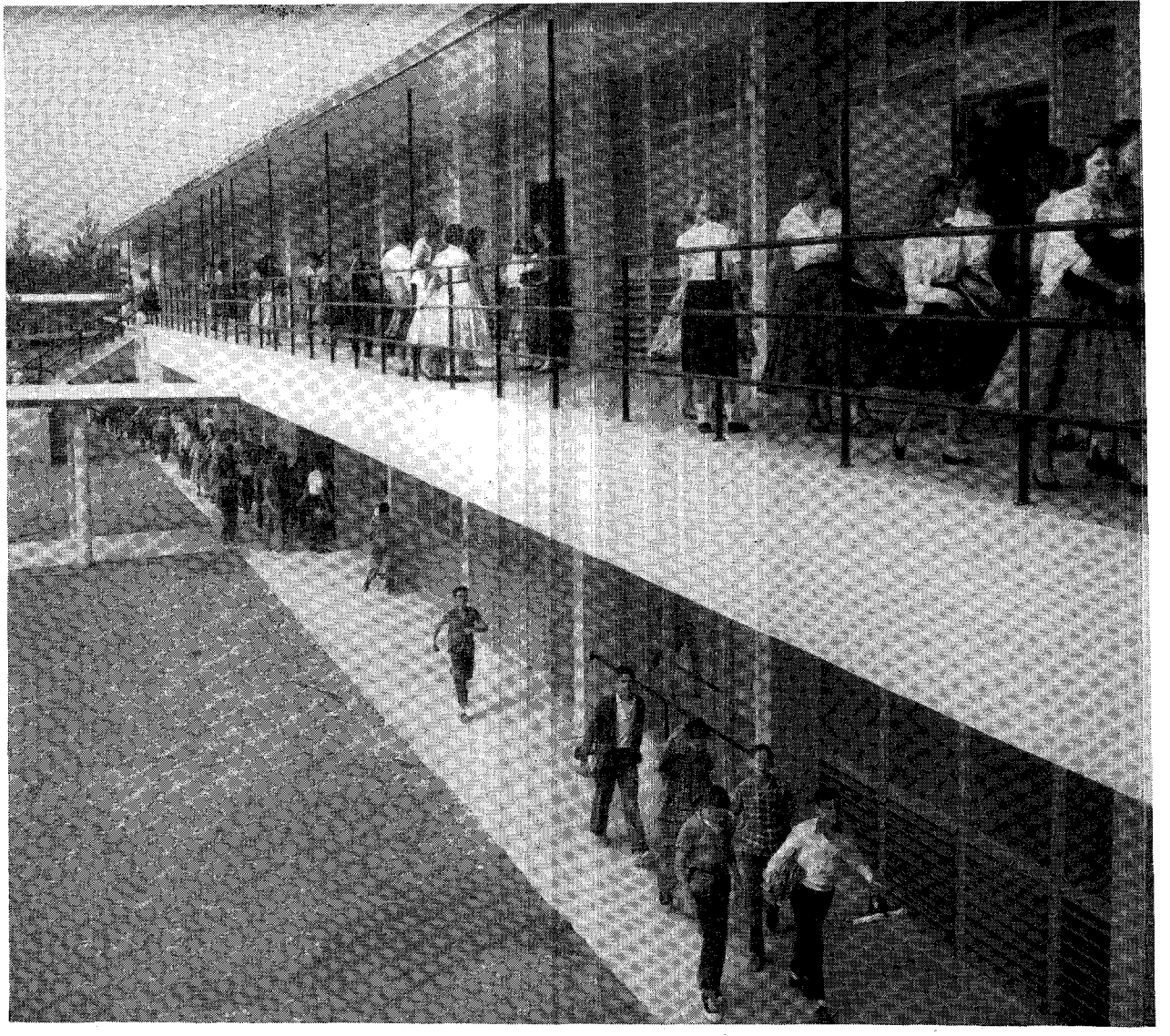


The Florida Education Department's Zollie Maynard (right), at a new school site in Duval County, directs the enrichment program.



Because areas with poor school facilities often suffer higher juvenile-delinquency rates, Floridians are effecting some drastic corrective changes. One sample of progress: the new South Miami Junior High School (above).

Justified grumblings had started long before among the people. And as usual they started bringing their complaints and suggestions to their public official. "What are you going to do about it?" was the parting question.

We could have, we knew, gone on breaking up gang fights, forcing vandals—or their parents—to pay for their destructiveness, and sending youthful car thieves to reformatories, but that would not have solved the basic problem. We could have dumped the predicament into the hands of local authorities, as many states were doing. But we all knew that, at some point in his life, the teen-age offender became a state burden, either as a court case or an inmate in a corrective institution, and we realized that it was at the state level that redirectional work would have to be done.

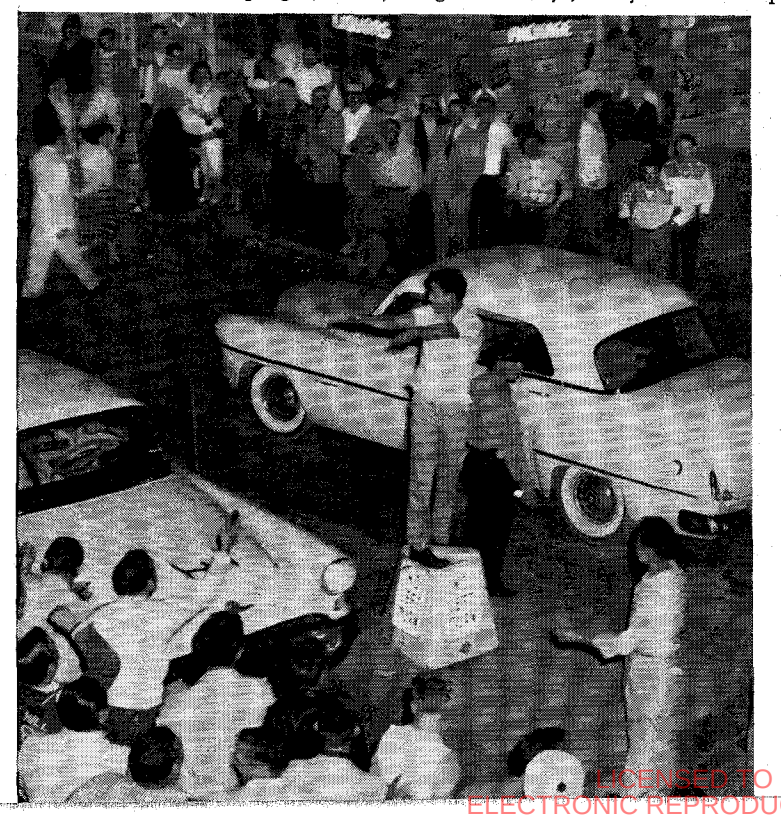
Nevertheless, merely passing a string of new laws would not have helped. Southerners have a historic resentment against government interference in their private affairs, whatever the plight, and so, with this in mind, several state leaders decided that instead of the government making the attack by interfering in the people's lives, we would invite the people to interfere in the government's operations.

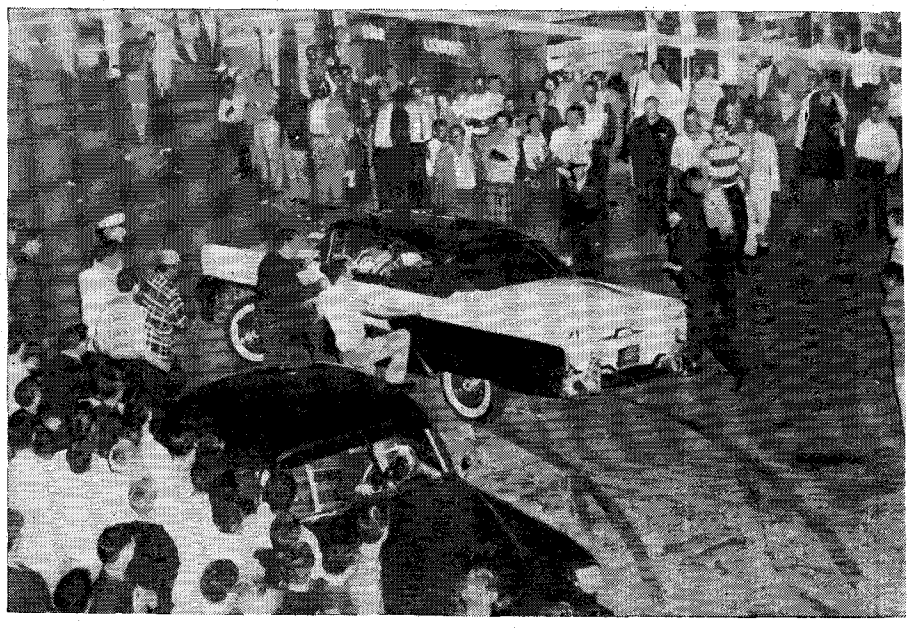
It was about this time, too, that our people seemed to come to the realization that many of our public schools were not performing an adequate job. The Florida Citizens' Committee on Education, a group of fifteen of our outstanding citizens, was given the job of finding out what was wrong and charting a course of correction. That, for Florida, was the turning point.

The committee took two years to complete its study, and, in the process of doing so, set up many subcommittees, until eventually hundreds of people from all professions and all walks of life were engaged in a zealous investigation of their own community problems. Out of this came a vital realization: The people discovered that they were the government; that once they analyzed their local problems and produced concrete recommendations, their elected representatives were ready to act, quickly and effectively. This realization has grown steadily in Florida and is directly responsible for our remarkable success with our children.

In 1947 the committee submitted a 500-page report. Many of its findings were appalling, but a similar study in any state would have uncovered the same shocking conditions. We went to work, not realizing at the time that the program we were about to develop would eventually be adopted by fourteen other states—certainly a tribute to those who headed the work in Florida. (Continued on Page 53)

Florida is not without teen-age problems. Two months ago in Daytona Beach the National Guard was called out to stop rioting during an annual stock-car-race program. But, the governor says, many of the delinquents came from outside Florida, and a lot of them were adults.





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He found the revolvers and the shells
"All set," he whispered to himself.

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No one wanted him but the law.

Why shouldn't he steal what he had coming to him?

Look Out For John Tucker!

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

John Tucker lay on his back and listened to the rain dripping from the eaves. Six o'clock, and still dark outside. He lifted his face to the cold October wind that blew in through an open window. Man, it was a real foul morning. Cold and sloppy. After ten minutes of working out there, he'd be as wet as the bottom of a rowboat.

He grinned happily, thinking about it. "Tuck, boy," he said to himself, "you're feeling great again." And he was. Seemed like he'd got the habit of waking up before Sue called him, feeling nine feet tall and raring to go. Maybe it was the country life, maybe it was the chow. He didn't know.

He did know he liked it. Just to check, he thought about the four hundred bucks Enos kept in the cash box downstairs. No charge, not even a little lift. He thought about the revolvers in the gun cabinet. No charge. And he grinned again. How about that? He was back on his feet, money and guns there for the taking, and for all he cared right now they could rot and rust.

"Who needs money?" he said.

He pulled the light chain and hopped out of bed. In a corner, standing flat-footed, he reached up the wall as far as he could with his right hand and made a careful mark on the wallpaper with his fingernail. It was above another mark.

"Will you look at that?" he said.

He'd grown an inch since he'd been here. And in three weeks! You could say what you wanted to, but that was growing. Made him five-nine-and-a-half, maybe five-ten. Even if Enos didn't believe he was eighteen, the old devil couldn't say he wasn't big enough to be.

He turned to the mirror, swelled his chest and made muscles. It wasn't a big chest—he was only fifteen, after all, a growing boy, thin with growing. His hair was dark, short and straight; it lay close to a well-shaped head that roosted precariously on a long, thin neck. His face was round. His eyes were dark and clear. Though he didn't know it, the resentment they'd held three weeks ago was almost gone. Now his eyes were inquisitive.

"Shake a leg!" Sue called. "The eggs are on!"

He grinned at the sound of her voice and began dressing hurriedly. Scrubbed up, his hair slicked down, he had to pause once more before the mirror. He didn't fill the shirt he wore, the trousers were rolled at the cuff. "That Clay Bannon must be a big son of a gun," he said. "But one of these days ——" He went downstairs to the kitchen.

"Hi," he said to Sue Bannon.

"Morning, Tuck," she said.

She was zipping around the kitchen with that smooth, no-fuss way she had. Hotcakes,

Illustrated by Ken Riley

As the dog lunged, Enos threw up his arm to block the jaws that were seeking his throat.

eggs, bacon, hot coffee, orange juice—she didn't seem to cook anything, she got it all on the table with some kind of magic. She was maybe twenty-three, a slim woman with dark hair and gray eyes. She was the prettiest woman Tuck had ever known. Not for looks, exactly, but her eyes, the way she smiled at you—real great. She inspected Tuck, pretending a scowl.

"John Tucker," she said. "When did you shave last?"

"Uh—a couple of days ago."

"So do it again," she said.

Tuck went upstairs and shaved, feeling mighty pleased. It had been a lucky day for John Tucker when a brakeman had kicked him off a freight train in this neighborhood. He'd been dragging his feet down the road toward the next hill, the next bend, when he'd seen her out in a field, carrying a shotgun, hunting with a black dog. A shotgun was something he could use. You could always hock a shotgun for eating money. He'd gone over to take it away from her.

"Hello, mister," she'd said, like he wasn't a kid.

"Hi."

She'd introduced him to the dog. "This is Girl Puppy. Her real name's Jill. She wasn't bred to hunt pheasants—she's a Labrador retriever—but she's so smart she can do anything. If you'd like to use my shotgun, she'll show you." And she'd smiled at him. "First, though, how about some lunch?"

As easy as that.

Ten minutes later, he couldn't have taken her shotgun if it had been solid gold and diamond studded, not as a gift. She said she wasn't hungry; he had to eat her whole lunch or see her throw half of it away. He didn't have to shoot if he didn't want to, just so he carried the gun so Girl Puppy could show him what she could do. How could he say no? And Girl Puppy—what a dog! The pooch had knocked herself out, like he was a special guest or something. Scared up three birds and even looked sorry when he missed all three.

"I'm Mrs. Bannon," the woman said. "I live in the big house you see across the fields. The smaller buildings are for the dogs—Maple Meadow Kennels. My husband and his grandfather, Enos McClelland, raise and train hunting dogs. Labrador retrievers and springer spaniels. They're very famous. My husband is in the East now, handling dogs at field trials. His name is Clay Bannon. You can call me Sue. Who're you?"

He told her a pack of lies, everything wrong but his name. He'd decided long ago people would get to know John Tucker and sweat when they heard his name. He told her he was eighteen, that both his parents had been killed in an auto accident, that he was from St. Louis and was heading West, looking for work. It had to be that way, then and now, because if she knew he was wanted for burglary she'd think she had to turn him over to the cops. She was that kind of a woman.

(Continued on Page 67)

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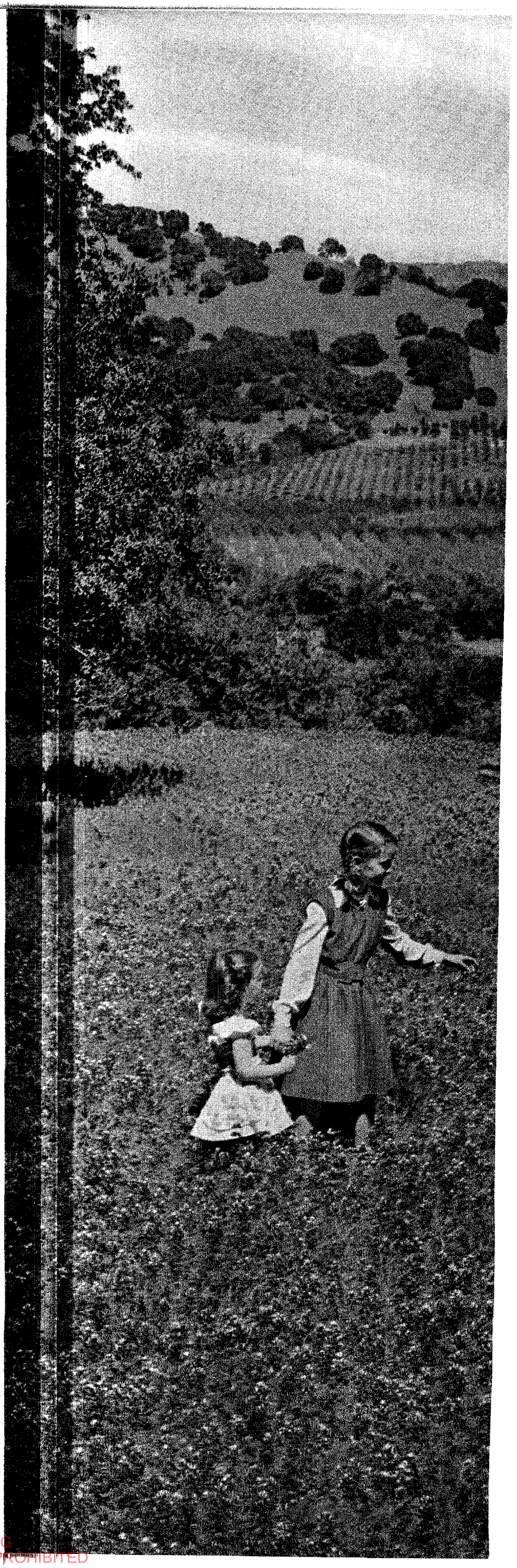
Bluer Than the Sky

The theme is beauty, and it's too bad this can't be a panorama of all the moods of our land's beauty. Or maybe it's not too bad. Our color-shifting peaks, our many-humored oceans, the prairies, the deserts, a city's electric-jeweled sky line beneath the moon—maybe these can fully be savored only separately, one by one. So here is just a field. The field is jealous of the blue sky and has clothed itself in bluer wild lupine. In between, green hills and russet earth and trees bearing pears and plums, apricots and oranges, go about being lovely in their gentler ways. Well, a photographer comes along, and three ladies are in the field, a bonus of beauty, to be sure. Let's imagine a highway sign is in the picture, saying: Upper Suisun Valley, California—then, having read it, imagine the sign away. Photograph by Glen Fishbach



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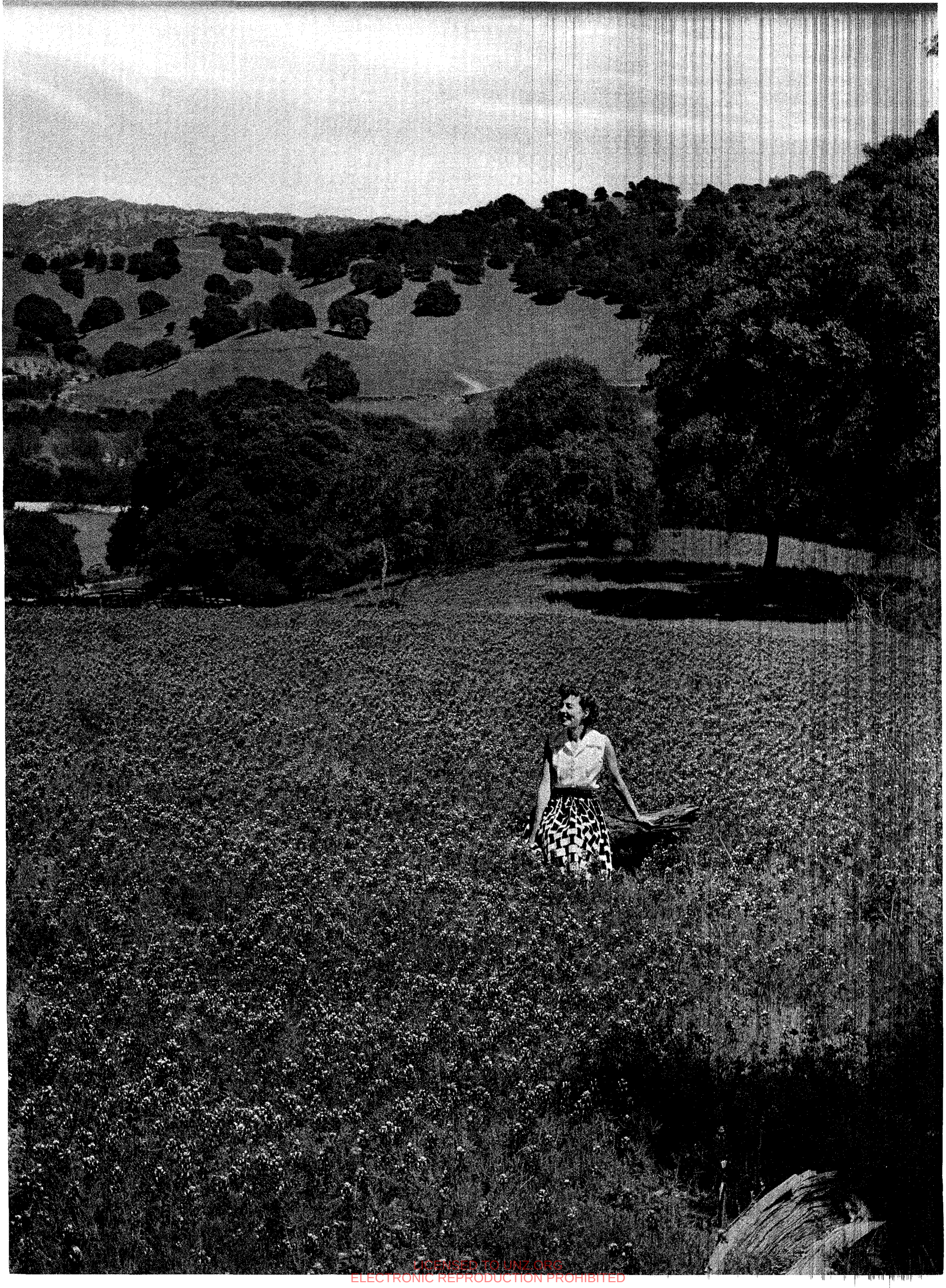

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She seemed to nod to all the world in a dim, queenly way.

Miss Temptation

By KURT VONNEGUT, JR.

When Susanna took her daily stroll, jaws dropped and work ground to a halt. . . .

Puritanism had fallen into such disrepair, that not even the oldest spinster thought of putting Susanna in a ducking stool; not even the oldest farmer suspected that Susanna's diabolical beauty had made his cow run dry.

Susanna was a bit-part actress in the summer theater near the village and she rented a room over the firehouse. She was a part of village life all summer, but the villagers never got used to her. She was forever as startling and desirable as a piece of big-city fire apparatus.

Susanna's feathery hair and saucer eyes were as black as midnight. Her skin was the color of cream. Her hips were like a lyre, and her bosom made men dream of peace and plenty for ever and ever. She wore barbaric golden hoops on her shell-pink ears, and around her ankles were chains with little bells on them.

She went barefoot and slept until noon every day. And, as noon drew near, the villagers on the main street would grow as restless as hounds with a thunderstorm on the way.

At noon, Susanna would appear on the porch outside her room. She would stretch languidly, pour a bowl of milk for her black cat, kiss the cat, fluff her hair, put on her earrings, lock her door and hide the key in her bosom.

And then, barefoot, she would begin her stately, undulating, titillating, tinkling walk—down the outside stairway, past the liquor store, the insurance agency, the real-estate office, the diner, the American Legion post and the church, to the crowded drugstore. There she would get the New York papers.

She seemed to nod to all the world in a dim, queenly way. But the only person she spoke to during her daily walk was Bearse Hinkley, the seventy-two-year-old pharmacist.

The old man always had her papers ready for her.

"Thank you, Mr. Hinkley. You're an angel," she would say, opening a paper at random. "Now, let's see what's going on back in civilization." While the old man would watch, fuddled by her perfume, Susanna would laugh or gasp or frown at items in the paper—items she never explained.

Then she would take the papers, and return to her nest over the firehouse. She would pause on the porch outside her room, dip her hand into her bosom, bring out the key, unlock the door, pick up the black cat, kiss it again and disappear inside.

The one-girl pageant had a ritual sameness until one day

(Continued on Page 57)

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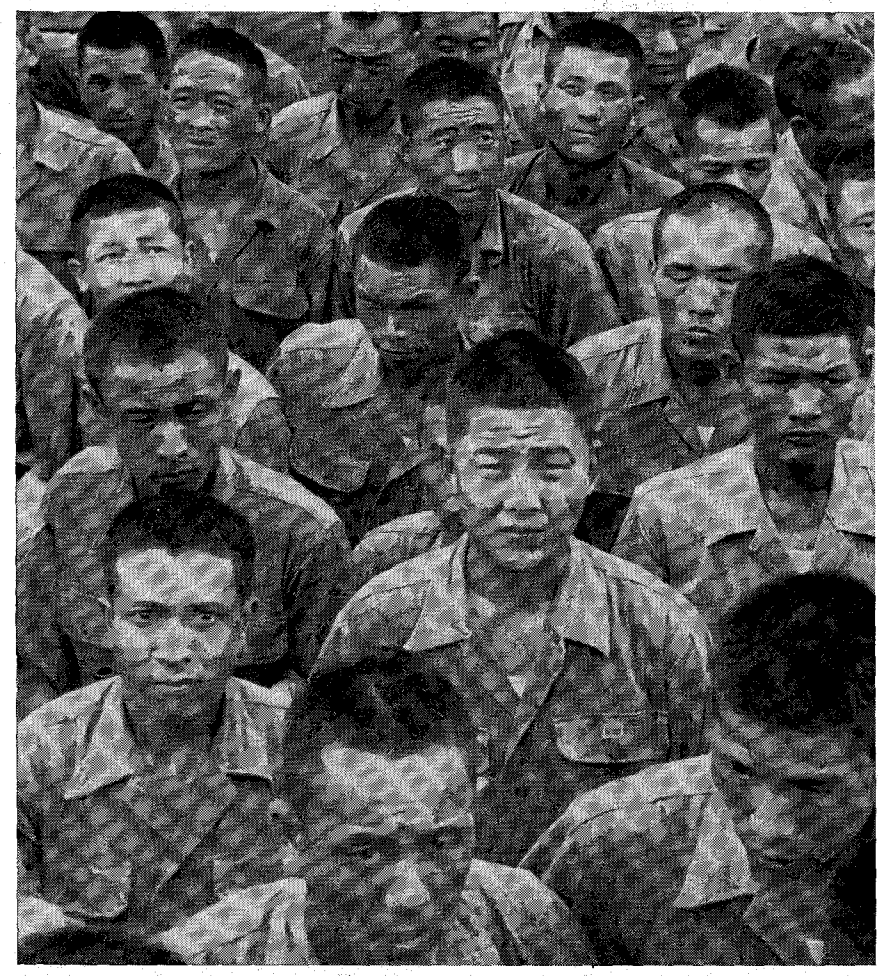
If Quemoy and Matsu fall to the Reds, a Nationalist general asserts positively, "then the U.S. will fall."

FORMOSA IS LIKE A VOLCANO

By DEMAREE BESS

Chiang's soldiers are tough—but homesick. While Chiang strives to uphold their morale, Red China cunningly offers to forgive those who "return peacefully."



A Post editor reports from the embattled redoubt of Nationalist China, where that stubborn warlord, Chiang Kai-shek, still dreams of invading the continent of Asia.

Taipei, Formosa.

The Chinese general on the island of Big Quemoy was rather small and frail-looking and very earnest. He presented us with printed cards showing that his name was Yin T'ien Chia. As he led us into a map room dug out of a rocky cliff he assured us that we could drink our tea peacefully there and listen to his briefing, because we were just out of range of the biggest guns on the Chinese mainland a few miles across Amoy Bay. But, he added, he might have to move his map room again soon because the Red Chinese were extending the range of their guns almost every day.

The general obviously was very proud of the oversize maps and charts which illustrated the little talk he gave us—a talk so oversimplified and unsophisticated that we could hardly refrain from smiling as we listened. Here we were, on this obscure barren island which was familiar only to a few thousand fishermen not many years ago. And yet General Yin tried to persuade us that it was more important than any Gibraltar. As he pulled out his maps, the thin-faced Chinese commander explained, "There are two of these nationalist-held island groups right against the mainland, one a hundred and

(Continued on Page 108)

This Quemoy house was shelled recently by the Chinese Reds. The people who live on these offshore islands have patiently endured sporadic gunfire for more than six years.

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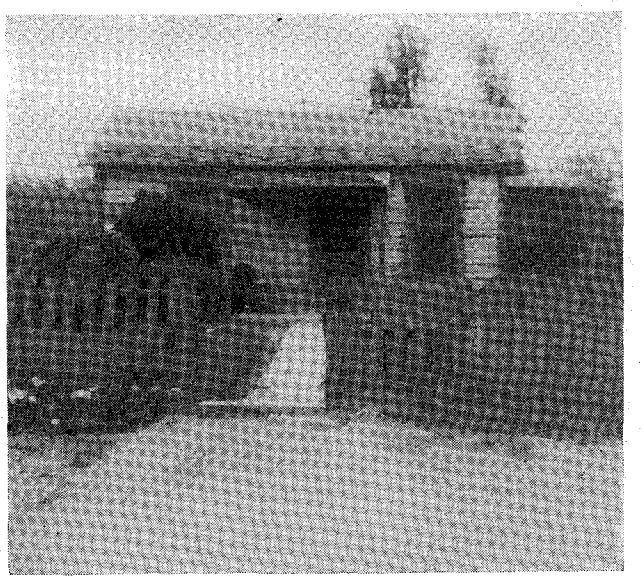
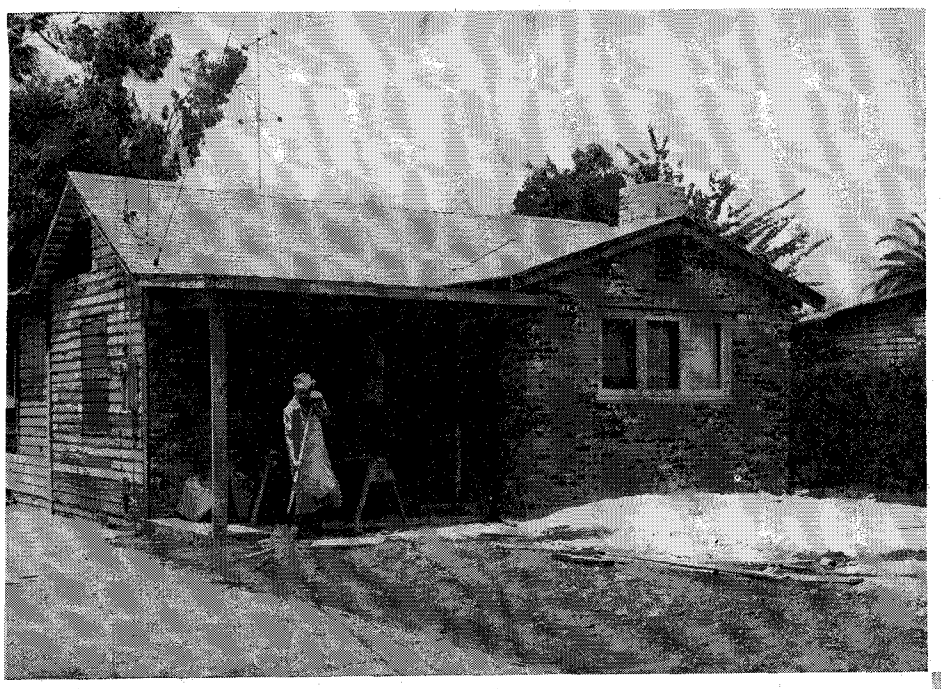
The Slum That Rebelled

Casa Blanca, California, had "no pavements, no sewers, no street lights, no nothin'"—until the shanty-dwellers' own wrathful pride transformed the place.

By FRANK J. TAYLOR



The Casa Blanca home of George and Lillyus Stowers before they began renovating it during "Operation Bootstraps."



The Stowers cottage midway through its face lifting. Lillyus' mother, shown wielding a shovel, spurred her daughter into launching the community improvement campaign.

"How I used to hate this place!" exploded Mrs. Lillyus Stowers. "I hated it so much my idea of heaven was to get married and move away. Now my idea is to stay here the rest of my life."

Most of the 500 families of Casa Blanca, once blighted and forgotten suburb of Riverside, California, share Mrs. Stowers' change of mind since Operation Bootstraps, which made all the difference.

For outsiders, Casa Blanca may fall short of Utopia. But for Casa Blancans, who remember the tumble-down neighborhood when it had "no pavements, no sidewalks, no sewers, no street lights, no nothin'," as one resident put it, Casa Blanca now looks like home, sweet home.

Surveying the face lifting that has transformed her block, Mrs. Stowers, slim, eager, impatient young Negro mother of four, beamed with pride. The street was hard-surface, with concrete curbs and gutters. Beneath the pavement was a new sewer. There were street lights and mailboxes. All up and down Peters Street homeowners were painting houses, building fences, planting lawns and gardens.

While the children play in the new front yard, Lillyus and George confer with Stokes Yoshida, who regraded the Stowers' front lawn with his tractor. George swapped his own services for much of the plumbing, carpentry and electrical work that went into his house.

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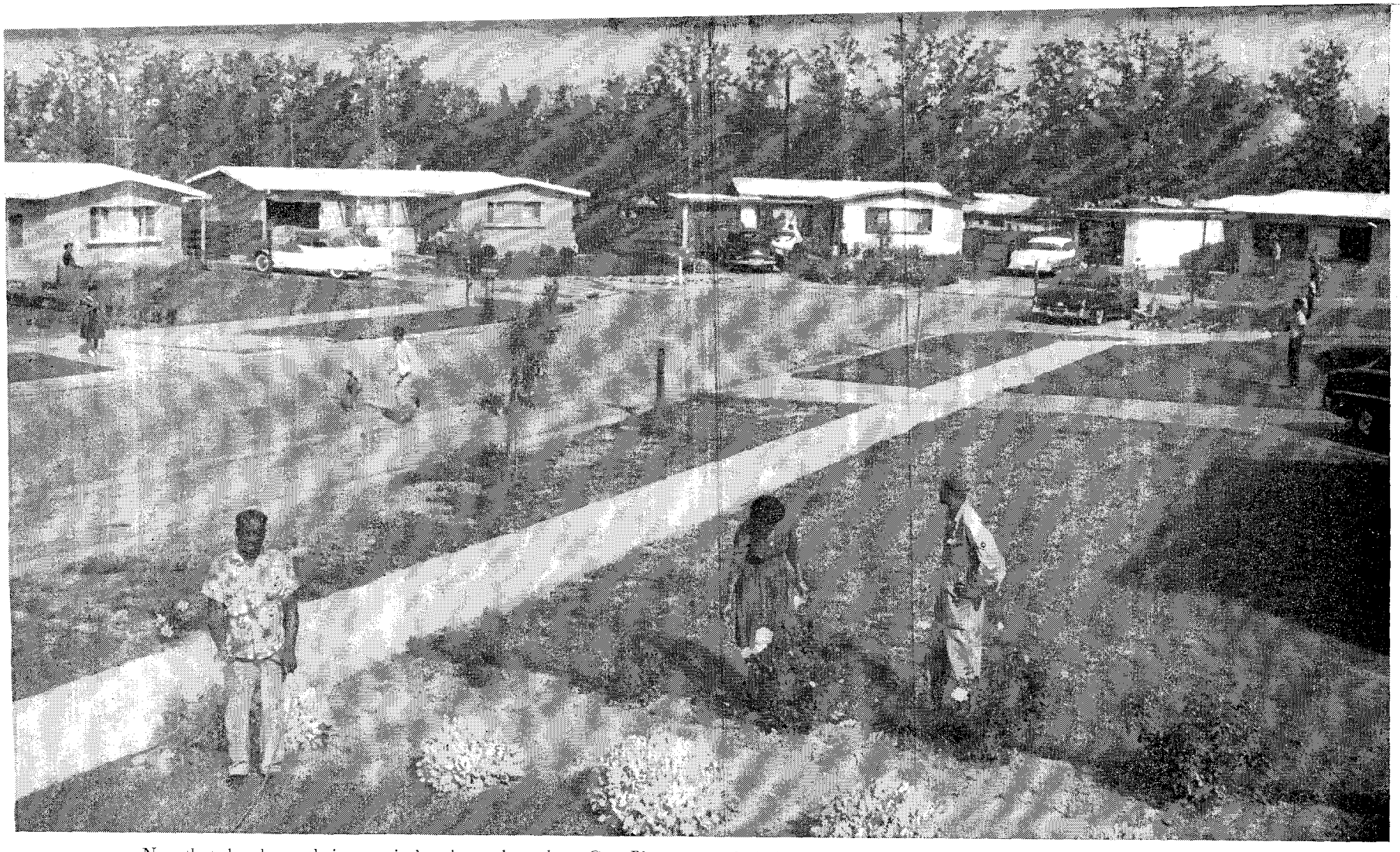

Now that they know their town isn't going to be a slum, Casa Blancans are building new homes there instead of saving their money to move away.

The Stowers cottage was a typical example. A new brick front had replaced the shabby unpainted boards. On the side of the house, her husband, George, was stretching wire netting to hold a stucco finish. Inside were a new fireplace, kitchen and bathroom. Out back, the unsightly chicken coops had been torn down to make room for the bricked patio, a barbecue pit and a pergola.

All over Casa Blanca, similar renovating was under way. The Zamoras had a new $900 bathroom. Salvadore Riviera's new home on Peters Street was finished. Pablo Apricio's big family had moved into a rebuilt and repainted old house. Tirso Ahumana put $10,000 into a new home for his wife and seven children. Nobody in Casa Blanca was supposed to have that kind of money. Most Casa Blancans didn't, but they had enough to renovate, repaint and clean up.

"Everybody's trying to keep up with his neighbors," explained Lillyus Stowers. "There's a new spirit in this community."

The transformation of Casa Blanca is a graphic demonstration of what a handful of aroused citizens can do to save a blighted neighborhood. Casa Blanca had been blighted since it was laid out, half a century back. It was a cheap rural subdivision, with no street improvements, primarily for migrant fruit workers who could buy lots for fifty dollars and put up clapboard shacks for another $200.

Since Casa Blanca was in a far corner of Riverside, itself laid out as a forty-square-mile citrus colony, the city officials paid little attention to the rural slum that grew up in what was otherwise a model city. They overlooked the ordinances that forbade outdoor privies, rubbish heaps and firetrap shacks. The streets that were quagmires in winter and dusty chuck holes in summer were left that way because the Casa Blancans were considered too poor to pay assessments for civic improvements. The little shanty town, which Riversiders deplored, but did nothing about, had a small school and not much else. Two thirds of the families were of Mexican origin, the rest Negro, Japanese, Italian and a few "Anglos," as the Caucasians are called, who lived in Casa Blanca because existence was cheaper there than almost anywhere else in Southern California.

That's what Casa Blanca was like when George and Lillyus Stowers returned a decade back, after living in San Diego, St. Louis and Chicago. They came back to be near Mrs. Stowers' aged mother, Mrs. Lily Clark. George Stowers found a job as a car polisher in Riverside and played the piano in an orchestra over weekends to add to the family income. Lillyus earned more dollars as a cateress, when she wasn't too busy bearing Edwin, Emma, Charlotte and Jannette. Mrs. Stowers was always grumbling about the intolerable environment under which she had to bring up her children.

One day her mother exploded, "Lillyus, if you just sit around and complain about the bad conditions in this community, you're worse than the people who've lived here all their lives, because you've had a chance to see how people live in other cities. Why don't you do something about it?"

"All right, I will," replied Lillyus Stowers. "Right now."

That was in the winter of 1950. Mrs. Stowers decided to do something about the impassably muddy streets (Continued on Page 136)

The Stowerses entertain friends with a barbecue supper on the patio in their back yard. Until recently, this area contained nothing but odoriferous chicken coops.

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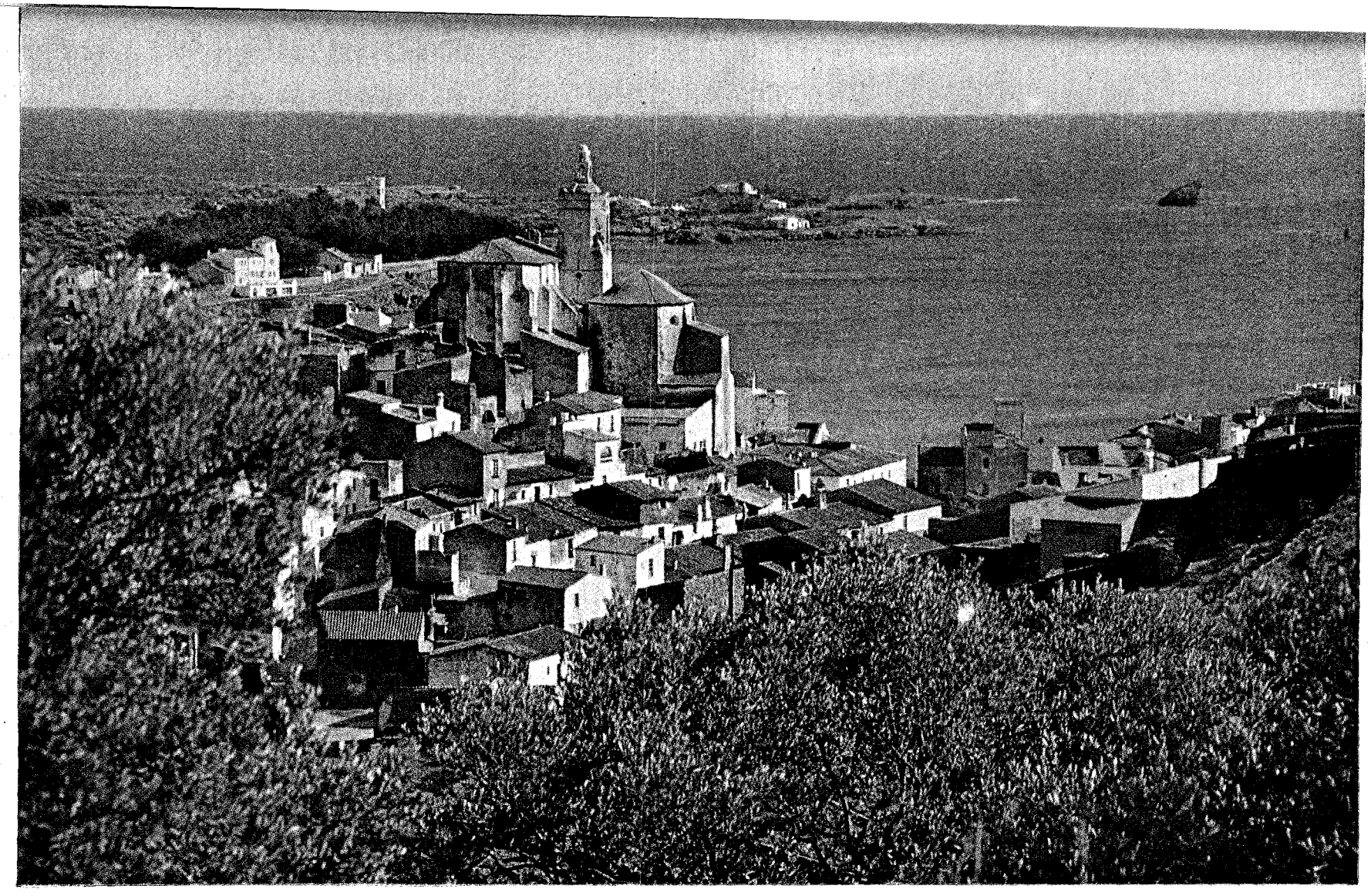
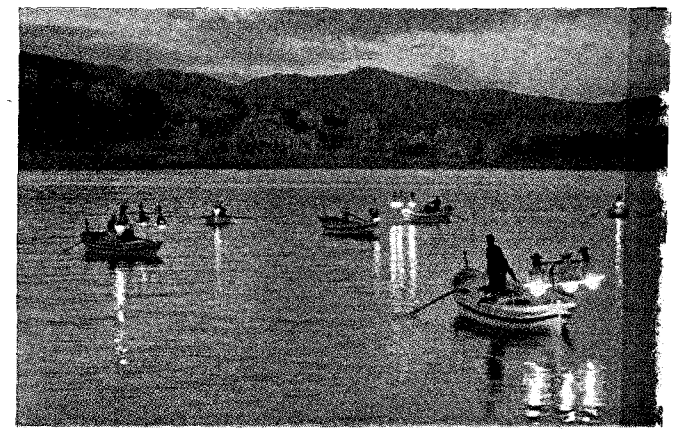


The storybook village of Cadaqués nestles beside a bay on *la Costa Brava*—the wild coast of Northeastern Spain.

THE BARGAIN COAST

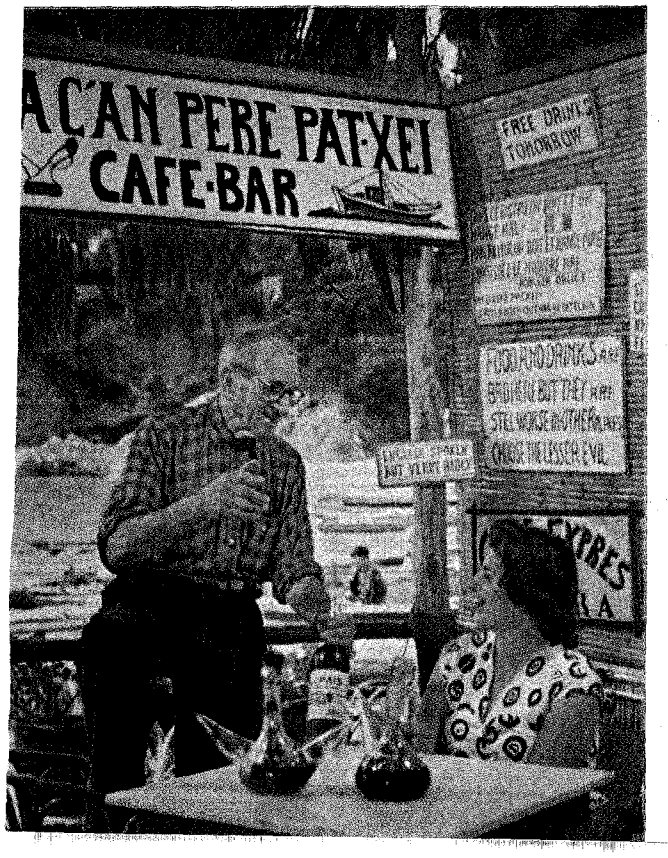
By JOHN KOBLER

The fastest-growing and cheapest resort area in Europe is Spain's *la Costa Brava*. For as little as $2 a day, you can live here as an honored guest—along with the smugglers and movie stars.



Lanterns gleam on the night-shrouded sea as fishermen from San Feliu de Guixols lure sardines to their nets.

Pere Pat-Xei mixes humor with the drinks at his bar in Tamariu.



On the towering coast of the Spanish province of Catalonia, between Barcelona and the French border, there once lived, according to legend, a mermaid and a mountain shepherd. Meeting by chance in a broad valley that separated their respective abodes, they fell in love. But the mermaid could not bear to renounce the sea nor the shepherd his high green pastures. As they pleaded with each other ("Oh, shepherd, if thou but knew the wonders of the deeps!" "Oh, mermaid, if thou but felt the mystery of the heights!") the gods were touched, and they passed a geological miracle. They caused the intervening valley to shrink until the tides lapped the foothills. Thus were the lovers united, happy ever after in the fusion of sea and mountains.

Today, along this miraculous juncture, which a Catalan poet aptly named *la Costa Brava* (the Wild Coast), droves of tourists roam in an enchantment of discovery. It is the most recently developed, fastest-growing resort area in Europe—and the cheapest. From United States military bases come servicemen on leave with their wives and children, driving American cars almost too hefty for the narrow, rutted coast road—"convulsive," as a Catalan guidebook describes it, "with violent, endless curves"—frequently pausing to gaze down at the Mediterranean hundreds of feet below.

Cars, trains and buses disgorge German families able to travel abroad for the first time since the war. Also the French, who tend to be chauvinistic stay-at-homes, but are now forced by the soaring cost of living in France to seek bargain vacations elsewhere. And the British, pioneers of the *Costa Brava* trend, are returning with slightly more money to spend under the relaxed sterling-export restrictions. In the peak season, July and August, wherever the coast has been developed, scarcely a vacant hotel room or unrented villa can be found.

The Wild Coast begins at Blanes, a heavily industrialized (Continued on Page 132)

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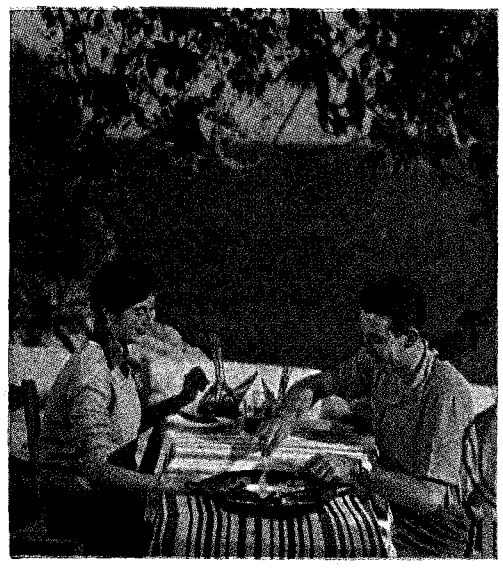
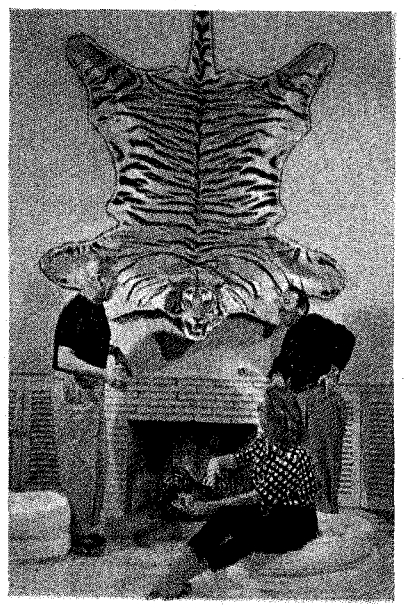
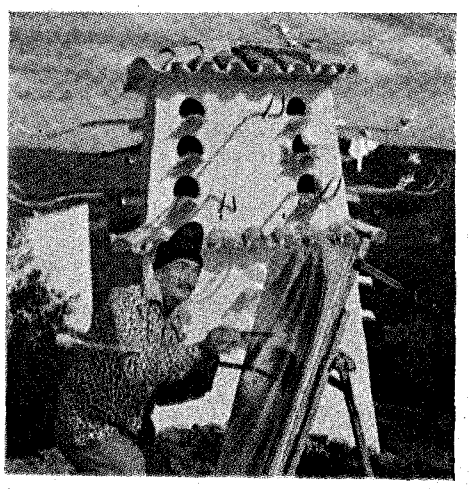


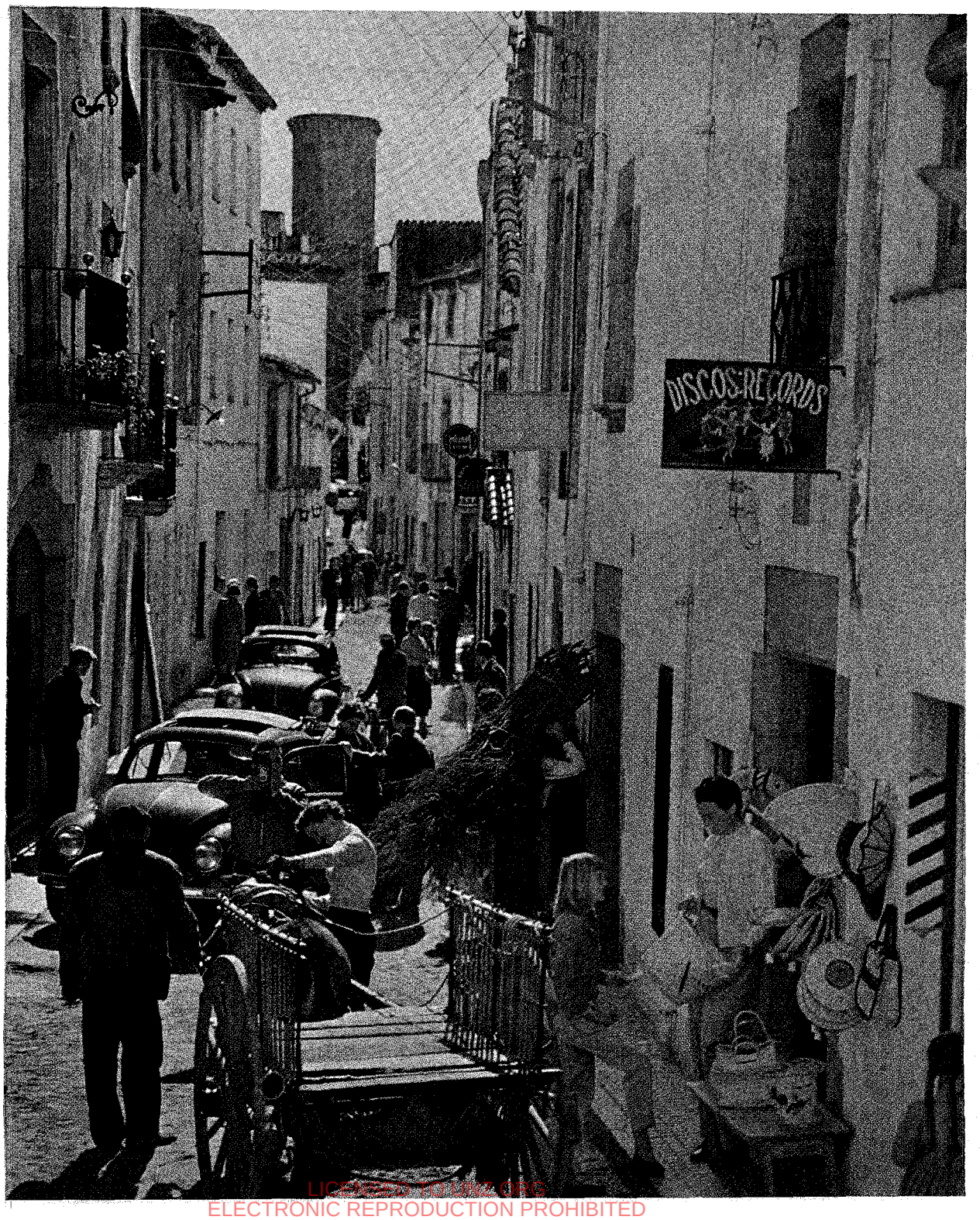
Paella—a succulent dish of fish and rice—
is a special treat at local restaurants.



Film star Wayne Morris visits the
Robert Ruarks at their Palamós home.



Salvador Dali, a native Catalan, paints
at his summer retreat in Port Lligat.



The main street of
Tossa de Mar. *Costa Brava*
shopkeepers still treat
visitors as honored guests.
They have not yet
adopted the techniques
of tourist traps.

Photographs by
Eugene Kammerman

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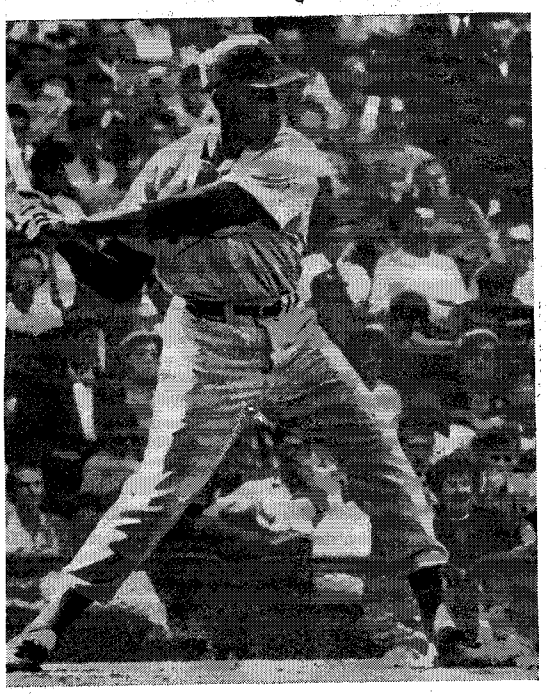
Banks' '55 record: Twice as many homers (44) as any other shortstop in National League history.

GOOD FIELD, TERRIFIC HIT

By TOM SILER

Ernie Banks is that rarest of baseball jewels: a superb infielder and a devastating slugger. Can he lead the Chicago Cubs out of the doldrums?

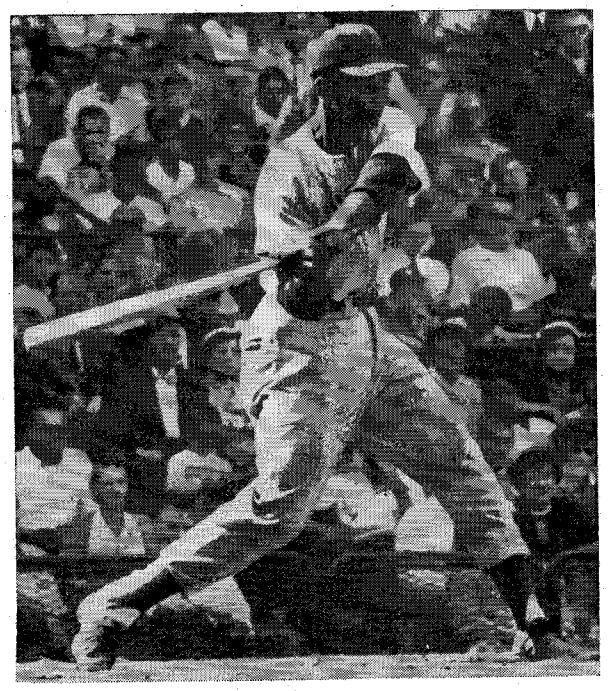
"His bat is light as a cane to him."

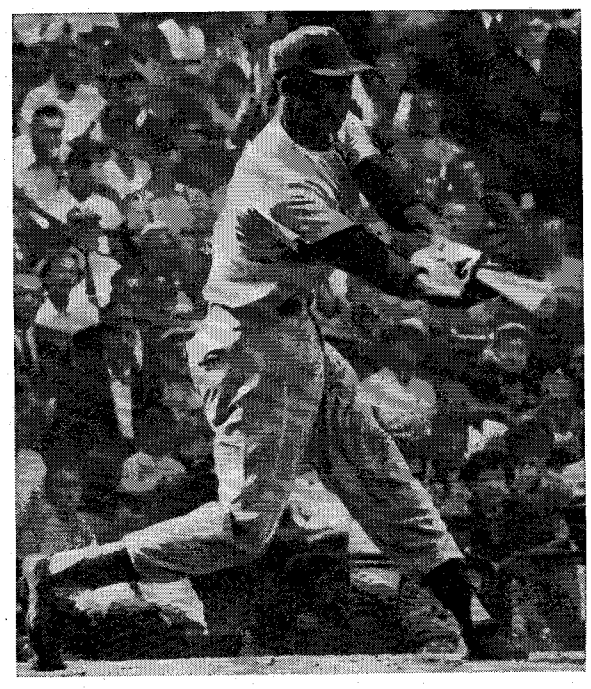


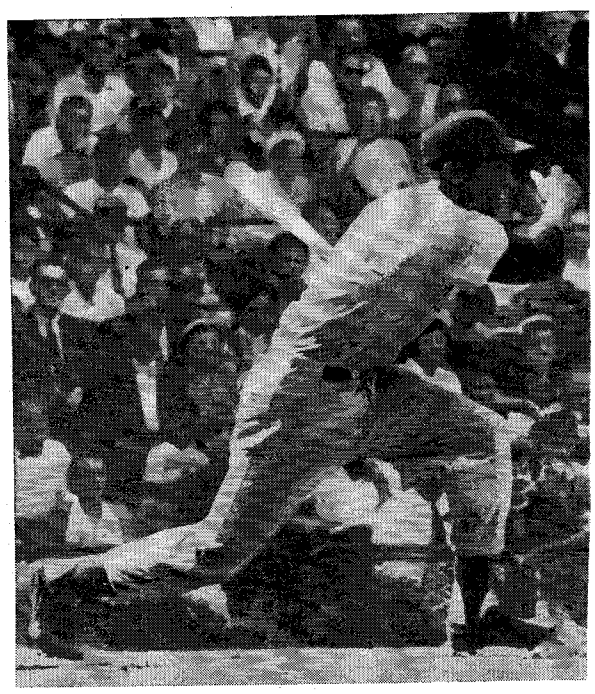
When Ernie Banks, a quiet young shortstop from the Negro American League, jumped right into a regular job with the Chicago Cubs slightly over two seasons ago, it was astonishing to most baseball men, but not to those who had scouted him for the Chicago Cubs. They had predicted that Banks could make the majors in one leap. However, they were due for a surprise of their own. Last year the smooth-fielding Banks exploded into one of the big home-run hitters of the game. Nobody had foreseen this, including his own father, who gave Banks his first coaching, and Ernie's most optimistic boosters on the Cubs.

You don't expect a shortstop to be a heavy hitter, and few of the good ones ever were. More than that, you don't expect fence busting from a fellow with the willowy build of Ernie Banks, who is six feet one and considers his best playing weight 175 pounds. The popular conception of a slugger is a man with a heavyweight war club and a blacksmith's physique, like Babe Ruth, Lou Gehrig, Jimmy Foxx, Hank Greenberg and John Mize. Yet the modestly proportioned Banks, swinging one of the lightest of bats, shot up to third place in the major-league home-run derby last season with forty-four, behind Willie Mays—no bruiser either—who had fifty-one, and the massive Ted Kluszewski, who had forty-seven. Ernie's story brings out a number of little-appreciated truths about what is involved in today's mass production of home runs.

The Cubs paid $15,000 for Banks—a small amount compared to some of the fancy bonus-boy figures, but still considerably more than is risked on the usual youngster. Now it appears to be the smartest money that club owner Philip K. Wrigley ever spent. Banks quickly proved himself a bargain as a graceful, far-ranging shortstop, the Cubs' finest since Billy Jurges. With his unexpected plus value as a power (Continued on Page 105)







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As Pyke swung the lantern, Treat moved with the revolver suddenly in his hand.

MOMENT OF VENGEANCE

What had started as a family quarrel was ending in gunfire . . .

By ELMORE LEONARD

At midmorning six riders came down out of the cavernous pine shadows, down the slope swept yellow with arrowroot blossoms, down through the scattered aspen at the north end of the meadow, then across the meadow and into the yard of the one-story adobe house.

Four of the riders dismounted, three of these separating as they moved toward the house; the fourth took his rope and walked off toward the mesquite-pole corral. The horses in the enclosure stood and watched as he opened the gate.

Ivan Kergosen, still mounted, motioned to the open stable shed that was built out from the adobe. The sixth man rode up to it, looked inside, then continued around the corner and was out of sight.

Now Kergosen, tight-jawed and solemn, saw the door of the adobe open. He watched Ellis, his daughter, come out to the edge of the ramada shade, ignoring the three men, who stepped aside to let her pass.

"We've been expecting you," she said. Her voice was calm and her smile, for a moment, seemed genuine, but it faded too quickly. She touched her dark hair, smoothing it as a breeze rose and swept across the yard.

"Where is he?" Kergosen said.

Her gaze lifted, going out across the open sunlight of the meadow to the far west corner, to the windmill that stood out faintly against a dark background of pines.

"He's at the stock tank," Ellis said. "But he'll come in now."

Mr. Kergosen's hands were gripped one over the other on the saddle horn. He stared at his daughter in silence, his mustache hiding his mouth, but not the iron-willed anger in his eyes and in the tight line of his jaw.

"Whether he does or not," Kergosen said, "you're going back with me."

"I'm married now, pa."

"Don't talk foolish."

"Married in Willson. By a priest."

"We'll talk about that at home."

"I am home!"

"Girl, this isn't going to be a public debate."

"Then why did you bring an audience?" She was sorry as soon as she said it. "Pa, I don't mean disrespect. Phil and I were married in Willson five days ago. He bought stock, drove it here, and we intend to raise it." Her father stared at her, saying nothing, and to fill the silence, she added, "This is my home now, where I've come to live with my husband."

Leo Pyke, one of the three men standing near her, the curled brim of his hat straight and low over his (Continued on Page 86)

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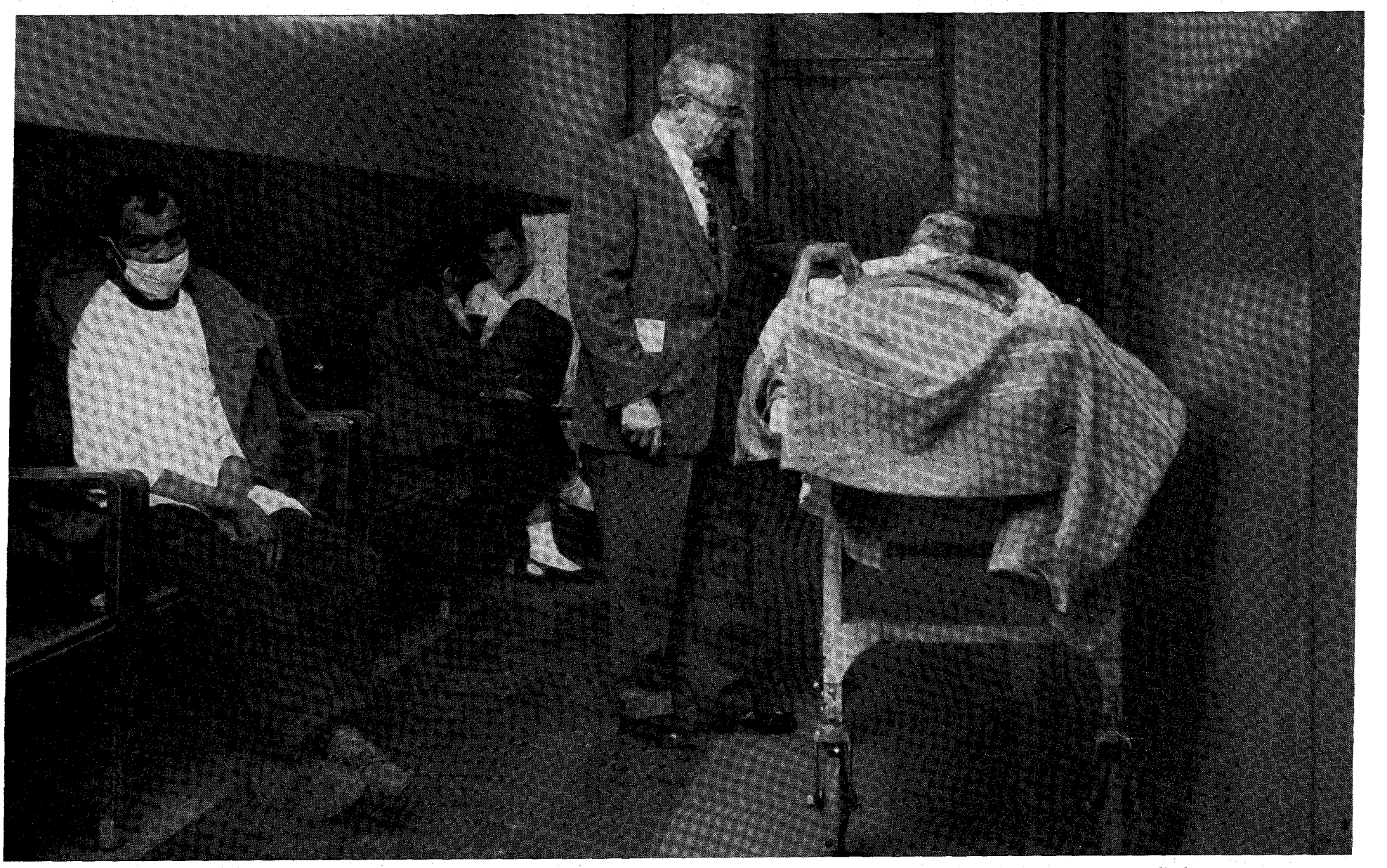
38

MY LIFE IN BELLEVUE : PART TWO

SEVEN BELLS MEAN CATASTROPHE

By DR. SALVATORE R. CUTOLO, as told to BARBARA and ARTHUR GELB

Here are dramatic tales from the Bellevue Hospital Emergency Ward:
The day the Empire State Building exploded,
the smallpox panic of 1947, and the tragic death of Stephen Foster.



The author, deputy medical superintendent of the hospital, reassures a stricken patient in the Admitting Ward. From here the critically sick or severely injured are sent to the Emergency Ward.

Policemen give crash-victim William Perez first aid while waiting for an ambulance to rush him to Bellevue.

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Bellevue, one of the world's largest municipal hospitals, admits about 4000 ailing New Yorkers every month. The most desperate cases go to our Emergency Ward. We admit an average of 300 emergency cases a month (although we treat several times that many), and save 275 of them—victims of burns, gunshot wounds, diabetic coma, brain tumor, heart attack, acute appendicitis.

We also get suicides, psychotics and alcoholics, and juvenile delinquents who have been hurt in gang wars. Once we had three boys in the Emergency Ward, all about seventeen years old, who had serious knife wounds. One of them told a nurse, "Tomorrow night you'll get the other side in." But the "other side" wound up in a police station.

On occasion, emergency patients have made amazing recoveries at Bellevue. Take the time a boiler mechanic was burned in a flash fire at a Consolidated Edison Company plant, in the spring of 1950. When he reached Bellevue, 70 per cent of the surface of his body was burned. Doctors made the medically indicated prediction that he had three hours to live—but they labored to save him.

First, he was given plasma, cortisone and intravenous glucose; then he was "mummified" with petroleum-jelly packs wrapped in bandages. In severe burn cases, the patient usually goes into shock, due to protein loss through skin blisters. Plasma replaces the lost protein, and the jelly packs prevent further losses.

The mechanic survived as a medical phenomenon. A year later, after extensive skin grafting—720 square inches of skin were donated by fifteen fellow employees—he walked out of Bellevue.

Our Emergency Ward is geared for swift action. Its walls look dingy, its iron-framed beds are not of the latest design, but "E.W." at Bellevue stands for the best of up-to-date procedure in the treatment of life-or-death cases. There is an oxygen tank at the head of every bed. At least four experienced nurses are always present, and a doctor is at the side of a newly admitted patient in less than five minutes.

The people brought into our Emergency Ward are those in such serious condition that we don't have time to take their medical histories, get them undressed and admit them to regular wards. The room they are brought to is divided by a shoulder-high partition, with eight beds for men on one side and eight for women on the other side. There is an extra bed in an alcove so that an emergency patient may be isolated if he is suspected of having a contagious disease.

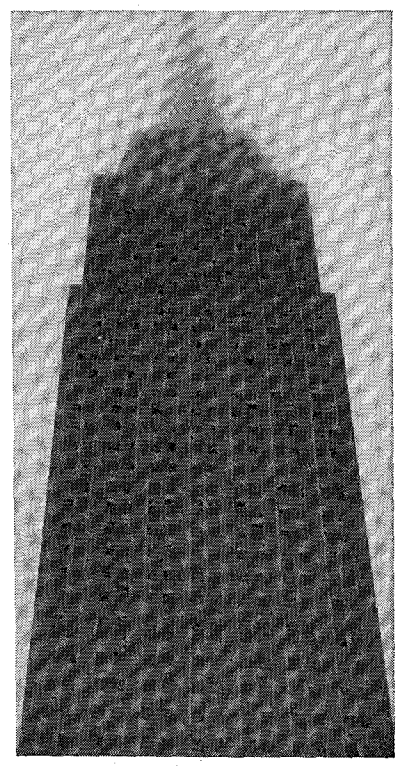
The nurse in charge of the ward is Fumiye Morita, an attractive young woman who has been at Bellevue since 1946. She often compares her ward to a battlefield hospital. On a busy night—Friday or Saturday, when drinking causes many accidents—stretchers are being wheeled in constantly. Doctors and technicians are moving about, and clergymen pass among the beds, bringing the consolation of prayer. Over the murmur of low-pitched professional voices can be heard the moans of pain-racked victims. If one of them happens to be a gunshot case, a policeman is likely to be standing by his bed, waiting to get the extracted bullet for examination in the police laboratory. And many times newspapermen are hovering in the hall outside the ward.

On days when the Emergency Ward is jammed, we may have fifty doctors down there at one time. Firemen are brought in regularly, of course, suffering from burns or smoke inhalation. The biggest concentration of smoke victims we have had at Bellevue in recent years was on February 9, 1942, when the liner Normandie burned at her New York dock. That disaster sent forty-eight emergency cases to Bellevue.

Our first warning came at 2:45 in the afternoon, when gongs rang throughout the hospital, announcing a catastrophe—seven loud rings repeated three times. Sitting at my desk, I felt the stab of suspense that the alarm always inspired. Yet I watched with a thrill of pride the well-oiled machinery which was going into action at Bellevue.

Outside the Admitting Office, a special truck pulled up. Attendants loaded it with splints, bandages, medicines, stretchers and knock-down tables on which to spread equipment at the disaster scene. Doctors, nurses and hospital chaplains were congregating in answer to the signal. We have staff groups assigned in monthly rotation to respond to the catastrophe call, dressed to leave within five minutes of the alarm. Others are assigned to stand by the Emergency Ward, Admitting Office, operating rooms and treatment rooms.

By the time all were assembled that February ninth, we knew (Continued on Page 111)



Smoke and flames stream from the upper floors of the 102-story Empire State Building, which was rammed in 1945 by a B-25 bomber lost in the fog. Right: Wreckage protrudes from the huge hole plane gouged out of the skyscraper. Note traffic on streets 79 floors below.

One of the most critically injured victims of the Empire State crash was Betty Lou Oliver, whose elevator fell 80 floors when a piece of plane wreckage cut the cables. Below: Betty Lou made a dramatic recovery at Bellevue.

NEXT WEEK

Doctor Cutolo tells how medical evidence puts the finger on murderers whose victims end up at Bellevue.

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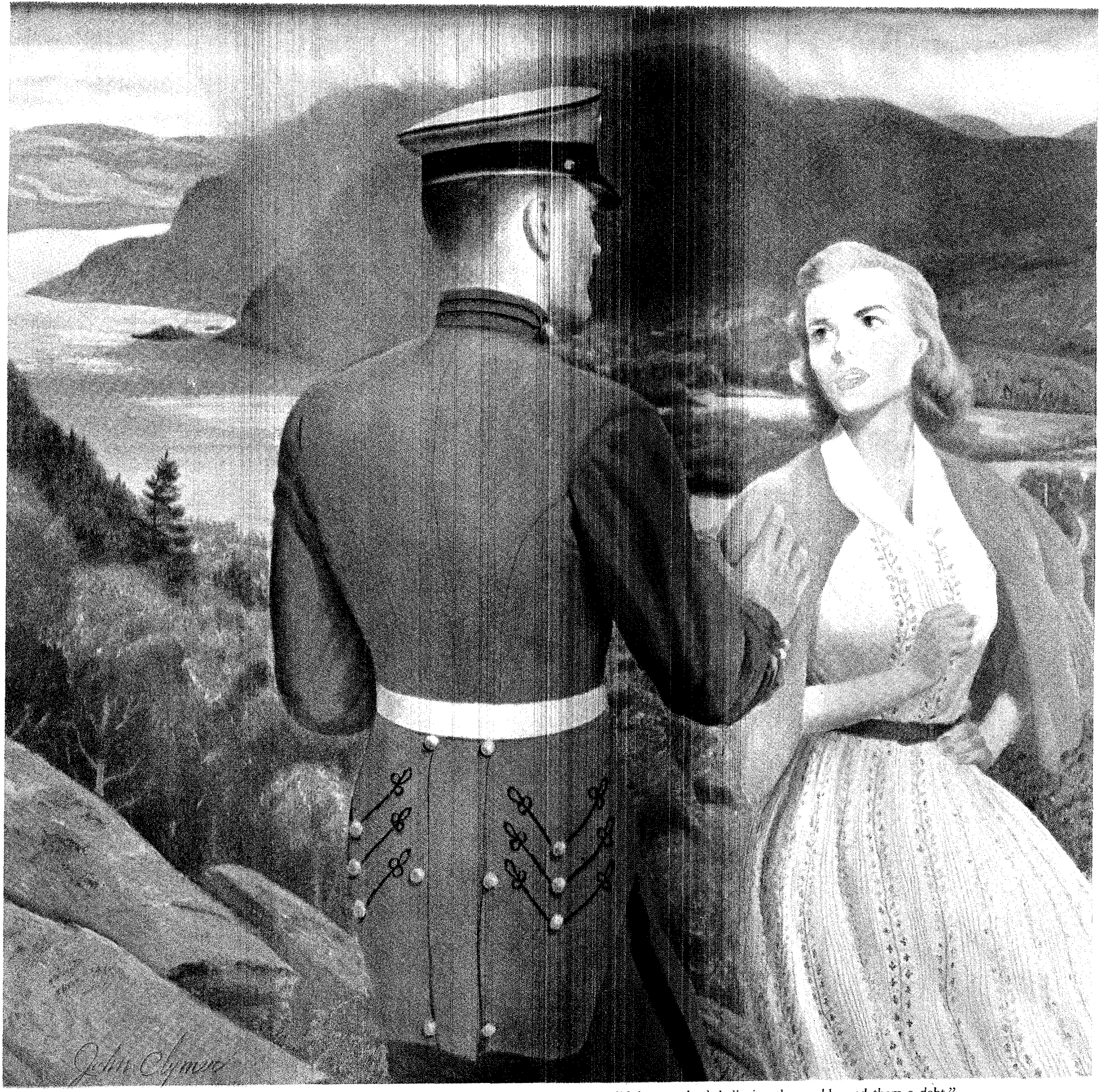

"West Point men fought in Korea, too," Chris said, "and they didn't come back believing the world owed them a debt."

The Man Who Walked Alone

West Point traditions were for kids, Mike thought, not for veterans like himself . . .

By WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN

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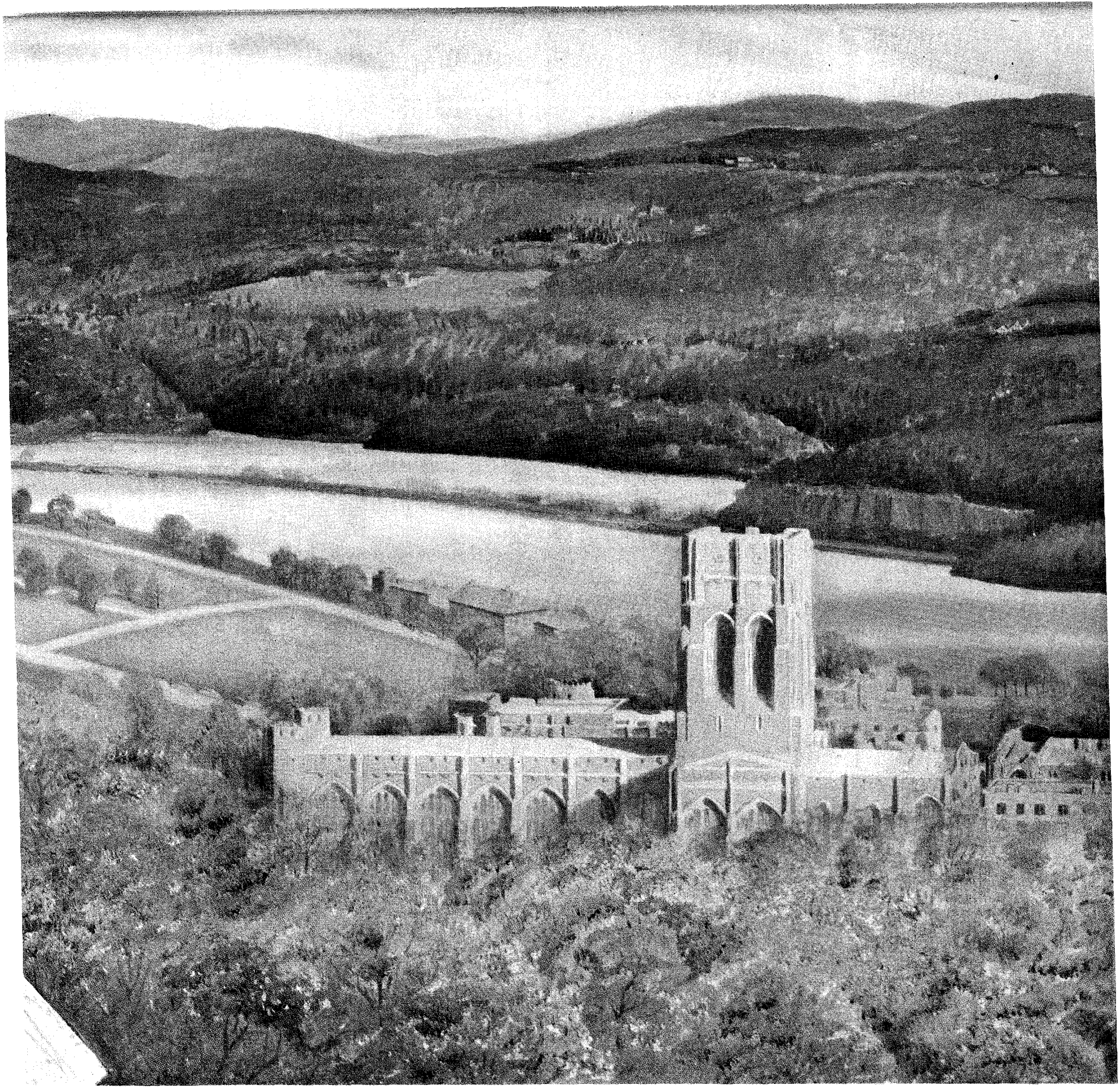

Saturday inspection was over. Companies broke ranks and cadets streamed across the barrack stoops to change into athletic gear or dress coats for the afternoon's leisure ahead. The climax toward which each West Point week built for five and a half days was safely past and noise filled the May sunshine as men relaxed.

"Hey, Joe, how about dragging blind for me this afternoon?"

"What's she like?"

"Marilyn Monroe with improvements, cousin."

"You got yourself a boy."

Fool talk, Mike Dowd was thinking as he moved across the barrack area. Joe Hancock was stuck with another blind date; she'd probably have buck teeth and two left feet, but Joe'd never learn. Mike should know. He'd roomed with Joe for almost four years now.

Mike took his time as he went toward his room—a long while ago he'd decided that it didn't pay to hurry in the Army. Not even here at West Point with its austere dignity and its iron-bound traditions. Things that left Mike unmoved. He didn't quarrel with them; those who wanted them could have them, so long as they walked on their side of the street and allowed Mike Dowd to walk on his.

Because Mike Dowd had determined his own set of values, and sentiment was not included. Not even sentiment for Chris Hancock, Joe's sister. He had to tell Chris that this afternoon. It wasn't a task that he liked; but when you chopped, the chips had to fall.

Mike was lean and dark, with the blood of Antrim men flowing in him. His forefathers, who had come from Ballymena in the north of Ireland, had given him his alert, hard good looks and they had also given him the somber moods which hag-rode him now and then. The black dog on his shoulders. That was the name that Dowd men had for that dark and restless melancholy.

He climbed the stairs and turned into his room, and Joe Hancock was already there, hurrying into dress uniform. A towhead kid, three years younger (Continued on Page 116)

Illustrated by John Clymer

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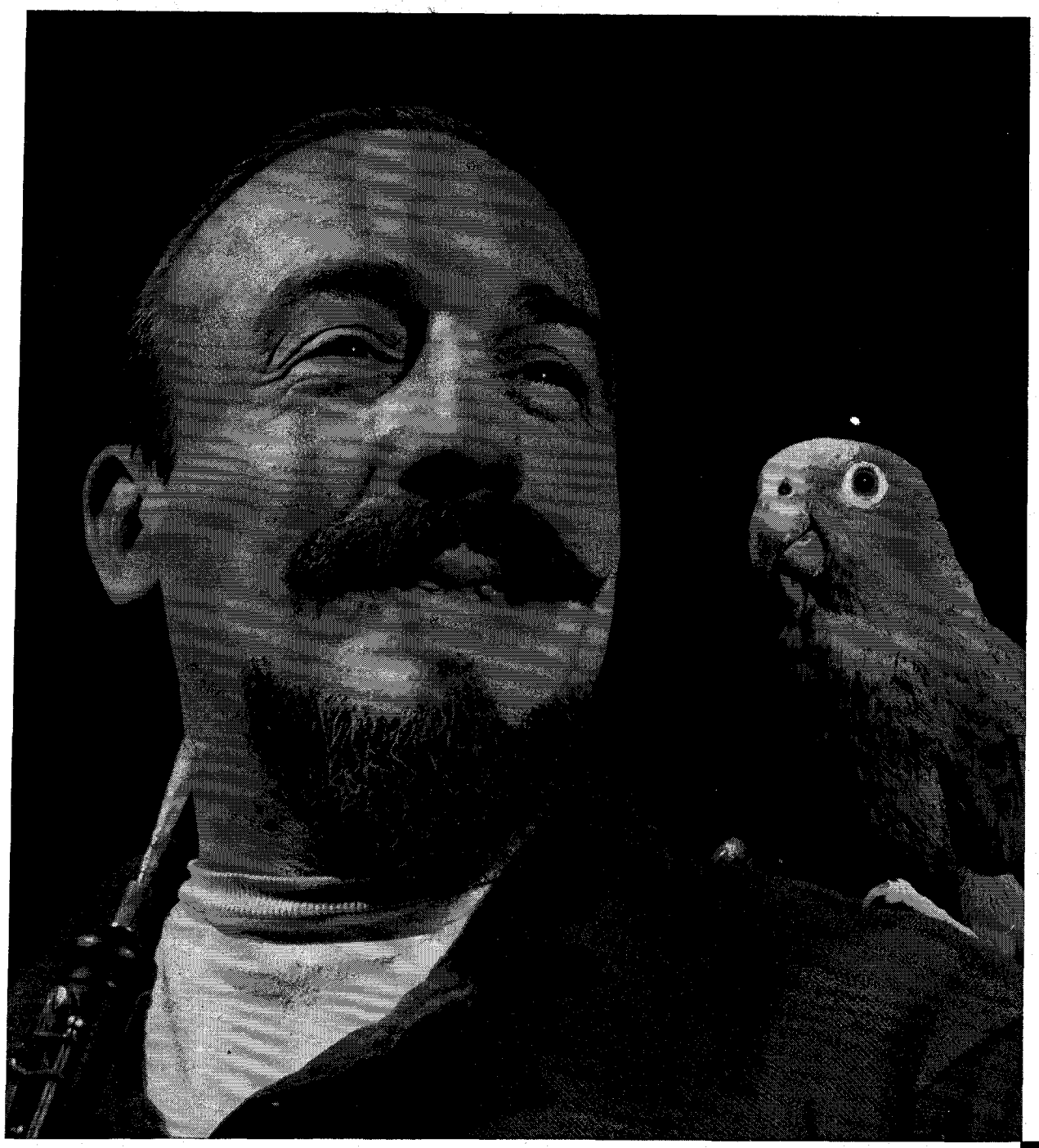


Mitch with oboe and Lorenzo the Magnificent, a parrot whose line is "Hey, Mitch, you fracture me!"

The Shaggy Genius of Pop Music

Mitch "The Beard" Miller produces more hit records than any other man in the business. His formula: "Keep it sexy. Keep it simple. Keep it sad."

By DEAN JENNINGS

Mr. Mitchell William Miller, of Columbia Records, stood on the sidewalk at Seventh Avenue and 52nd Street one recent morning, and he was a sight to see.

His soft brown eyes peered happily at the Tin Pan Alley world from beneath a blue, visored cap he had bought in London. His beard, a brownish black, although his bushy mustache is dark red, was curling perversely in the morning dampness. In one hand he held a partly chewed frankfurter, while from the other projected a long black cigar which he clutched as though it were the Olympic Games torch and he were running it to Athens. He wasn't headed for Athens, of course. He had a far more important mission. He was going to buy an octopus.

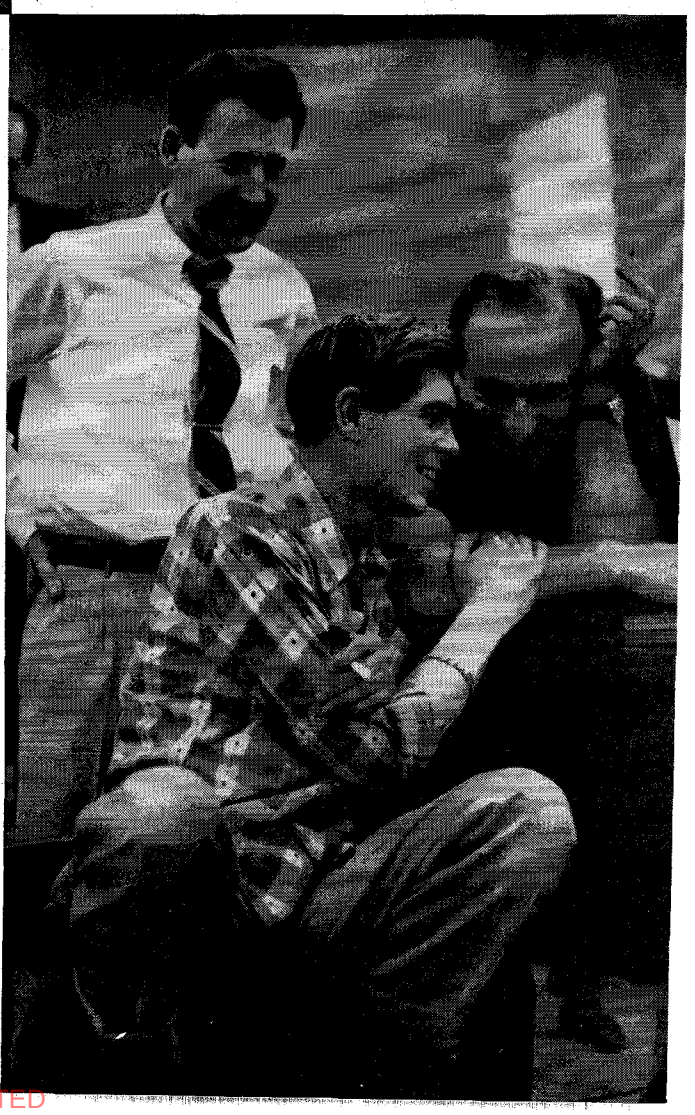
"Look, Mitch," said the first Broadway ichthyologist he saw, "there's no such thing as a pet octopus. And besides, you'd need a big salt-water tank to keep it alive. Might set you back two grand. Get a bird or something."

Miller's 205-pound frame sagged, and the pointed beard wilted perceptibly. "I sort of had my heart set on an octopus," he said.

Temporarily thwarted, Miller presently appeared at Louis Ruhe's famed bird emporium in the Bowery and began dickering for an articulate but nonbiting parrot.

"Sure, Mitch," said Ruhe. "We got 'em, but the ones that don't bite cost a lot more. Stick your finger into each cage until you find one that likes you."

Twenty minutes later, with his forefinger looking like raw hamburger, Miller found a bird that climbed up his arm without taking a nip and regarded him with beady but affectionate eyes. He paid $150 for the parrot, named it Lorenzo the Magnificent, and triumphantly carried it home, where, trained by a tape recorder, it learned to squawk: "Hey, Mitch, you fracture me!"



Arranger Ray Conniff, Johnnie (Cry) Ray and Miller.

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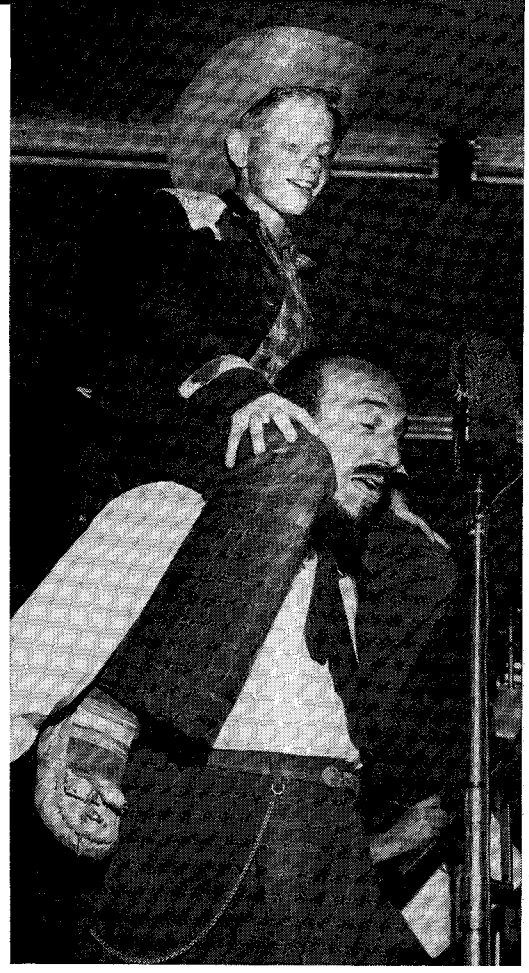
Miller, one of the world's truly great oboe players and thus a musical longhair by most standards, is Columbia's "Pop A. & R. man," which means he is Artists and Repertoire Director for the company's popular-records division. He finds the songs, selects the artist, suggests the musical arrangements, often conducts the orchestra and supervises the actual recording, a chain-reaction experiment involving the potential gain or loss of millions of dollars.

"Let's face it," Miller says, using a favorite exhortation. "Pop music is the most. It's audacious. You can try anything once. Even twice. But an unsold record is a zero. A dead loss. Making people pay eighty-nine cents for a record they can hear on the radio for nothing is a formidable challenge and I enjoy it."

Miller *aficionados*, to say nothing of the company's stockholders, would consider this modest trumpeting indeed. During the past seven years, with unorthodox ideas and inexhaustible energy, Miller has proved his point. Stores here and abroad have sold some 80,000,000 Miller-made records, a more impressive total than most of his major competitors combined can claim. He often has half a dozen hit songs making the radio-and-jukebox circuit at the same time, and he once nonplused his competitors by having eight of his songs among the top ten listed in the Billboard box score. He has racked up seventy hits—a hit is any record which sells over 200,000—and thirty-five of those were "smashes" that passed the 500,000 mark. He had three records that topped 2,500,000, an achievement comparable, let's say, to three conquests of Mt. Everest.

In the frantic world of the pop platter, a domain inhabited by people who can and do kill a hit song in a matter of weeks, these astronomical statistics are a source of awe. The suspicion persists that Miller, whose sinister-looking



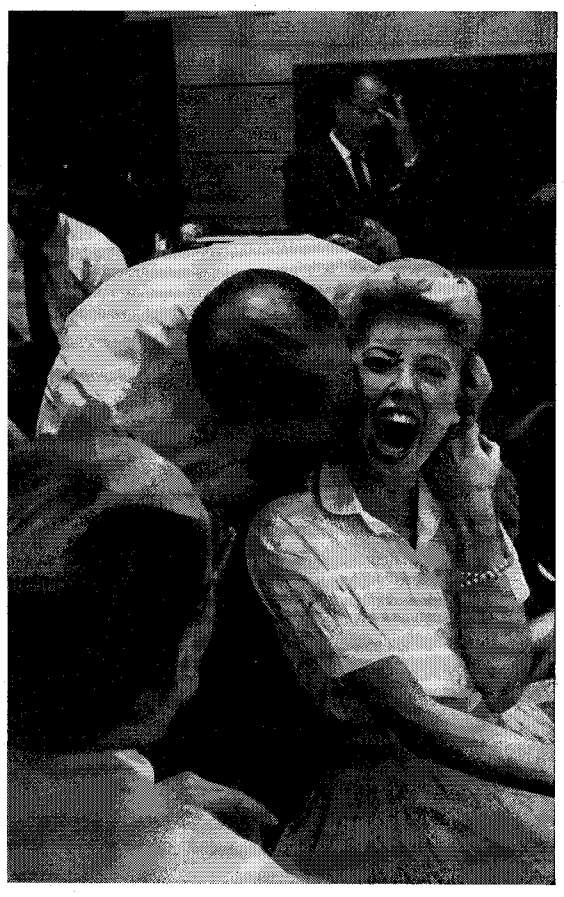
Young Jimmy Boyd made The Beard's top-selling platter, I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus.

beard is a convincing prop, deals in the black arts and hexes the artists or the customers, or both. Manie Sacks, his predecessor at Columbia and an authority of some stature, once said mysteriously, "Mitch is a nice guy, but he's full of unethical scruples."

Another contemporary sees him differently. "You might say Mitch is crazy in a normal kind of way," he explained. "If an octopus could sing, he'd make a record called Drown Your Blues in My Lovin', Squeezin' Arms. With water bubbling in an echo chamber, and a mermaid chorus. He'd sell it too. Even Rosie Clooney would go for it."

This capsule appraisal would neither offend nor surprise Miller, for it has the essence of truth.

Some three years ago, as some radio listeners may recall with a shudder, an obscure night watchman in a Pittsburgh factory composed a soggy lamentation aptly entitled Cry. It was on the verge of drying (Continued on Page 76)



Barbara Ruick, newcomer on Miller's talent roster.

Miller's primary job is matching singers to songs. But sometimes he conducts the orchestra—as he did for The Yellow Rose of Texas, which won him a gold-plated platter (above), symbolizing the sale of a million records.

Rosemary Clooney became a star after Miller had her sing C'mon-a-My House in an Armenian accent.

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He shouted something at me, but it was lost in the noise of a big sea crashing against the bridge.

The Wreck of the Mary Deare

By HAMMOND INNES

Was the captain out of his mind, steaming full-speed onto the reefs?

"Ahoy!" I shouted as I made my way forward in the abandoned steamer. "Is there anyone on board?" My voice, high and hoarse, echoed emptily through the vaults of the ship. And the wind moaned at me from the deck. Hurry! I must hurry!

My name is Sands—John Sands. Together with my partner, Mike Duncan, I had organized a salvage company. We were sailing from France to England when a ship, apparently abandoned, nearly ran down our ship, Sea Witch.

Despite the danger of being trapped by a storm that was brewing, I went aboard the freighter, hoping to salvage her. Now, as I searched the vessel, a deep sense of unease held me.

Papers in the captain's cabin revealed that the ship, the Mary Deare, captained by Joseph Taggart, had been bound for Antwerp from the Far East. Everything about the ship seemed normal. There had been a serious fire in the hold, but it was out—dead—not even a wisp of smoke. Yet the ship had been abandoned. It didn't make sense.

I tried to control my unreasoned fear as I went down to the engine room. There the sound of Sea Witch's foghorn reached me,

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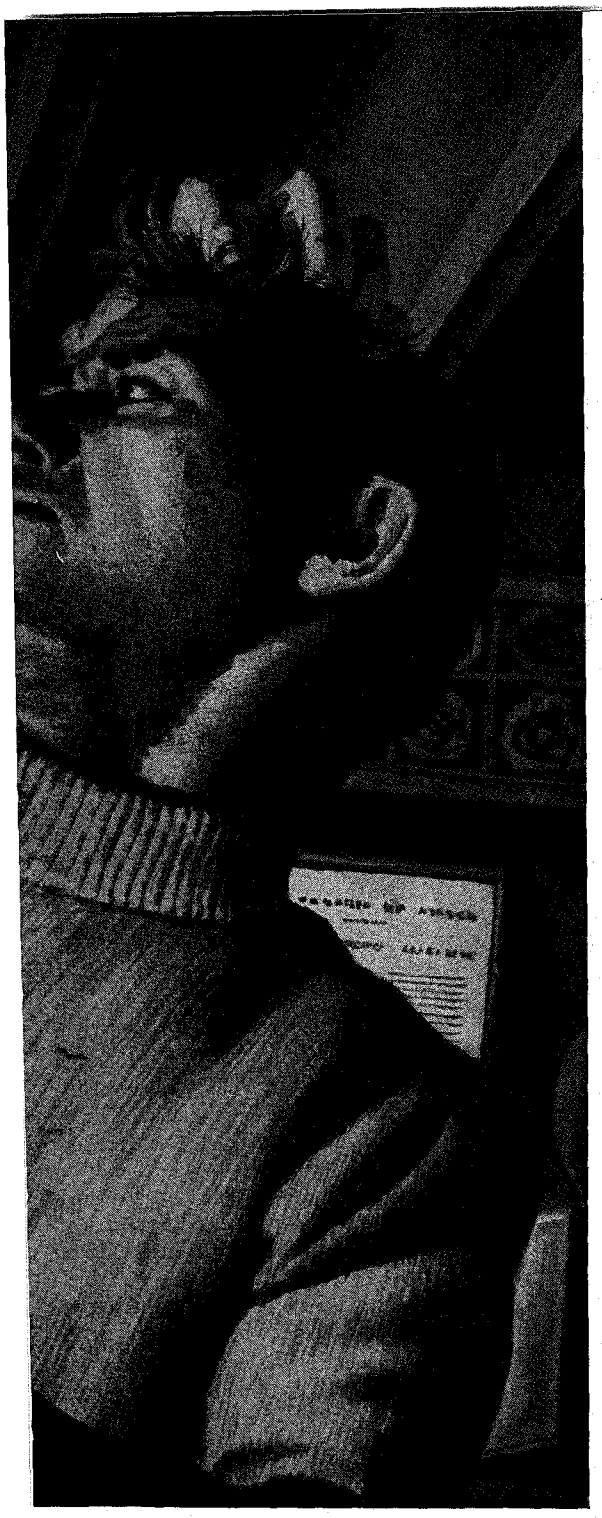

Illustrated by Bruce Bomberger

signaling me to return. I stumbled forward and started up a ladder—then I saw him.

He was a big man, with a face that was black with coal dust, and clotted with blood. "How did you get on board?" he rasped. I took it for granted that this was Taggart, and explained why I was there. I urged him to return to my ship with me.

He refused to leave his vessel. I myself almost lost my life trying to board Sea Witch. The captain saved me, and took me to one of the officers' cabins. Now I was trapped aboard the Mary Deare, but I was not too concerned. "How long before you expect help?" I asked.

"There won't be any help," he said abruptly. "No call went out." And then he turned and made for the door.

II

He was halfway through it when I called after him. "Taggart!" I swung my legs off the bunk.

He spun round on his heels as though I'd punched him in the back. "I'm not Taggart." He came back through the doorway. "What made you think I was Taggart?"

"You said you were the captain."

"So I am. But my name's Patch." He was standing over me again, a dark shadow against the light. "How did you know about Taggart? Are you something to do with the owners? Is that why you were out there?" The wildness went out of his voice and he wiped his hand across the coal-dust grime of his face. "No, it couldn't be that." He stared at me for a moment and then he shrugged his shoulders. "We'll talk about it later. We've plenty of time. All the time in the world. Better get some sleep now." He turned then and went quickly out.

Sleep! Five minutes ago that was what I'd wanted most in the world. But now I was wide-awake. I won't say I was scared; not then. Just uneasy. That the man should behave oddly was not surprising. He had been twelve hours alone on the ship. He'd put out a fire singlehanded and he'd stoked furnaces till he was on the brink of exhaustion. Twelve hours of hell; enough to unbalance any man. But if he was the captain, why wasn't he Taggart? And why hadn't the ship radioed for assistance?

I got up stiffly off the bunk, pulled on a pair of sea boots that were lying under the desk and staggered out into the corridor. There was a lot of movement on the ship now. Lying broadside to the seas, she was rolling heavily. I went straight up to the bridge. It was raining, and visibility was down to less than a mile; the whole sea was a dirty white of breaking water, with the spray smoking from the crests and streaming away before the wind. In the chartroom a new position had been marked on the chart; a small cross two miles northeast of the Roches Douvres with "11:06" penciled against it. It was now eleven-fifteen. I laid off the line of our drift with the parallel rule. If the wind held we should drive straight onto the Plateau des Minquiers. He had discovered that, too, for a faint pencil line had been drawn in and there was a smudge of dirt across the area of the reefs where his fingers had rested.

Well, at least he was sane enough to appreciate the danger! To be driven ashore on the rocky cliffs of Jersey would have been bad enough, but the Minquiers —— I knew them by reputation; a fearful area of rocks and reefs that we call the Minkies.

I was thinking about the Minkies and how it would feel to be on board a ship being pounded to pieces in such a maelstrom of submerged rocks when I noticed the door at the back of the chartroom, with "W-T" stenciled on it. There was a steep ladder, with no door at the top, and as soon as I entered the radio shack I knew why no distress call had been sent out. The place had been gutted by fire. The shock of it halted me in the doorway. The fire in the hold, and now this!

I felt the need for companionship then and went down the ladder to the captain's cabin. But he wasn't there. I tried the saloon and the galley, and then I knew he must be down in the stokehold again. The pumps had to be got going, steam raised. The thought of shoveling coal made me realize how exhausted I was. He'd come for me when he needed me. I went back to the cabin and stretched myself out on the bunk.

I must have dozed off, for, when I opened my eyes again, I was suddenly tense, staring at the dim-lit unfamiliarity of the cabin, wondering where I was. I sat up, feeling stale and sweaty and dirty. It was then just after one. I swung my feet off the bunk and sat there staring dazedly at the desk.

Rice! That was the name of the man. Less than twenty-four hours ago he had been on board, here in his cabin, perhaps at that desk. I pulled myself up and went over to the desk, drawn by a sort of fellow feeling for the poor devil, wondering whether he was still tossing about on the sea in one of the lifeboats. Or had he got safe ashore? Maybe he was drowned. Idly I opened the desk top. There were books on navigation, some paperbacks and, underneath, a brand-new leather writing case. It contained the last letter he had written. "My darling Maggie," it began, and my eyes were caught and held by the opening of the second paragraph: "Now that the worst is over, I don't mind telling you, darling, this has been a trip, and no mistake. Nothing has gone right."

The skipper had died, and out in the Atlantic they had run into heavy weather. On March sixteenth they were hove-to—"a real buster"—the pumps unable to hold their own, No. 1 hold flooded, and a fire in the radio shack while they were trying to shore up the boiler-room bulkhead, with the crew near panic because "that swine, Higgins, had told them that explosives formed part of the cargo, whatever the manifest said." A Mr. Dellimare, whom he referred to as the owner, had been lost overboard that night.

Patch he described as having joined the ship at Aden as first officer in place of "old Adams who was sick." And he added this: "Thank God he did, or I don't think I'd be writing this to you. A good seaman, whatever they say about his having run the Belle Isle on the rocks." And then this final paragraph: "Now Higgins is (Continued on Page 96)

Someone slugged Patch as he was going to inspect the hold.

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Post Scripts

Questions I Wish I Hadn't Answered

1. Daddy, are you smarter than mommy?
2. Does anyone here know anything about plumbing?
3. Who's willing to act as spokesman for all of us on the matter of longer coffee breaks?
4. O.K. if we make deuces and one-eyed jacks wild?
5. What do you think we ought to get my mother this year for her birthday?
6. Aren't you going to try my cheese soufflé?
7. Will you umpire a few innings for us, mister?
8. Want me to see if I can get the boys to cut you in for a few shares?
9. This is the Bucket of Luck program calling. What is the capital of Paraguay?

DICK EMMONS

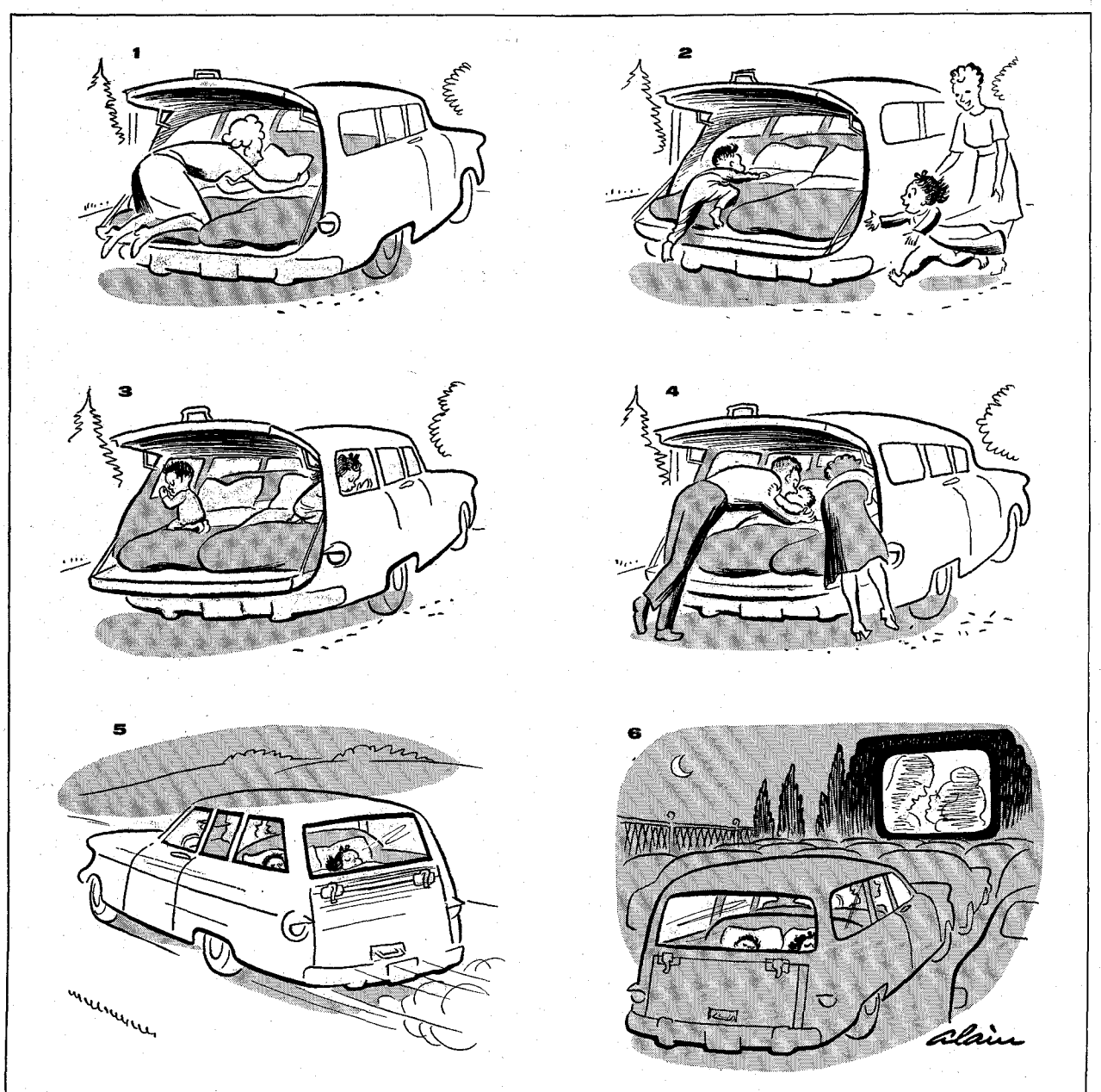
"You don't seem to have much confidence in me, Phyllis."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Our Expanding (and Contracting) Economy

Round pay day we can eat in steaky style,
And then we casserole along awhile!

VIRGINIA BRASIER



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Now, Hear This!

If I were a dashing young fellow (I happen to be a dashing OLD fellow), and was courting the girls, I would not make the mistake I made in my youth and that millions of men are making today.

For example, in my aggressive years, when I wanted to impress a woman I talked a great deal. I commented on the lady's beauty, on her chic, on her intelligence and on her wit. Into her shell-pink ears I poured elegant tributes and I continued same by writing her complimentary notes.

This, I have discovered, is so much nonsense. I should have discovered it when my lovelies married dumb halfbacks and javelin throwers who thought Lord Byron was a cigar.

The big truth here is that women fall in love with men who know how to listen. A patient orangutan with a close shave and a tweed jacket could win the heart of almost any woman by learning to look straight at her and keep his mouth shut.

The reason for this is that women are equipped by nature to talk, not to listen. They even talk to themselves when no one is around. But it isn't so much fun.

Women often look as if they are talking to each other too. But actually they are both talking. No one is listening. Two women conversing is a joint monologue. It goes something like this: "I saw the cutest hat at Forbes'. And she said she wouldn't live with him another day. It had a perky red feather. So she started packing. And it was a steal at $14.98. So he began telling her all she meant to him. And would have matched my bag perfectly."

Men—smart men—are the only real listeners. Male ears, according to latest findings, are well adapted to listening while, through evolutionary processes, women's ears have grown smaller and almost atrophied because of disuse.

Thus, the way to a woman's heart today is through your ears. Whenever a woman starts talking, listen. This will happen nearly all the time because women talk about everything before they do it, while they're doing it and after they've done it. Then they explain why they shouldn't have done it and how they are going to do something else, and so on.

Any halfway normal man with average-sized ears can be a favorite with all the females, including his wife, if he just learns to sit there with an attentive expression. It's harrowing, but it works.

ROBERT FONTAINE

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FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK OWNED BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

Here's the recipe for rosy cheeks!

THE ESSENTIAL ingredient is a *good appetite*. And good appetites are practically guaranteed if FRANCO-AMERICAN Spaghetti is on the menu.

Children simply adore it. They think it's such fun to eat. And do they love that rich, red tomato sauce with cheese? They do.

In fact, the expectant smile on the four little faces in our picture is just about typical of the way *everybody* in the family reacts to Franco-American Spaghetti.

That's because the ingredients that go into our Spaghetti are really superlative. Such as plump tomatoes that have ripened lazily in the sun. And aged natural Cheddar cheese. And homey seasonings that you yourself might choose.

Naturally, this all adds up to nourishing eating. There's body-building protein in every plateful of Franco-American Spaghetti, and energy that's a "must" every day.

And on the practical side: Spaghetti by Franco-American is a cinch to fix—just heat it three or four minutes, and it's ready. It costs only about 8¢ a serving.

Take your choice of two sizes:
Regular Size can or this popular Large Size.➔

Spaghetti
by Franco-American

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Rocket Action!

Budget Price!

A few minutes in this one can give you new ideas! It's Oldsmobile's low-priced "88"—always ready with the surging power of the Rocket Engine! Always glamorous with Starfire styling! And it is ready now with smooth new Jetaway Hydra-Matic*! For *everything* you could ask for in your next car, just try an Olds "88". The price is sweet music, too!

See your Oldsmobile dealer . . . make it *today!*

**Standard on Series Ninety-Eight; optional at extra cost on all other series.*

88 HOLIDAY COUPÉ

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THE CAR WITH THE POWER PERSONALITY!

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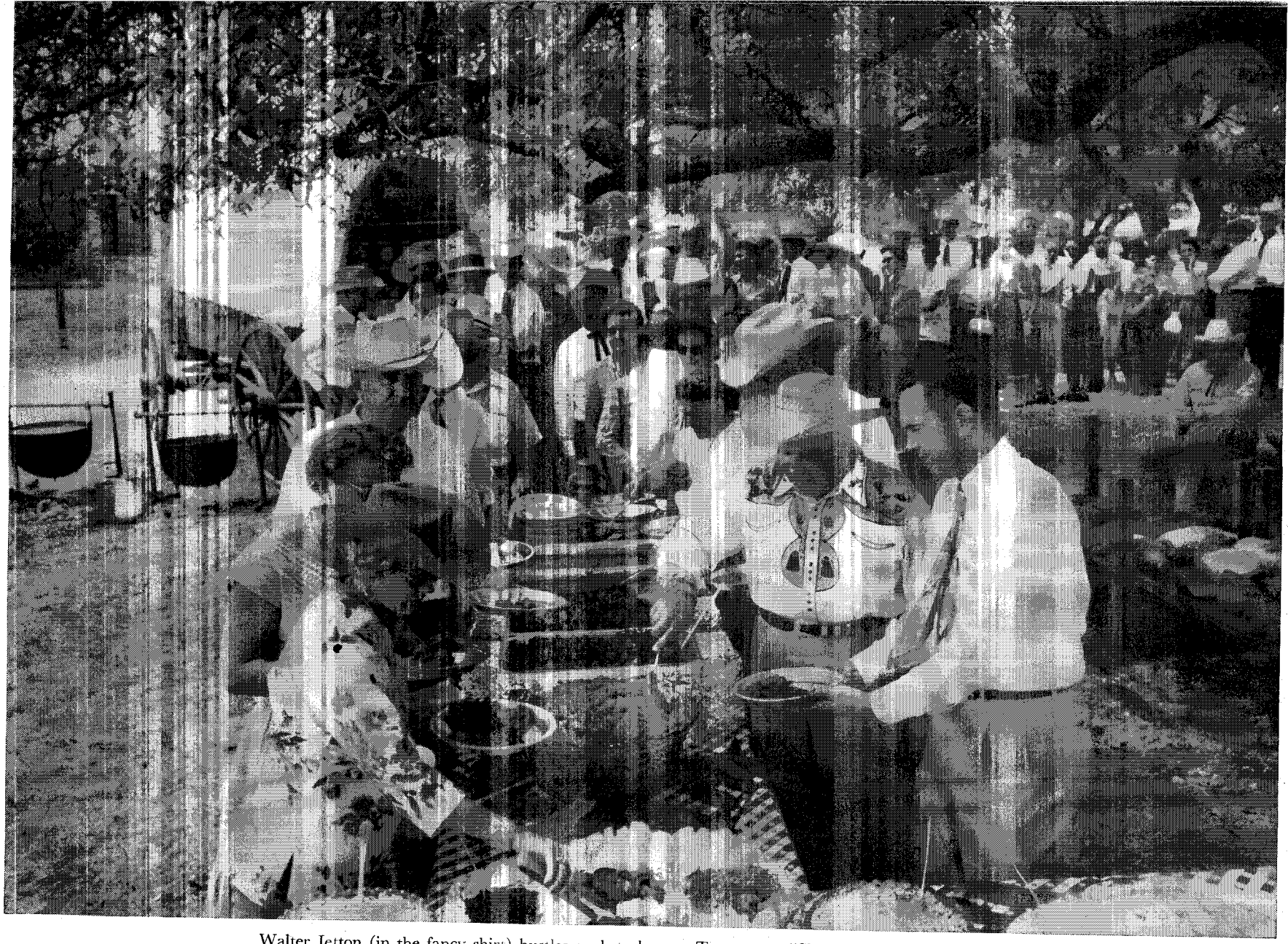


Walter Jetton (in the fancy shirt) hustles grub to hungry Texans at a "Sheriff's Posse" club feed near Fort Worth, Walter's home town.

This Texas butcher started a side line by cooking at outdoor get-togethers.
His chuck-wagon dinners proved such a hit that today

He's Kingpin of the Barbecue Men

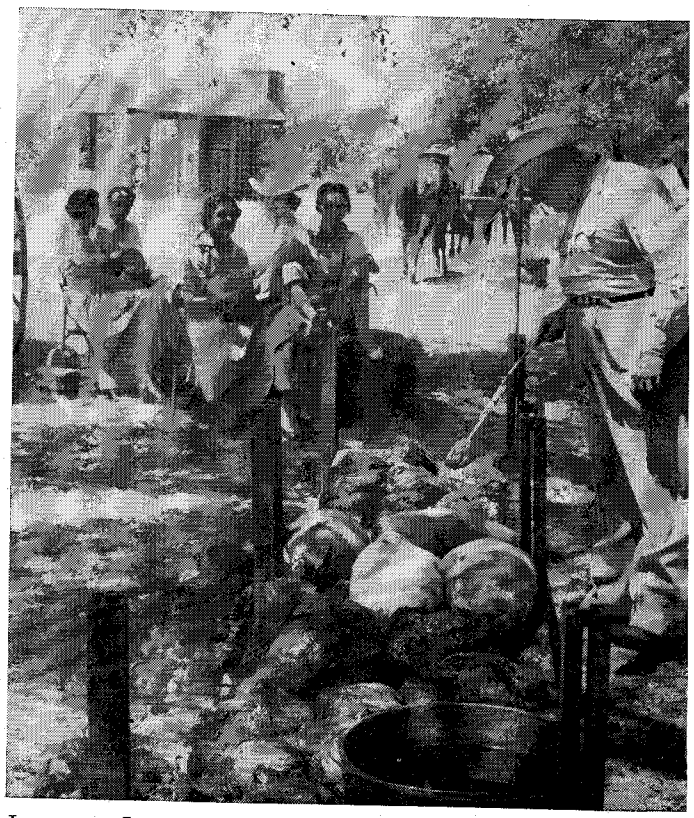
By ANDREW HAMILTON

The old-time Western range cook—known as "grub worm" or "gut robber"—was frequently a skinny, sour misanthrope. His grouchy disposition could be fanned into purple profanity by rain squalls, sandstorms or knobhead mules poking their noses into the chuck wagon. But in his floured and greasy hands rested the fate of many a ranch. If the cowboys' bellies were satisfied, the owner prospered; if not, he foundered and sometimes went broke. There was an old saying, "You can judge a man by the hoss he rides and a cow outfit by the grub it serves."

America's No. 1 outdoor chef today—Walter Jetton, of Fort Worth, Texas—is but distantly related to the imperious range cooks of yesteryear. He is a placid, bespectacled Mr. Five-by-Five whose ample stomach betrays a weakness for calories. His keenest pleasure lies not in cussing a wrangler who rides dustily into camp, but in padding his belly with chuck from his own kitchen.

"Gotta keep my lard down," he piously declares while plopping saccharin tablets into his coffee.

But he often winds up a day of nonstop nibbling with a fifty-nine-cent "Special"—a concoction of five scoops of ice cream, crushed fruit, marshmallow sauce, ground nuts and a maraschino cherry. (Continued on Page 82)



Last year, Jetton's chuck wagon crews dished out 2,000,000 meals at outings all across the country.

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Humpty Dumpty, sitting too high,
Watched a maid eating Jell-O stroll by.
It looked so delicious, he loved it so well,
He reached down to taste some – and that's how he fell.

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I Love You, Mama Girl

By WILLIAM SAROYAN

I was plenty scared
about being on the stage,
but I didn't say so,
because it's catching.

I read better than I had ever read before, but of course I knew my lines by heart.

Emerson Tully read his play from beginning to end, and when he was finished, Mama Girl blew her nose, and then she handed me the handkerchief and I blew my nose too.

The play is called A Bouncing Ball. It's all about a little girl, and Emerson Tully said he had written it for me. I have about the best part in it. That's a funny thing because I'm not even a real actress. But my mother is an actress, and very beautiful, and she's going to be my mother in the play too. My father wrote the music, but he and Mama Girl are divorced, so he and my brother, Peter Bolivia Agriculture, live in Paris. Papa Boy's music is wonderful, especially the way Oscar Bailey plays it.

Mama Girl and I have a house in California, but now we live in New York in the Hotel Julien, in a nice little room called 2109. We're on the same floor as Miss Kate Cranshaw, who is teaching me how to act. She is very nice, but Mama Girl's best friend is a rich girl named Gladys Dubarry, who married Hobart Tuppence, her personal doctor.

I had my part in the play all memorized, and everything was going so well that Mike McClatchey, the producer, said Mama Girl and I could have four days off before we had to begin rehearsing with the whole cast. Mike said he would hire a car and chauffeur for us and we could go anywhere we wanted.

That made Mama Girl very happy. "We'll go on a picnic every day," she said.

IV

We left Mike McClatchey's office, and went down to Fifth Avenue. When we got back to the hotel, the man at the desk said our car and chauffeur were waiting, and he said there was a picnic basket in our room. We went up to 2109, and there on the bureau was a big wicker picnic basket, full of food, the whole thing wrapped in green cellophane and tied with a green ribbon.

Mama Girl took the card out of the little envelope and read: "To my Star, both of you. Love. Mike."

"Where shall we go?" Mama Girl said.

"Coney Island," I said.

"Oh, no."

"Oh, yes."

"But why, Frog?"

"Because you went there when you were a little girl. Because I didn't when I was a little girl. Because I've seen it in six or seven movies, and now I really want to see it. All right?"

Mama Girl laughed and said, "All right. I didn't expect the car to arrive until tomorrow anyway, so today we'll certainly go to Coney Island."

"We'll ride everything."

"Well, almost everything. I just can't ride on some of those crazy things, but we'll go on a lot of them. We'll take five dollars each, and spend it, and come home."

She telephoned the desk to ask the chauffeur to bring the car around to the front. We took the big picnic basket and went downstairs.

The car was very big and brand-new. The chauffeur was a young Negro who told us his name was Leroy. (Continued on Page 123)

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How We Solve Our Teen-Age Problem

(Continued from Page 25)

Three axioms became our guideposts: (A) Every child in Florida was entitled to a good education regardless of where he lived or what the economic condition of his county might be; (B) every neglected child is a potential delinquent, and (C) what is good for the average child is good for the delinquent.

Aware of the committee's invaluable contribution, the state legislature quickly created a permanent Children's Commission, assigning it to co-ordinate the functions of all state agencies that had anything to do with children. Almost immediately, the stumbling blocks of agency red tape and duplicated efforts stopped, and the children received speedy attention, whether they needed eyeglasses, free lunch, wheel chairs or psychiatric treatment. A new co-operation appeared among the agencies, enabling everyone to do more for the children, quicker and cheaper.

A truly giant step forward was taken in the Florida school systems. At the time there was a clutter of multiple school-district administrations and the Citizens' Committee had discovered a great inequality in educational facilities throughout the state. Schools in rich communities offered excellent opportunities to their students, but a few miles away, in less fortunate areas, youngsters struggled along with the leanest facilities.

> Nothing makes the average American want to get ahead as much as being in a line of traffic.
>
> HOMER PHILLIPS

Here, everyone realized, was one of the roots of our problem. The inequality had to be overcome; certainly all of our children deserved the same basic opportunities, no matter where they lived. Equality grew more urgent when it was observed that areas with poor school facilities often suffered higher juvenile-delinquency rates—a clue to the probability that children discontented with their schools were as potentially wayward as children discontented with their home lives. Overcoming such threats demanded drastic changes. As a first corrective step, all existing school systems were reorganized at the county level. Thus, what was once, by its very nature, a gigantic hydra of confusion and overlapping supervision, gradually shaped up into a neat, orderly, manageable educational system.

Next, a study was made to determine what the average Florida student, wherever he lived, would need to acquire the best education we could give him. This concerned not only textbooks and study equipment but teachers, the school building, buses, lunches, recreational facilities and extracurricular activities. It involved, too, all the services—physical, mental and financial—offered by other state agencies.

Out of this vast study, guided by complete co-operation and co-ordination, came a list of basic requirements equal for all areas, and to put the recommended improvements into effect the state gave the necessary financial aid to every county. The amount of state aid to each county was directly keyed to the number of children to be educated, to the training of the teachers and to the ability of the county to help itself.

The plan became known as the Minimum Foundation Program, designed to meet Florida's growing needs and to conserve its greatest resource—our children. It was, national educators told us, the most progressive step ever taken in the field.

A school is as good as its teachers, and no better. The citizens'-committee study nine years ago disclosed that almost half our teachers had little more than a high-school education themselves. A teacher's program of Learn More to Earn More evolved, through which teachers could win salary increases by going on to higher education. The project paid off. When the Minimum Foundation Program started, only 63 per cent of our teachers had their bachelor's degrees. Today, 97 per cent of them have that; a third have earned their master's, and some have gone higher, many with the help of the state.

Obviously, all this costs money. But state school superintendent Thomas D. Bailey says, "BCC (Before Citizens' Committee) it was terribly hard to pry funds for education from the legislature, but now I just give them the facts and they willingly and even gladly appropriate the money to cover."

Biennial state appropriations, including those for new buildings, to the State Department of Education were $36,700,000 in 1945–47, the last biennium before MFP went into effect. In the first two years under MFP, 1947–49, this amount rose to $82,000,000 and in the 1955–57 biennium, the figure has reached nearly $200,000,000.

More important than such statistics, however, more important than any money spent, was the fact that we were doing something for our children in providing better schools, better teachers and better methods of meeting a child's personal needs. But we knew there was more we needed to do, and we looked around for the challenge.

Our schools, our educators pointed out, were closed three months a year, during summer vacations, standing empty and idle. It was during the summer that juvenile delinquency ordinarily increased. Why not put the schools to good use by devising a summer program that would give youngsters something constructive and creative to do? A mere recreation program wouldn't be enough; children soon tire of games. To hold their interest they had to be given the opportunity to learn something new, without the strict schedules of regular school or the burden of passing tests, and on a voluntary-participation basis.

There was much discussion, among all types of people, and out of it all grew the Florida Summer Enrichment Program, the first such state-wide program in the country. The program started modestly, but under the direction of Zollie Maynard, of the Florida State Department of Education, it has been a living, flexible project. At first, youngsters were somewhat suspicious of the idea that they might be able to have fun in the summer at the school where they had spent the entire winter. Early turn-outs were small, but then the idea caught on. It has grown steadily since its 1948 inception.

In 1953, 125,000 of our 647,000 school children took part in the program; in 1955, the summer enrollment had doubled, and we expect it to go higher this season. Gratifying to those of us who have to worry about budgets, the program has been carried out at a cost of approximately (*Continued on Page 55*)

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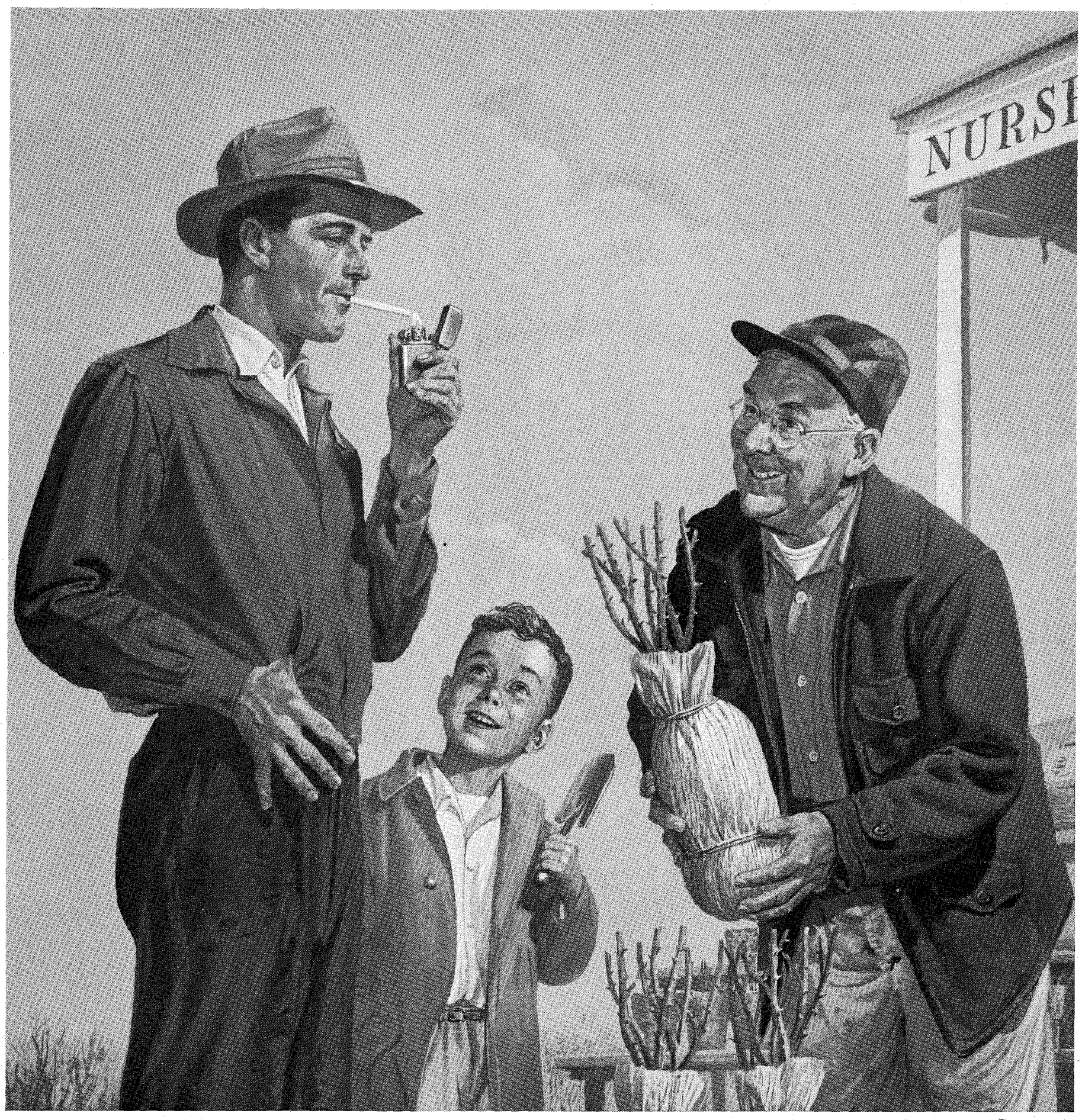

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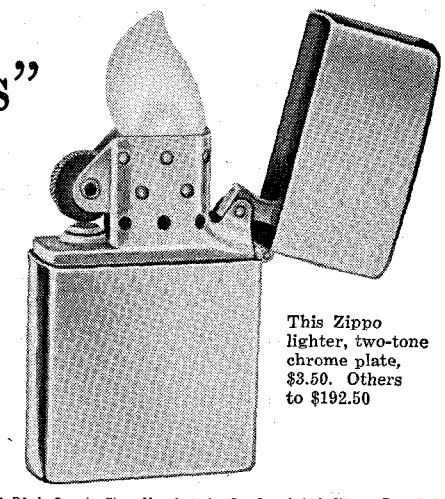

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(*Continued from Page 53*) eleven cents per child per day. This, in view of our excellent results, makes the project highly profitable.

The program is varied; skilled instructors, most of them regular teachers, supervise a schedule of athletics, arts and crafts, camping, excursions, homemaking, library services, music, social recreation and special events such as pageants, field days and hobby shows.

In most areas the children spend a full, busy day at school or on field trips. When necessary, they are brought to school on regular school buses. And when it was discovered that in some rural areas youngsters were too busy with their farm chores to get to the school, the program was taken out into the country to them, with events conducted either in a convenient church or in an open field.

We have used the programs to educate our children better in the natural resources and history of Florida. For example, not only are they taught that we have seventeen of the nation's seventy-five first-magnitude springs—one from which flows 64,000,000 or more gallons of water a day—but also they get a chance to see these wonders for themselves on excursion trips. As their knowledge grows about Florida, so also does their pride in being Florida citizens. A few years ago, few people in Florida had any idea what the state flag looked like. Today one flies from every schoolhouse and almost every public building—a symbol of pride.

In one county, program leaders discovered that attendance wasn't so good as they had expected, and on investigation they learned that many of the students were attending a summer Bible school conducted by the local churches. Immediately the public-school schedule was adjusted so that the youngsters could take advantage of both their church and school programs.

This kind of co-operation has been evident in many ways. Every county reports that almost as many adults as children now take part in the summer program, either actively or as spectators. Parents are spending more time with their children, in and out of the home, and it is this kind of family unity, I've always believed, which guides a teen-ager's interests and energies into safe, constructive paths. It's a pleasant circle, too; it helps the parents. It has often been said, "The family that prays together stays together."

It is also true the family that plays together stays together.

One father told me, "I didn't know how many interests my son and I had in common until he started dragging me to the school's summer program. I've got a good boy there."

There was, also, the teen-age girl who was so intellectually gifted that she was far ahead of her classmates; teen-age pursuits bored her, and her search for something to occupy her time was moving her toward serious trouble. She scoffed at the idea of participating in the summer program, until her highly perceptive teacher said, "I need your help to take care of the young students. There's no one I can turn to but you." The girl literally condescended to help, but a few weeks on the job, a short time of making decisions, keeping order, supervising and instructing, not only provided outlets for her surplus energies but crystallized her potentials for leadership. Constructively occupied, she was able to channel her exceptional gifts so that they benefited others as well as herself.

In many of our counties the police take an active part in the summer program by teaching traffic rules to the youngsters and, on hunting trips, the use of firearms and the laws pertaining to weapons. From this type of association, youngsters lose their fear and resentment toward policemen, and the police have discovered that the summer programs have proved that a "cop and a kid" make natural buddies and friends.

Adult co-operation has gone even further. We realized, some time ago, that most of the youngsters in our correctional institutions came from homes where there were family problems—separation, divorce, a death, alcoholism, arguments, poverty. We noticed, too, that when such children were scheduled to return home, they were never eager about it, and when they got home they only resumed their old habits which got them into trouble again.

Something had to be done for these teen-agers, and it was. These days, when a boy leaves one of our correctional institutions, he is met at the school by two Kiwanis Club members from his home town. They offer him their friendship and all the facilities of their club to help him become a constructive citizen. The boy goes to his sponsors when he needs guidance he cannot get at home. If he wants a job, they find

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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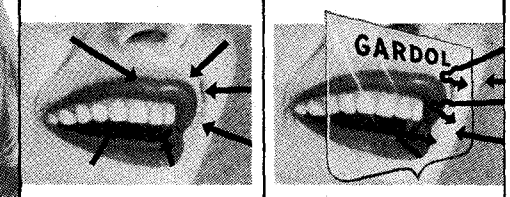

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one for him. By their own examples, they urge him to go to church and to take part in the summer enrichment program.

The effect of these gestures, because they are sincere, is overwhelming. The boy no longer feels unwanted and neglected. He is important to someone—someone who seeks nothing more than to be a friend. With such new strength, the youngster usually is no longer a problem to himself or his community.

The community, however, can't feel that it has done its job for a child simply by keeping him busy and protecting him from himself. Children—and adults, for that matter—reflect the atmosphere of the community, and if the atmosphere is unwholesome, the people are exposed to a dangerous influence.

There was an attitude in our state for a long time that, to attract the tourists who contribute so vitally to our economy, we had to give them the opportunity to "live dangerously" and squander their money recklessly. I have never believed that, nor did many other members of the state government with whom I've worked over the past twenty years.

"Gambling," some people maintained, "is entertainment, and tourists ought to have the chance to gamble if they want to."

I was ready to admit that people liked to win at gambling, but I wondered how anybody expected to win against some of the professionals who operated in Florida. I felt, too, that tourists who ended their visits broke because of gambling losses certainly wouldn't want to come back. More than that, a city which condoned gambling exposed its people to the influence of big-time racketeers, and it seemed to me that the moral welfare of our own citizens, present and future, was more important than the money the gambling-minded tourists brought in.

Efforts by legislators to rid the state of slot machines—once legalized—and illegal bookmaking failed when we first tried, but with the active interest of citizens' groups the legislators quickly outlawed the one-armed bandits and later passed strong antibookie laws. These actions did not hurt our economy. In fact, the opposite was true. Daytona Beach showed clearly what effect a gambling crackdown would have on the tourist trade. The year after Daytona Beach closed down gambling it did a much better tourist business than ever before, and it has improved consistently, attracting the kind of people who come as friends, not overnight fortune hunters.

The same improvements occurred throughout the state. We don't claim that all gambling has stopped. But we are steadily and surely rooting it out.

Incidentally, it should be kept in mind that in the recent disturbances in connection with stock-car races at Daytona Beach, teen-agers were only part—probably a small part—of those in the crowd, which was made up of persons from throughout the country.

I asked, in my 1955 message to the legislature, that Florida's ninety-day quickie divorce law be repealed. Opponents argued that our lawyers would lose clients and fees and that the state would lose business. I maintained that what we might lose in income we would gain in integrity; to dally in the marketplace of marriage severance is, I believe, unworthy of our state. The people are becoming more and more aroused, and I confidently predict that the next legislature will remove Florida from the easy-divorce racket.

That will be in 1957—a significant date because it will have been exactly ten years earlier that Florida, its citizens' committee report completed, made the welfare of its children its No. 1 objective. Since then, we have given our children better schools, better teachers, a constructive summer program, improved methods of meeting personal needs and a more wholesome moral atmosphere. We have given them friendship.

In return, our children have given us a better generation of young people. Today, the nation's average juvenile-delinquency rate is a fraction higher than 2 per cent of the teen-age population. At first, that may not seem serious, but you have only to look at the headlines to realize what desperate havoc so few youngsters can raise.

In Florida, not one of our sixty-seven counties has a juvenile-delinquency rate anywhere near the national average; forty-five have a rating of less than 1 per cent, and most of these have less than half of 1 per cent.

Senator Kefauver, who once admonished Florida for its neglect of its teen-agers, recently chose Florida as a pilot state in his current study of successful methods of combating juvenile delinquency, and has publicly declared that we have a program and a plan which other communities and states could well emulate.

Fourteen states already have followed our lead, and Florida is ready to assist any others that feel they can benefit from our experience. It has been an experience which grew from the awareness of our duty to our children, and we have let nothing stand in the path of success. We have not achieved complete success by any means. But we believe we are on the way and that we are traveling the right road. As governor of Florida and the father of four children, this means more to me than anything else. THE END

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Miss Temptation (Continued from Page 30)

toward the end of summer, when the air of the drugstore was cut by a cruel, sustained screech from a dry bearing in a revolving soda-fountain stool.

The screech cut right through Susanna's speech about Mr. Hinkley's being an angel. The screech made scalps tingle and teeth ache. Susanna looked indulgently in the direction of the screech, forgiving the screecher. She found that the screecher wasn't a person to be indulged.

The screech had been made by the stool of Cpl. Norman Fuller, who had come home the night before from eighteen bleak months in Korea. They had been eighteen months without war—but eighteen months without cheer, all the same. Fuller had turned on the stool slowly, to look at Susanna with indignation. When the screech died, the drugstore was deathly still.

Fuller had broken the enchantment of summer by the seaside—had reminded all in the drugstore of the black, mysterious passions that were so often the mainsprings of life.

He might have been a brother, come to rescue his idiot sister from the tenderloin; or an irate husband, come to a saloon to horsewhip his wife back to where she belonged, with the baby. The truth was that Corporal Fuller had never seen Susanna before.

He hadn't consciously meant to make a scene. He hadn't known, consciously, that his stool would screech. He had meant to underplay his indignation, to make it a small detail in the background of Susanna's pageant—a detail noticed by only one or two connoisseurs of the human comedy.

But the screech had made his indignation the center of the solar system for all in the drugstore—particularly for Susanna. Time had stopped, and it could not proceed until Fuller had explained the expression on his granite Yankee face.

Fuller felt his skin glowing like hot brass. He was comprehending destiny. Destiny had suddenly given him an audience, and a situation about which he had a bitter lot to say.

Fuller felt his lips move, heard the words come out. "Who do you think you are?" he said to Susanna.

"I beg your pardon?" said Susanna. She drew her newspapers about herself protectively.

"I saw you come down the street like you were a circus parade, and I just wondered who you thought you were," said Fuller.

Susanna blushed gloriously. "I—I'm an actress," she said.

"You can say that again," said Fuller. "Greatest actresses in the world, American women."

"You're very nice to say so," said Susanna uneasily.

Fuller's skin glowed brighter and hotter. His mind had become a fountain of apt, intricate phrases. "I'm not talking about theaters with seats in 'em. I'm talking about the stage of life. American women act and dress like they're gonna give you the world. Then, when you stick out your hand, they put an ice cube in it."

"They do?" said Susanna emptily.

"They do," said Fuller, "and it's about time somebody said so." He looked challengingly from spectator to spectator, and found what he took to be dazed encouragement. "It isn't fair," he said.

"What isn't?" said Susanna, lost.

"You come in here with bells on your ankles, so's I'll have to look at your ankles and your pretty pink feet," said Fuller. "You kiss the cat, so's I'll have to think about how it'd be to be that cat," said Fuller. "You call an old man an angel, so's I'll have to think about what it'd be like to be called an angel by you," said Fuller. "You hide your key in front of everybody, so's I'll have to think about where that key is," said Fuller.

He stood. "Miss," he said, his voice full of pain, "you do everything you can to give lonely, ordinary people like me indigestion and the heeby-jeebies, and you wouldn't even hold hands with me to keep me from falling off a cliff."

He strode to the door. All eyes were on him. Hardly anyone noticed that his indictment had reduced Susanna to ashes of what she'd been moments before. Susanna now looked like what she really was—a muddle-headed nineteen-year-old clinging to a tiny corner of sophistication as though it were the corner of a sheet in a hurricane.

"It isn't fair," said Fuller. "There ought to be a law against girls acting and dressing like you do. It makes more people unhappy than it does happy. You know what I say to you, for going around making everybody want to kiss you?"

"No," piped Susanna, every fuse in her nervous system blown.

"I say to you what you'd say to me, if I was to try and kiss you," said Fuller grandly. He swung his arms in an umpire's gesture for "out." "The hell with you," he said. He left, slamming the screen door.

He didn't look back when the door slammed again a moment later, when the patter of running bare feet and the wild tinkling of little bells faded away in the direction of the firehouse.

That evening, Corporal Fuller's widowed mother put a candle on the table, and fed him sirloin steak and strawberry shortcake in honor of his homecoming. Fuller ate the meal as though it were wet blotting paper, and he answered his mother's cheery questions in a voice that was dead.

"Aren't you glad to be home?" said his mother, when they'd finished their coffee.

"Sure," said Fuller.

"What did you do today?" she said.

"Walked," he said.

"Seeing all your old friends?" she said.

"Haven't got any friends," said Fuller.

(*Continued on Page 60*)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"... otherwise we like the apartment."

"LOOK OUT—YOU'LL HIT IT!"

Sure *your* brakes would hold in a sudden emergency? Let your Grey-Rock dealer make sure—now and every 5000 miles. Ask him to *pull* a wheel—*look* at your brakes—*show* you the condition of your linings.

To give faster, safer stops and longer wear, Grey-Rock combines many different types of linings—including woven and molded—into sets specially balanced for each make and model car and truck. You'll find this advantage in Grey-Rock alone . . . never in inferior linings. When you need new linings, for your safety insist on Grey-Rock!

Every piece of Grey-Rock lining—bonded or riveted—is branded for your protection

Only **Grey-Rock** makes

BALANCED BRAKSET LININGS

BALANCED BRAKSETS • TRUCKSETS • BRAKE BLOCKS • VEE-LOK® CLUTCH FACINGS

GREY-ROCK DIVISION of Raybestos-Manhattan, Inc., MANHEIM, PA.

RAYBESTOS-MANHATTAN, INC., Brake Linings • Brake Blocks • Clutch Facings • Industrial Rubber, Engineered Plastic, and Sintered Metal Products • Rubber Covered Equipment • Asbestos Textiles • Laundry Pads and Covers • Packings • Abrasive and Diamond Wheels • Bowling Balls

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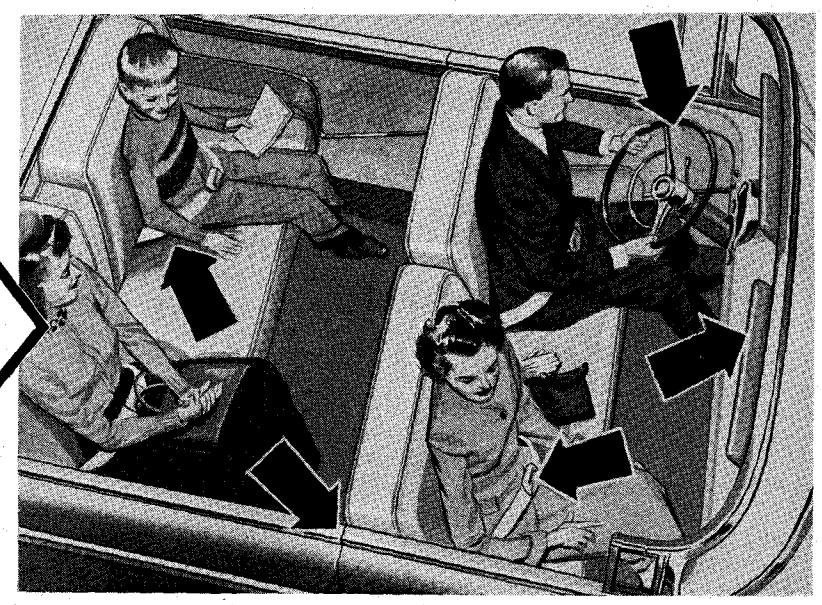

MAKE IT SAFER HERE!

Switch to Kellys for Worry-free Driving!

New car safety features and Kelly tires have a single goal—safer, more Worry-free Driving for everyone!

The heavier the traffic and the more powerful your car, the wiser you are to take advantage of all the new car safety features—safety belts, padded dashboards and all the rest.

But to make *doubly* certain that you and your family are well protected against the hazards of modern driving, be sure your *tires* are built to take the gaff!

Today's new Kelly Prestige Tubeless is just such a tire—designed in every last detail to give you the safety you need! It gives you the *blowout* safety, the *puncture* safety, the *stopping* safety you need to give you the wonderful feeling that your car is always under control—on all kinds of roads and in all kinds of weather.

When you ride on these new Kellys you discover a new sense of safety . . . enjoy new confidence behind the wheel. In short, you discover what *Worry-free* Driving really means!

For tubeless tire safety at a saving

SEE YOUR KELLY DEALER NOW!

Why not add the safety features of Kellys to your car? You'll be surprised—and pleased!—at how little it costs to trade your old, worn, risky tires for new safe Tubeless Kellys. Your Kelly Dealer will gladly pay you the full value of your present tires—and buy your old tubes, as well—when you switch to the new Prestige. See him as soon as you can!

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

KELLY Springfield TIRES

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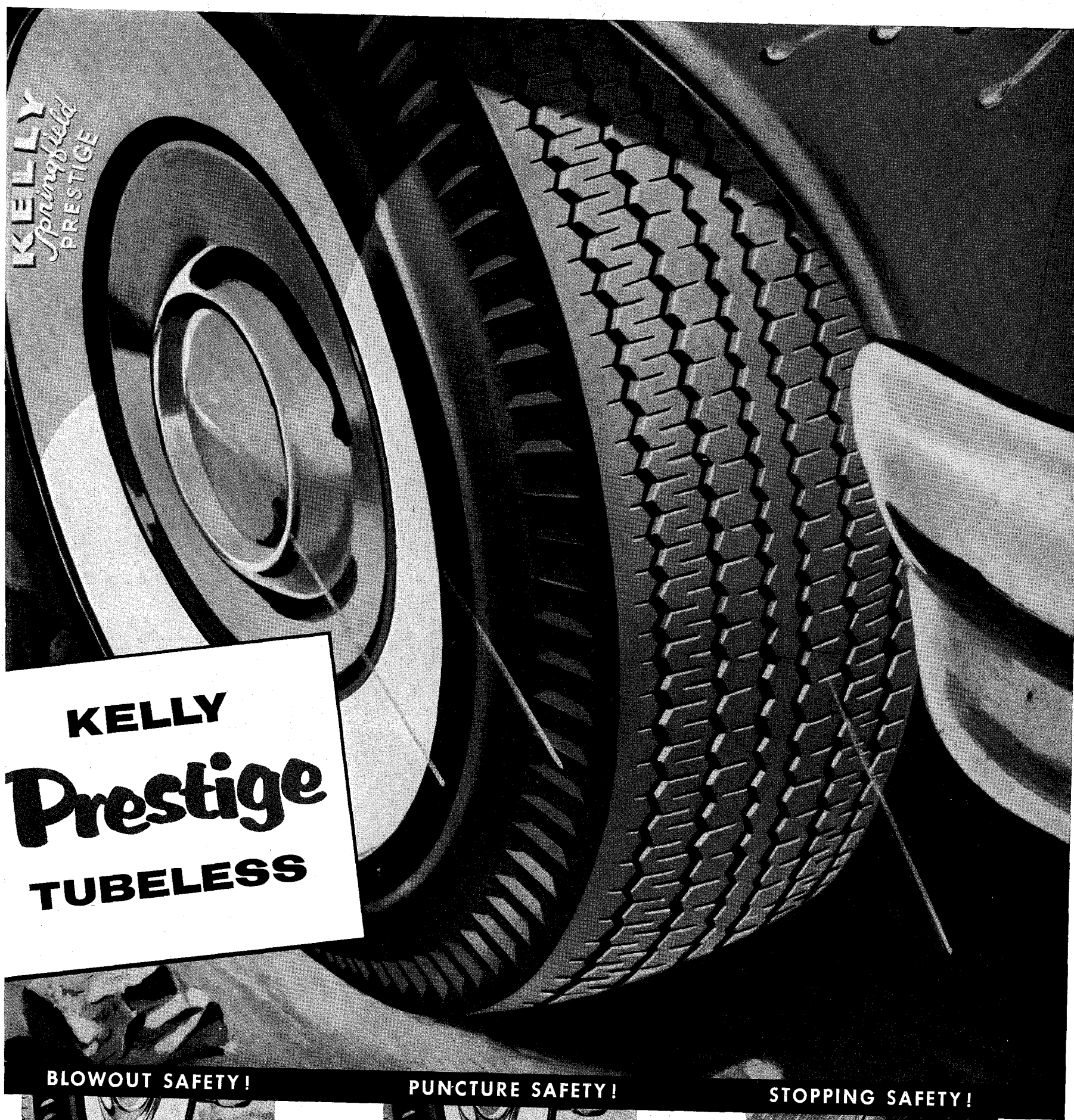
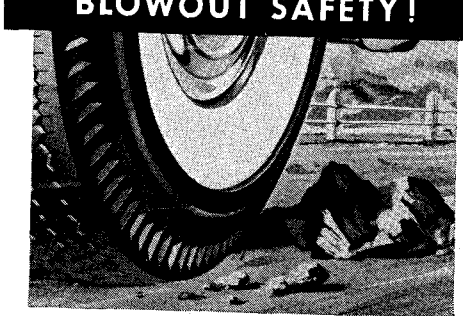


KELLY Prestige TUBELESS

BLOWOUT SAFETY!



The stronger, Safety-Welded cord body gives the Prestige almost unbelievable resistance to impact damage . . . makes it lighter, cooler-running, softer-riding.

PUNCTURE SAFETY!

You can just forget about dangerous roadside flats. The Prestige Safety-Welded body c-l-i-n-g-s to puncturing objects, prevents air loss, keeps you rolling *safely*.

STOPPING SAFETY!

The instant you touch the brakes, the Prestige tread is converted into thousands of sharp-angled "stopping edges" that grip the road and hold fast.

Look for the sign of Worry-free Driving!

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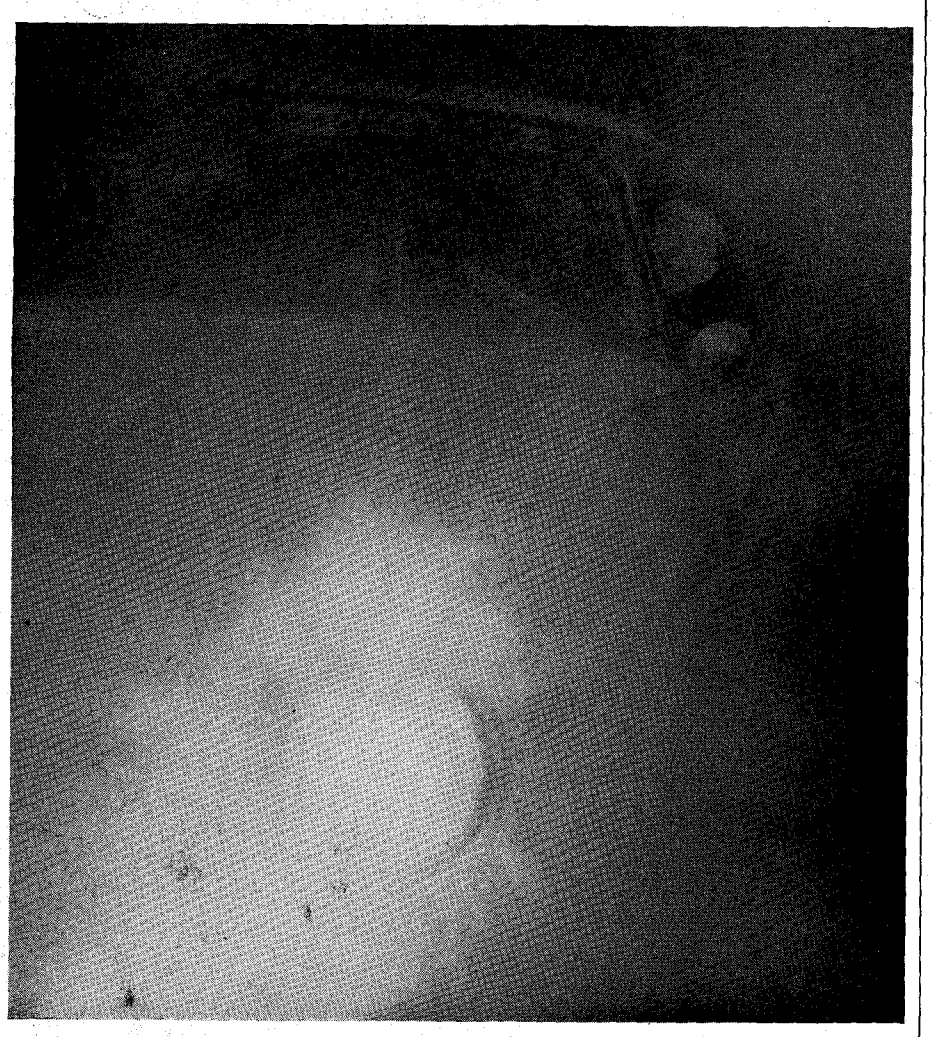
WHY GROPE YOUR WAY LIKE THIS IN FOG?



Get a pair of G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps . . . see better in any weather

Uncontrolled upward light bounces off moisture particles, causes kick-back glare, blinds driver.

G-E filament shield controls upward light, reduces kick-back glare, makes seeing easier.

NEW General Electric *All-Weather* Headlamps are so revolutionary they make all ordinary headlamps inadequate.

With ordinary headlamps, upward light is uncontrolled. This light is reflected back into your eyes by millions of tiny moisture particles—that is why seeing at night in fog, rain, or snow is so difficult. New G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps have a special shield over the lower beam filament that blocks out uncontrolled upward light. Kick-back glare is reduced to a minimum . . . you can see the road ahead more clearly.

On clear nights, the upper beam filament which is purposely not shielded, puts light farther down the road. You can see curves, dips and obstacles in time to slow down.

With a pair of G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps you get 25% more light. Passing oncoming cars is easier, too, because the light is concentrated where you need it—on the right-hand side of the road.

Replace your present headlamps with a pair of new G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps. They can be quickly installed and accurately aimed for a surprisingly modest cost. Ask for them by name: G-E *All-Weather* Headlamps.

Miniature Lamp Dept., General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland 12, Ohio

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(*Continued from Page 57*) His mother threw up her hands. "No friends?" she said. "You?"

"Times change, ma," said Fuller heavily. "Eighteen months is a long time. People leave town, people get married ——"

"Marriage doesn't kill people, does it?" she said.

Fuller didn't smile. "Maybe not," he said. "But it makes it awful hard for 'em to find any place to fit old friends in."

"Dougie isn't married, is he?"

"He's out west, ma—with the Strategic Air Command," said Fuller. The little dining room became as lonely as a bomber in the thin, cold stratosphere.

"Oh," said his mother. "There must be somebody left."

"Nope," said Fuller. "I spent the whole morning on the phone, ma. I might as well have been back in Korea. Nobody home."

"I can't believe it," she said. "Why, you couldn't walk down Main Street without being almost trampled by friends."

"Ma," said Fuller hollowly, "after I ran out of numbers to call, you know what I did? I went down to the drugstore, ma, and just sat there by the soda fountain, waiting for somebody to walk in—somebody I knew maybe just even a little. Ma," he said in anguish, "all I knew was poor old Bearse Hinkley. I'm not kidding you one bit." He stood, crumpling his napkin into a ball. "Ma, will you please excuse me?"

"Yes. Of course," she said. "Where are you going now?" She beamed. "Out to call on some nice girl, I hope?"

Fuller threw the napkin down. "I'm going to get a cigar!" he said. "I don't know any girls. They're all married too."

His mother paled. "I—I see," she said. "I—I didn't even know you smoked."

"Ma," said Fuller tautly, "can't you get it through your head? I been away for eighteen months, ma—eighteen months!"

"It is a long time, isn't it?" said his mother, humbled by his passion. "Well, you go get your cigar." She touched his arm. "And please don't feel so lonesome. You just wait. Your life will be so full of people again, you won't know which one to turn to. And, before you know it, you'll meet some pretty young girl, and you'll be married too."

"I don't intend to get married for some time, mother," said Fuller stuffily. "Not until I get through divinity school."

"Divinity school!" said his mother. "When did you decide that?"

"This noon," said Fuller.

"What happened this noon?"

"I had kind of a religious experience, ma," he said. "Something just made me speak out."

"About what?" she said, bewildered.

In Fuller's buzzing head there whirled a rhapsody of Susannas. He saw again all the professional temptresses who had tormented him in Korea, who had beckoned from makeshift bed-sheet movie screens, from curling pinups on damp tent walls, from ragged magazines in sandbagged pits. The Susannas had made fortunes, beckoning to lonely Corporal Fullers everywhere—beckoning with stunning beauty, beckoning the Fullers to come nowhere for nothing.

The wraith of a Puritan ancestor, stiff-necked, dressed in black, took possession of Fuller's tongue. Fuller spoke with a voice that came across the centuries, the voice of a witch hanger, a voice redolent with frustration, self-righteousness and doom.

"What did I speak out against?" he said. "Temp-ta-tion."

Fuller's cigar in the night was a beacon warning carefree, frivolous people away. It was plainly a cigar smoked in anger. Even the moths had sense enough to stay away. Like a restless, searching red eye, it went up and down every street in the village, coming to rest at last, a wet, dead butt, before the firehouse.

Bearse Hinkley, the old pharmacist, sat at the wheel of the pumper, his eyes glazed with nostalgia—nostalgia for the days when he had been young enough to drive. And on his face, for all to see, was a dream of one more catastrophe, with all the young men away, when an old man or nobody would drive the pumper to glory one more time. He spent warm evenings there, behind the wheel—and had for years.

"Want a light for that thing?" he said to Corporal Fuller, seeing the dead cigar between Fuller's lips.

"No, thanks, Mr. Hinkley," he said. "All the pleasure's out of it."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Weather Vane

By Julia Hurd Strong

My weather vane's a
chimney stack
Set in the roof, just
center-back.
From it the telltale smoke
pours out
Like steam that's found the
kettle spout.
The days we have a
southern breeze
Smoke filters through my
apple trees;
The west wind rolls it to
the barn
Like unwound balls of
knitting yarn.
But when there is no wind
at all,
The smoke will rise up slim
and tall
To form a mystic yogi stair
That climbs into
anotherwhere.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Beats me how anybody finds any pleasure in cigars in the first place," said the old man.

"Matter of taste," said Fuller. "No accounting for tastes."

"One man's meat's another man's poison," said Hinkley. "Live and let live, I always say." He glanced at the ceiling. Above it was the fragrant nest of Susanna and her black cat. "Me? All my pleasures are looking at what used to be pleasures."

Fuller looked at the ceiling, too, meeting the unmentioned issue squarely. "If you were young," he said, "you'd know why I said what I said to her. Beautiful, stuck-up girls give me a big pain."

"Oh, I remember that," said Hinkley. "I'm not so old I don't remember the big pain."

"If I have a daughter, I hope she isn't beautiful," said Fuller. "The beautiful girls at high school—by glory, if they didn't think they were something extra-special."

"By glory, if I don't think so, too," said Hinkley.

"They wouldn't even look at you if you didn't have a car and an allowance of twenty bucks a week to spend on 'em," said Fuller.

"Why should they?" said the old man cheerfully. "If (*Continued on Page 62*)

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HEADACHE? NEURITIC PAIN? BACKACHE? COLDS AND SORE THROAT?

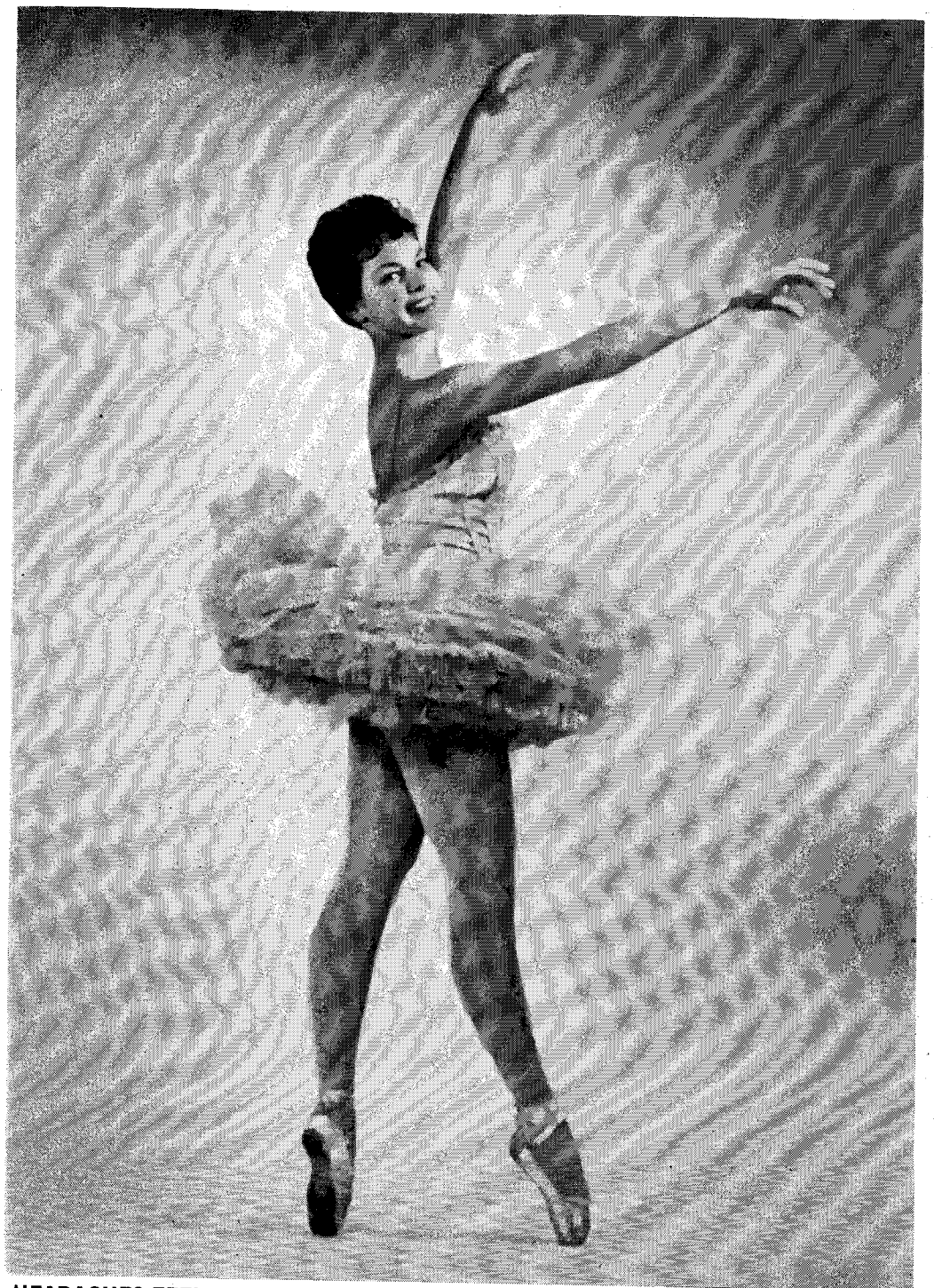
BAYER ASPIRIN makes you FEEL BETTER FAST!

BAYER®

YOU CAN TAKE BAYER ASPIRIN ANY TIME

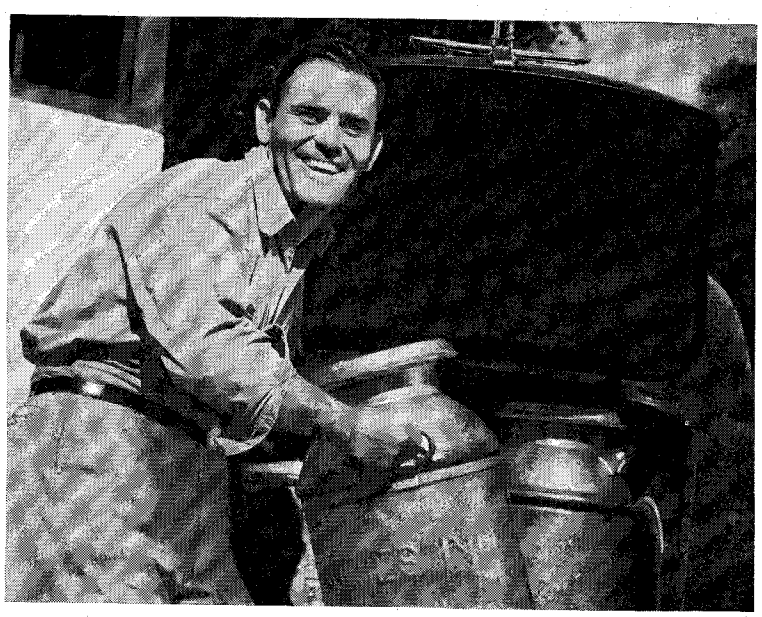
It is used by millions more people than any other pain reliever

WITHOUT STOMACH UPSET



HEADACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST!—There's no need to let a headache keep you from doing anything you've planned—not when you have Bayer Aspirin handy. Just take two Bayer Aspirin tablets the moment you feel the pain coming on—and in short order you'll be on your toes again.

NEURITIC PAIN? FEEL BETTER FAST! When neuritis or neuralgia distress you—or your muscles ache so that even picking up a paint brush is a chore—let Bayer Aspirin help you. Take two Bayer Aspirin tablets for the *fast* relief you *want*—and the *safe* relief you *need.*



BACKACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST! You can strain your muscles by trying to do too much. As millions know from experience, Bayer Aspirin means quick relief. And remember—for the minor pains of arthritis and rheumatism, Bayer Aspirin brings temporary relief with *amazing speed.*

COLDS? SORE THROAT? FEEL BETTER FAST! Bayer Aspirin quickly relieves painful cold discomforts and reduces fever. In addition, three to five Bayer Aspirin tablets dissolved in a third of a glass of water makes a gargle that soothes irritated throat membranes—*fast!*

WHY BAYER ASPIRIN MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER FAST. Just drop a Bayer Aspirin tablet in a glass of water and watch what it does there. You'll see that it starts disintegrating *instantly*. And the same thing happens in your stomach. That's one reason why Bayer Aspirin brings you *fast* relief!

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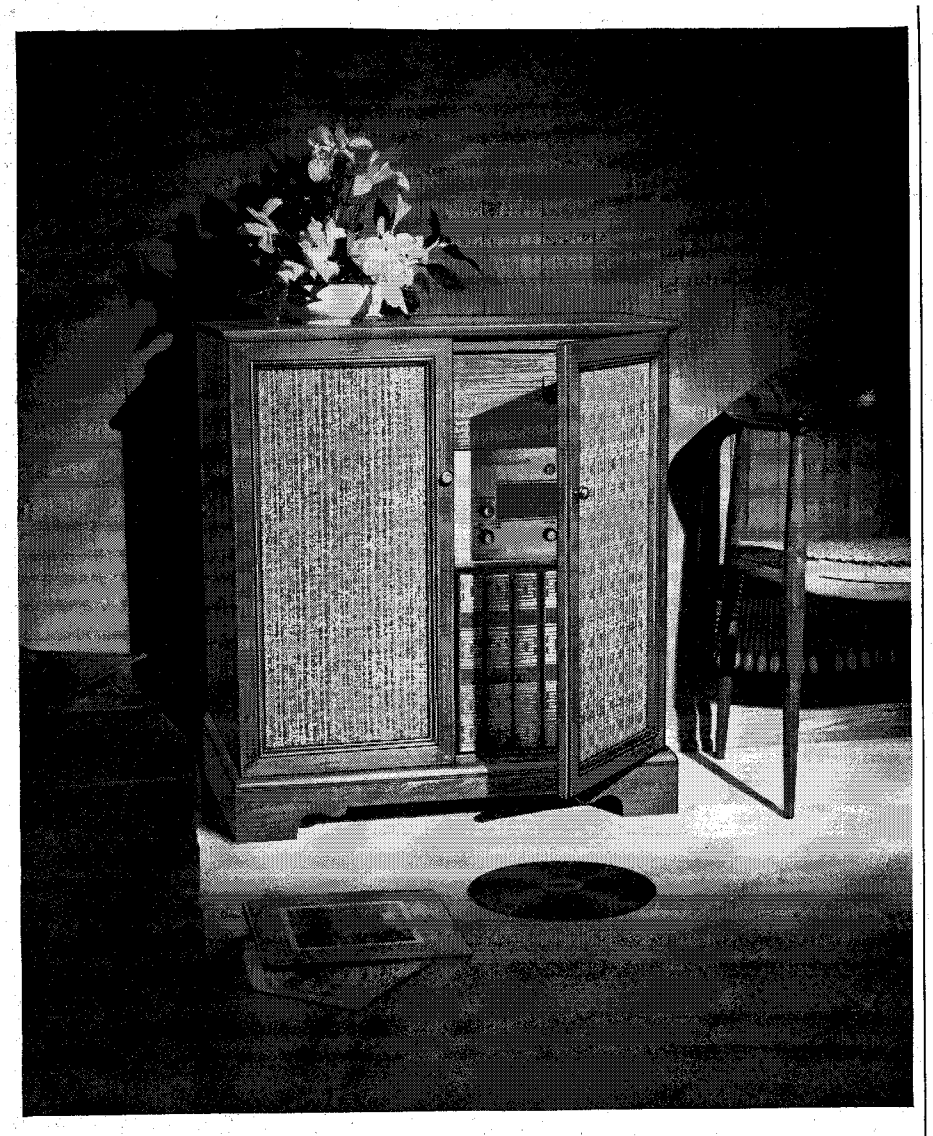
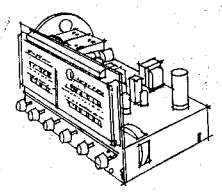
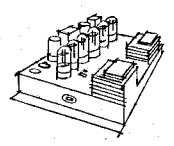


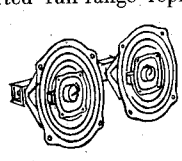
Custom-engineered
Magnavox High Fidelity
in fine furniture



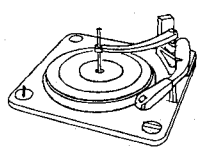
Drift-free AM-FM tuner brings in heretofore "impossible" signals with breathtaking clarity and brilliance.



20-watt balanced high fidelity amplifier provides power, flexibility for undistorted full-range reproduction.



Four high fidelity speakers—two 12″ bass speakers plus two coaxially mounted 5″ high-frequency speakers.



Magnavox precision intermix changer—handles records more gently than human hands.

ONCE you've heard today's extended-range records on a magnificent Magnavox you'll know that nothing else can reproduce music or voice so faithfully. Exclusive Magnavox integrated design of every element lets you hear the entire audible frequency range of every instrument without distortion. Truly the magnificent Magnavox brings you all the excitement—the true tonal color and richness—of a live Concert Hall performance.

Hearing your favorite recordings on a magnificent Magnavox is an experience you deserve. For more complete information on high fidelity, write for free booklet, "For Your Finest Hours." Address: The Magnavox Company, Dept. 70P2, Fort Wayne 4, Ind.

The Concert Master, above, in genuine mahogany $298.50. Slightly higher in cherry or oak. High Fidelity table models priced from $99.50. Magnavox instruments are sold directly through dealers carefully selected for their ability to give you service and satisfaction. One is near you. It's worth finding his name in the yellow pages of your phone book.

Prices subject to change without notice

the magnificent **Magnavox**

high fidelity television • radio-phonographs

(*Continued from Page 60*) I was a beautiful girl, I wouldn't." He nodded to himself. "Well—anyway, I guess you came home from the wars and settled that score. I guess you told her."

"Ah-h-h," said Fuller. "You can't make any impression on them."

"I dunno," said Hinkley. "There's a fine old tradition in the theater. The show must go on. You know, even if you got pneumonia or your baby's dying, you still put on the show."

"I'm all right," said Fuller. "Who's complaining? I feel fine."

The old man's white eyebrows went up. "Who's talking about you?" he said. "I'm talking about her."

Fuller reddened, mousetrapped by egoism. "She'll be all right," he said.

"She will?" said Hinkley. "Maybe she will. All I know is, the show's started at the theater. She's supposed to be in it and she's still upstairs."

"She is?" said Fuller, amazed.

"Has been," said Hinkley, "ever since you paddled her and sent her home."

Fuller tried to grin ironically. "Now, isn't that too bad?" he said. His grin felt queasy and weak. "Well, good night, Mr. Hinkley."

"Good night, soldier boy," said Hinkley. "Good night."

As noon drew near on the next day, the villagers along the main street seemed to grow stupid. Yankee shopkeepers made change lackadaisically, as though money didn't matter any more. All thoughts were of the great cuckoo clock the firehouse had become. The question was: Had Corporal Fuller broken it or, at noon, would the little door on top fly open, would Susanna appear?

In the drugstore, old Bearse Hinkley fussed with Susanna's New York papers, rumpling them in his anxiety to make them attractive. They were bait for Susanna.

Moments before noon, Corporal Fuller—the vandal himself—came into the drugstore. On his face was a strange mixture of guilt and soreheadedness. He had spent the better part of the night awake, reviewing his grievances against beautiful women. *All they think about is how beautiful they are*, he'd said to himself at dawn. *They wouldn't even give you the time of day.*

He walked along the row of soda-fountain stools and gave each empty stool a seemingly idle twist. He found the stool that had screeched so loudly the day before. He sat down on it, a monument of righteousness. No one spoke to him.

The fire siren gave its perfunctory wheeze for noon. And then, hearselike, a truck from the express company drove up to the firehouse. Two men got out and climbed the stairs. Susanna's hungry black cat jumped to the porch railing and arched its back as the expressmen disappeared into Susanna's room. The cat spat when they staggered out with Susanna's trunk.

Fuller was shocked. He glanced at Bearse Hinkley, and he saw that the old man's look of anxiety had become the look of double pneumonia—dizzy, blind, drowning.

"Satisfied, corporal?" said the old man.

"I didn't tell her to leave," said Fuller.

"You didn't leave her much choice," said Hinkley.

"What does she care what I think?" said Fuller. "I didn't know she was such a tender blossom."

The old man touched Fuller's arm lightly. "We all are, corporal—we all are," he said. "I thought that was one of the few good things about sending a boy off to the Army. I thought that was where he could find out for sure he wasn't the only tender blossom on earth. Didn't you find that out?"

"I never thought I was a tender blossom," said Fuller. "I'm sorry it turned out this way, but she asked for it." His head was down. His ears were hot crimson.

"She really scared you stiff, didn't she?" said Hinkley.

Smiles bloomed on the faces of the small audience that had drawn near on one pretext or another. Fuller appraised the smiles, and found that the old man had left him only one weapon—utterly humorless good citizenship.

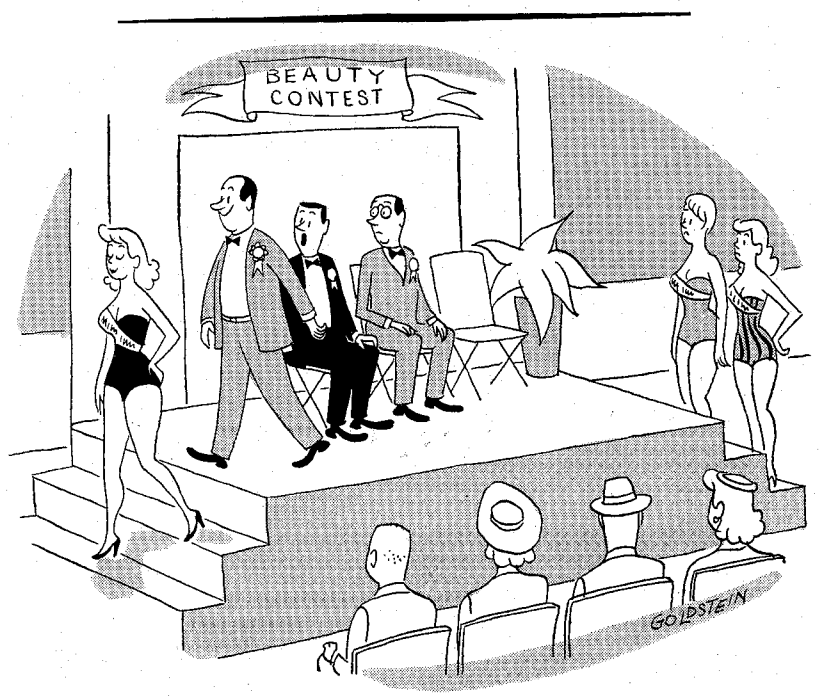
"Who's afraid?" he said stuffily. "I'm not afraid. I just think it's a problem somebody ought to bring up and discuss."

"It's sure the one subject nobody gets tired of," said Hinkley.

Fuller's gaze, which had become a very shifty thing, passed over the magazine rack. There was tier upon tier of Susannas, a thousand square feet of wet-lipped smiles and sooty eyes and skin like cream. He ransacked his mind for a ringing phrase that would give dignity to his cause.

"I'm thinking about juvenile delinquency!" he said. He pointed to the magazines. "No wonder kids go crazy."

"I know I did," said the old man quietly. "I was (*Continued on Page 64*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I believe Bromley's already made his mind up."

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NO TIME FOR TIRE TROUBLE,
NO TIME TO IGNORE SAFETY
You don't need a puncture to get a flat tire. A tire weakened by bruises or heat can give out any time. That's why you need nylon cord tires for utmost protection against tire failure.

IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS:

Only nylon cord tires can give you utmost safety—*surest protection against tire trouble*

For some kinds of driving, ordinary cord tires will meet your needs. But there are too many times when you can't afford to risk tire trouble or ignore tire safety—when you need tires that assure greatest dependability. These are the times you'll be glad you're riding on tires with nylon cords.

You'll find nylon cord tires cost very little extra—give you and your family priceless extra protection. See your tire dealer. He'll gladly explain the advantages of nylon cord tires.

THE FOUR THINGS A TIRE CORD MUST DO... NYLON DOES BEST! Nylon gives superior resistance to bruise damage, moisture, heat and flex fatigue.

Nylon makes possible a far stronger tire cord than conventional yarns — provides greater safety and durability. Today almost every military and commercial aircraft lands on nylon cord tires; billions of miles of truck-tire use have proved nylon's superiority.

Du Pont produces the nylon fiber.
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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

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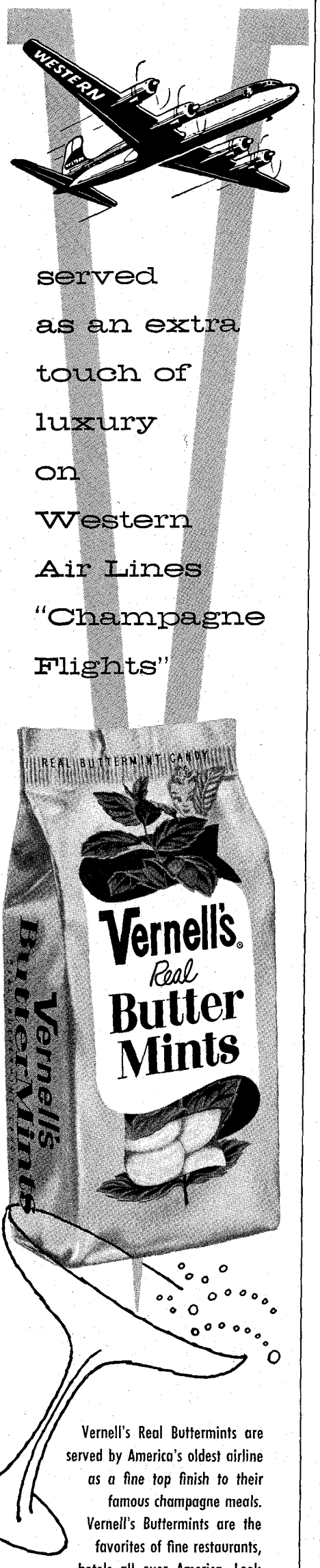

Vernell's Real Buttermints are served by America's oldest airline as a fine top finish to their famous champagne meals. Vernell's Buttermints are the favorites of fine restaurants, hotels all over America. Look for this fine candy treat at better stores everywhere.

VERNELL'S BUTTERMINTS, INC., Seattle, Wash.

(*Continued from Page 62*)

as scared as you are."

"I told you, I'm not afraid of her," said Fuller.

"Good!" said Hinkley. "Then you're just the man to take her papers to her. They're paid for." He dumped the papers in Fuller's lap.

Fuller opened his mouth to reply. But he closed it again. His throat had tightened, and he knew that, if he tried to speak, he would quack like a duck.

"If you're really not afraid, corporal," said the old man, "that would be a very nice thing to do—a Christian thing to do."

As he mounted the stairway to Susanna's nest, Fuller was almost spastic in his efforts to seem casual.

Susanna's door was unlatched. When Fuller knocked on it, it swung open. In Fuller's imagination, her nest had been dark and still, reeking of incense, a labyrinth of heavy hangings and mirrors, with somewhere a Turkish corner, with somewhere a billowy bed in the form of a swan.

He saw Susanna and her room in truth now. The truth was the cheerless truth of a dirt-cheap Yankee summer rental—bare wood walls, three coat hooks, a linoleum rug. Two gas burners, an iron cot, an icebox. A tiny sink with naked pipes, a plastic drinking glass, two plates, a murky mirror. A frying pan, a saucepan, a can of soap powder.

The only harem touch was a white circle of talcum powder before the murky mirror. In the center of the circle were the prints of two bare feet. The marks of the toes were no bigger than pearls.

Fuller looked from the pearls to the truth of Susanna. Her back was to him. She was packing the last of her things into a suitcase.

She was now dressed for travel—dressed as properly as a missionary's wife.

"Papers," croaked Fuller. "Mr. Hinkley sent 'em."

"How very nice of Mr. Hinkley," said Susanna. She turned. "Tell him ——" No more words came. She recognized him. She pursed her lips and her small nose reddened.

"Papers," said Fuller emptily. "From Mr. Hinkley."

"I heard you," she said. "You just said that. Is that all you've got to say?"

Fuller flapped his hands limply at his sides. "I'm—I—I didn't mean to make you leave," he said. "I didn't mean that."

"You suggest I stay?" said Susanna wretchedly. "After I've been denounced in public as a scarlet woman? A tart? A wench?"

"Holy smokes, I never called you those things!" said Fuller.

"Did you ever stop to think what it's like to be me?" she said. She patted her bosom. "There's somebody living inside here, too, you know."

"I know," said Fuller. He hadn't known, up to then.

"I have a soul," she said.

"Sure you do," said Fuller, trembling. He trembled because the room was filled with a profound intimacy. Susanna, the golden girl of a thousand tortured daydreams, was now discussing her soul, passionately, with Fuller the lonely, Fuller the homely, Fuller the bleak.

"I didn't sleep a wink last night because of you," said Susanna.

"Me?" quacked Fuller. He wished she'd get out of his life again. He wished she were in black and white, a thousandth of an inch thick on a magazine page. He wished he could turn the page and read about baseball or foreign affairs.

"What did you expect?" said Susanna. "I talked to you all night. You know what I said to you?"

"No," said Fuller, backing away. She followed, and seemed to throw off heat like a big iron radiator. She was appallingly human..

"I'm not Yellowstone Park!" she said. "I'm not supported by taxes! I don't belong to everybody! You don't have any right to say anything about the way I look!"

"Good gravy!" said Fuller.

"I'm so tired of dumb toots like you!" said Susanna. She stamped her foot and suddenly looked haggard. "I can't help it if you want to kiss me! Whose fault is that?"

Fuller could now glimpse his side of the question only dimly, like a diver glimpsing the sun from the ocean floor. "All I was trying to say was, you could be a little more conservative," he said.

Susanna opened her arms. "Am I conservative enough now?" she said. "Is this all right with you?"

The appeal of the lovely girl made the marrow of Fuller's bones ache. In his chest was a sigh like the lost chord. "Yes," he said. And then he murmured, "Forget about me."

Susanna tossed her head. "Forget about being run over by a truck," she said. "What makes you so mean?"

"I just say what I think," said Fuller.

"You think such mean things," said Susanna, bewildered. Her eyes widened. "All through high school, people like you would look at me as if they wished I'd drop dead. They'd never dance with me, they'd never talk to me, they'd never even smile back." She shuddered. "They'd just go slinking around like small-town cops. They'd look at me the way you did—like I'd just done something terrible."

The truth of the indictment made Fuller itch all over. "Probably thinking about something else," he said.

"I don't think so," said Susanna. "You sure weren't. All of a sudden, you started yelling at me in the drug store, and I'd never even seen you before." She burst into tears. "What is the matter with you?"

Fuller looked down at the floor. "Never had a chance with a girl like you—that's all," he said. "That hurts."

Susanna looked at him wonderingly. "You don't know what a chance is," she said.

"A chance is a late-model convertible, a new suit and twenty bucks," said Fuller.

Susanna turned her back to him and closed her suitcase. "A chance is a girl," she said. "You smile at her, you be friendly, you be glad she's a girl." She turned and opened her arms again. "I'm a girl. Girls are shaped this way," she said. "If men are nice to me and make me happy, I kiss them sometimes. Is that all right with you?"

"Yes," said Fuller humbly. She had rubbed his nose in the sweet reason that governed the universe. He shrugged. "I better be going. Good-by."

"Wait!" she said. "You can't do that—just walk out, leaving me feeling so wicked." She shook her head. "I don't deserve to feel wicked."

"What can I do?" said Fuller helplessly.

"You can take me for a walk down the main street, as though you were proud of me," said Susanna. "You can welcome me back to the human race." She nodded to herself. "You owe that to me."

Cpl. Norman Fuller, who had come home two nights before from eighteen bleak months in Korea, waited on the porch outside Susanna's nest, with all the village watching.

Susanna had ordered him out while she changed, while she changed for her return to the human race. She had also called the express company and told them to bring her trunk back.

Fuller passed the time by stroking Susanna's cat. "Hello, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty," he said, over and over again. Saying, "Kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty," numbed him like a merciful drug.

He was saying it when Susanna came out of her nest. He couldn't stop saying it, and she had to take the cat away from him, firmly, before she could get him to look at her, to offer his arm.

"So long, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty, kitty," said Fuller.

Susanna was barefoot, and she wore barbaric hoop earrings, and ankle bells. Holding Fuller's arm lightly, she led him down the stairs, and began her stately, undulating, titillating, tinkling walk past the liquor store, the insurance agency, the real-estate office, the diner, the American Legion post and the church, to the crowded drugstore.

"Now, smile and be nice," said Susanna. "Show you're not ashamed of me."

"Mind if I smoke?" said Fuller.

"That's very considerate of you to ask," said Susanna. "No, I don't mind at all."

By steadying his right hand with his left, Corporal Fuller managed to light a cigar. THE END

"Looks like it might be fun for the birds too."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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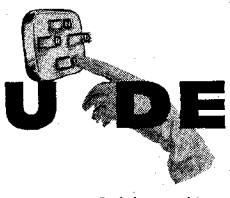

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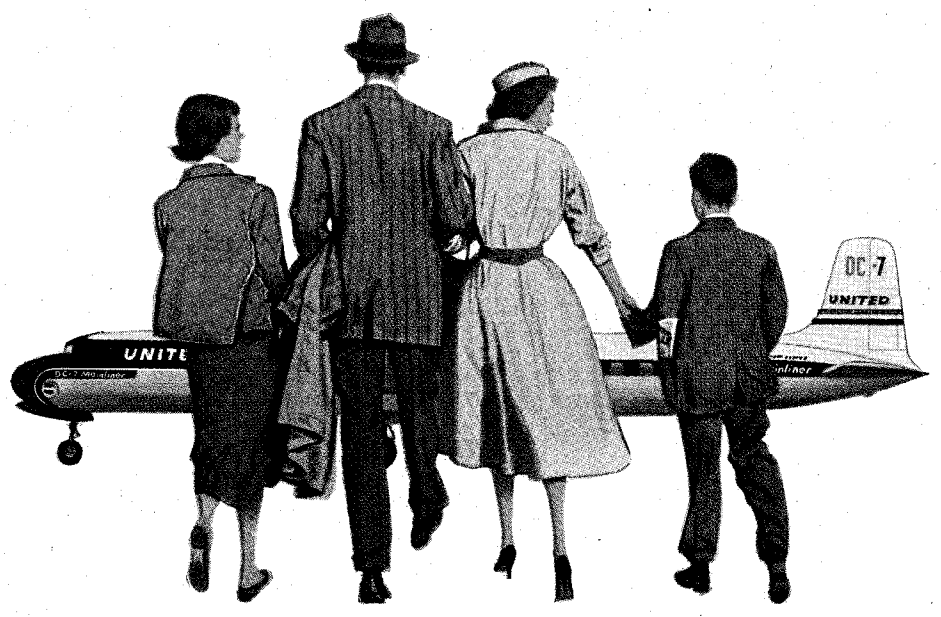

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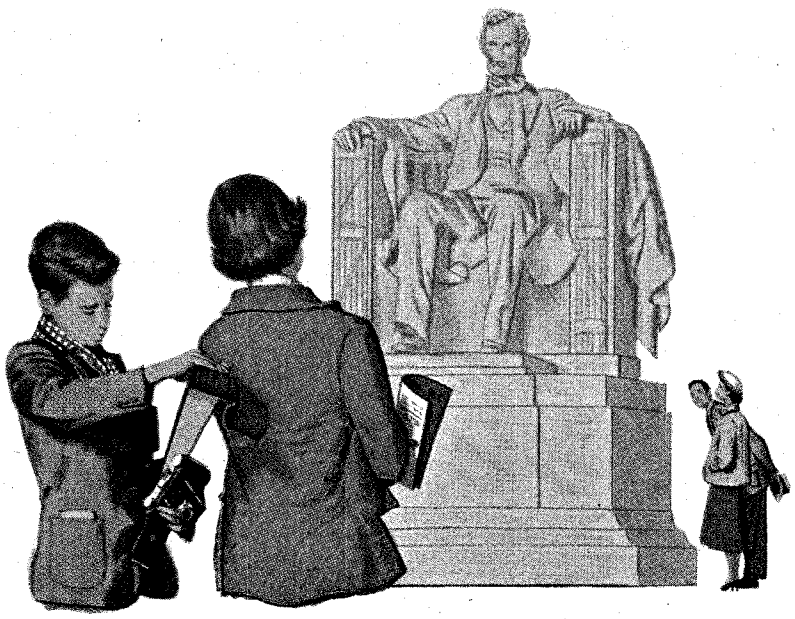

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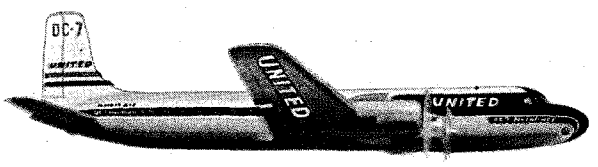

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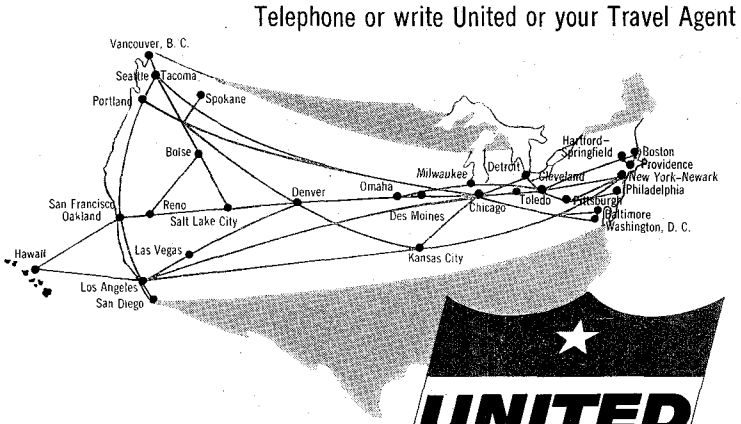

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Look Out For John Tucker!

(Continued from Page 27)

"We're having steak for dinner tonight," she said. "If you aren't in a hurry, we'd be glad to have you join us."

"I guess I got time to eat," he said.

They walked toward the house. "Everything is wild-looking on purpose," she said, meaning the overgrown fence rows, the uncultivated fields. "The dogs need birds to hunt in their training, and the birds need natural cover to live in." And about the old house: "When I first came here, I thought it was neglected, but it isn't. Enos says a house has a right to look its age, the same as a person. He wants the siding to be that weathered, silver gray, and I agree with him. It's as right as white hair on an elderly lady. Don't you think so?"

"It's O.K. with me," Tuck said.

The inside of the house was fine—shining floors, gleaming windows, polished furniture. Real comfortable. While Sue was busy in the kitchen, Tuck gave the front room a fast riffle to see what was worth taking. Plenty. A lot of silver and gold cups the dogs had won, but they were too heavy. Three rifles, a half dozen shotguns and two revolvers, oiled and gleaming, were in unlocked cabinets. Good. John Tucker needed a gun in his work; when he left, a revolver was going with him. Better still was an unlocked cash box, loaded with long green. Three hundred and eighty bucks in fifties and twenties. Easy pickings? How easy can it get?

Enos McClelland, the old gent, came back from town just before dinner. He talked to Sue in the kitchen, then he came into the front rooms to talk to Tuck. He was a tall, straight-backed, white-haired old geezer, maybe seventy-five. He had thick white eyebrows and dark blue eyes.

"Tell me about yourself, John Tucker," he said. Tuck gave him the same lies he'd given Sue. The only action he got was a steady stare. Not sore, not friendly; nothing. But he didn't scare Tuck. John Tucker wasn't a guy anybody was ever going to scare again.

"Dinner, gentlemen," Sue called.

And what a dinner! Thick, juicy steaks, crisp French fries with plenty of catchup, all the crusty homemade bread he could eat—yow! "I gotta pay you for that," he said. "Let me do the dishes for you, will you? I won't break a thing, honest!"

Her smile was wonderful. "You can help."

He wiped the dishes. And she gave him a pitch: Since her husband was away in the East, there was a lot of work to do around the place. Too much for Enos, really. Would he care to stay and help out? For a few days, at least?

Why not? The cash box and the revolver could wait a few days. He could go farther faster with a few good meals under his belt. He could work around and take his pay the night he left.

Freshly shaven, Tuck grinned at himself in the mirror. Three weeks, and he was still here. The cash and the money were still here; he'd changed his mind about grabbing them and running. He was going to stay here as long as he could. He wanted to meet Sue's husband, Clay Bannon. A big guy and a real swell guy, to hear Sue tell it. If he couldn't go on working here, he could maybe get a job close, so he could be near Sue and the dogs and Clay. The old gent, too, though Enos had never thawed out toward him, not even a little bit. Maybe he could finish high school and go on and learn to be a vet, so he could always work with dogs and other animals.

"Tuck!" Sue called. "Your breakfast is getting cold!"

He ran down the stairs and into the kitchen. Enos was already at the table, eating—and that was bad. The old gent wanted people at the table on time. "I'm sorry I'm late," Tuck said. "I got to dreamin', I guess. I goofed off."

"Your apology is accepted," Enos said.

Tuck flushed. There it was again—no matter how hard he tried, he could never get a tumble from the old man. Not that the old guy was rough with him; he wasn't. The only scare he'd ever given Tuck was when he'd brought Sam Oliver, the state trooper, into the house. Tuck had been sure the cop was there to make a pinch, but it had turned out Sam was just another guy nuts about hunting dogs.

Sue said, "You're really going to work Tony today, Enos?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You planning to ascend from base camp again, today?"

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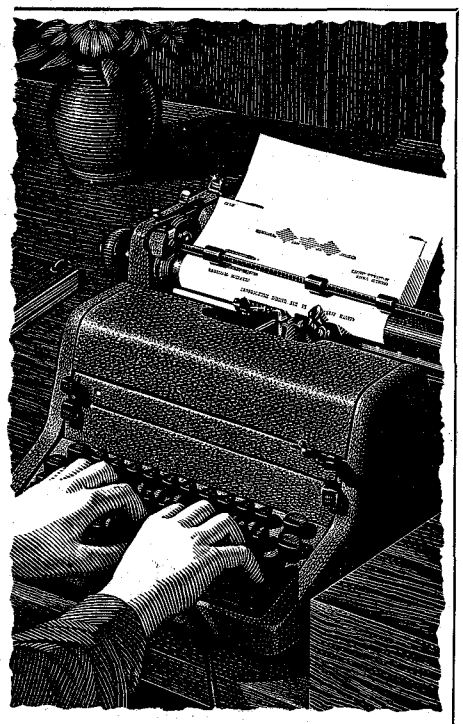
Enos smiled at her. "Let's say I'm going to try."

"I wish you wouldn't," Sue said. "Clay will be home before long, and ——" She bit her lip. "I guess I'd better keep my mouth shut, hadn't I?"

"You've got a right to talk," Enos said dryly. "Just as I have a right not to listen." He finished his coffee and got to his feet. "The dog was sent to me, not to Clay. He's my problem. And I've never seen a problem a man can lick by ducking." He turned his dark blue eyes to Tuck.



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Tuck scrambled to his feet. "I'm not hungry."

"Nor very astute," Enos said. "Finish your meal."

He put on an old hunting coat and an old hat and went out into the rain. Tuck bolted the rest of his food. He was getting into Clay Bannon's too-big raincoat, when Sue said, "Stay close to Enos. I don't trust Tony. He's as smart as he is savage. It would be like him to pretend he's reformed, just to get a bite at somebody."

"Sure," Tuck said. "I'll do what I can."

Tuck knew the early-morning chores well. And he did them well. He cleaned the runs and the kennels. He helped the old man with the food and food pans, and when the dogs were fed, he scrubbed the pans and the food room until they were hospital-clean. With these things done, they could begin the training of Tony.

Tony was a highly bred male Labrador, a fine-looking animal, strong-boned and big, turned savage for some unknown reason. His breeding and his training made him too valuable to destroy until every effort had been made to cure him. Enos had worked with him patiently and some progress had been made. He no longer charged the wire of the run at the sight of a man. He would occasionally obey a command, and there'd been a time or two when he'd wagged his tail.

"I don't want you in there with me," Enos said to Tuck, at the gate of Tony's run. "I'm going in and put a leash on him. You stay out. Understand, boy?"

Tuck crossed his fingers. "Sure," he said.

Tony was lying at the far end of the run, facing them. He didn't move when Enos opened the gate and entered. The dog's rear legs were bunched under him, his forelegs extended. His head was lifted watchfully. It was impossible to say whether he crouched there or was only lying there. He watched Enos' every move with an unreadable, unwinking stare.

"Steady, boy," Enos said. "Easy, lad."

The dog's head dropped between his paws. In other dogs this movement indicated a willingness to comply. In Tony it was a deliberate lure. When Enos was inside the run, ten feet from the gate, the dog came up, growling savagely, and lunged. Enos struck at him futilely with the leash, then threw up his arm to block jaws that were seeking his throat. The dog's teeth ripped through the cloth of the coat and found flesh. The pain and the weight of the dog dragged the old man to his knees before Tuck could reach them. Tuck straddled the dog's back, sinking his fingers deep into the loose folds of flesh at the hinges of the dog's jaws. The dog let go of the old man, and Tuck had him alone. And he held him alone, driving him to the concrete, legs locked around the dog's chest, holding the dog's head immovable in a viselike grip.

"I got 'im!" he yelled. "Get a muzzle!"

The old man went away and returned; not with a muzzle, but with a .22 pistol. He held the gun to the dog's head and shot him.

"Hey! For God's sake!" Tuck yelled. Having the dog killed so ruthlessly shocked and sickened him. "What'd you have to kill him for? I ——" He stopped because of the pain and anger he saw in the old man's face.

"Learn from that," Enos said, "what a fool a man can be. I thought he'd reformed. I trusted him. That kind of trust can kill you, boy. He would have killed me if I'd been alone."

Tuck buried Tony. And he worked the rest of the morning alone, furiously, trying to put the spectacle of death out of his mind. A doctor came to the house and left. At lunch, Sue told Tuck the old man's arm had been badly torn and would be a long time mending.

"Yeah, I know! But why'd he have to kill the dog?"

"Tuck, he was sent here to be cured or put away. The dog was insane—a homicidal maniac. It can happen in dogs, just as it can in people."

"Do we kill people because they're nuts?"

"No, Tuck," Sue said. "I know how much it hurts, but you'll learn that it's a kindness to kill an incurably sick dog. And if Enos couldn't cure Tony, no one could."

"I'd've liked a chance to try," Tuck said.

Enos had visitors through the afternoon; Tuck saw the cars come and go. Among the cars was the cruiser Sam Oliver drove for the state police. By midafternoon, Tuck found a good that could come from Tony's death. Enos had admitted Tuck had saved his life. And you owe something to a guy who saves your life. You ought to let him stay around as long as he earns his keep. And maybe, once in a blue moon, you should give him a friendly smile.

But it was not to be. That evening, Enos called him into the front room after dinner. The old man was sitting in a big, leather chair, his right arm a club of bandages held in a black satin sling. There was still pain in his dark blue eyes, but the steady gaze he had for Tuck was the coldest it had ever been.

"I don't like a liar," he said. "And I hate a thief."

Tuck's knees turned to water. The old man had some papers in his lap. Police stuff, Tuck knew—letters on official stationery, carbons on yellow paper, a snapshot of himself. The snapshot had been taken by a girl he'd known in the East. Only the police could have got it from her. And only the police would have sent it here.

"With the exception of your name," Enos said, "everything you told me when you came here was a lie. I was sure then that it was. But I was willing to withhold judgment, to give you shelter, until I found out who and what you really were. Sam Oliver did the work for me." Enos touched the papers on his lap. "Today he brought me these."

Tuck licked dry lips.

"You're John Charles Tucker, age fifteen," Enos said. "Your mother died when you were born. Your father was a construction worker. He was able to care for you until about a year ago. Then he was injured, permanently, in an accident occurring while he was working for a private party. There was no insurance, no compensation. Unable to work, your father was destitute. Rather than face such a life, he took his own. Is this information correct?"

Tuck's throat was aching. "Yeah, that's right. My old man was topping a tree for a rich guy. He fell. The guy wouldn't pay my dad a dime, not even the ambulance. Dad couldn't see selling pencils, or something like that. He ——"

Enos' eyes were relentless. "Is that why you broke into the rich man's house, and other rich men's houses? To steal what you thought they owed you and your father?"

"They owed us plenty, didn't they?"

"Possibly one did," Enos said. "But not the others. And in any case, you can't steal what is owed you—that's the law. And there are other charges. Assault with a deadly weapon, flight to avoid prosecution."

"The deadly weapon was a vase," Tuck said. "The guy had a gun. He caught me in his house, and he was holding me for the cops. I conked him with a vase and ran."

"Ran," Enos said. "With no shame and no regret—rather, I think, with a determination to become another John Dillinger. Isn't that right?"

Tuck scrubbed a hand across his dry mouth. "But I didn't, did I? I mean, I came here; I worked around here, and I never took anything, did I?"

"But you had no intention of going back," Enos said. "You were hiding here, hiding here like a coward. You have a debt to pay, boy. You're going back and pay it."

"No," Tuck whispered. "They'll ——"

"Yes," Enos said. "No matter what they do."

Tuck stared at the floor. It figured. There was no favor in this old guy, no heart at all. To Enos, he was just another Tony. If you'd ever been a no-good, you'd always be a no-good. Enos could shoot a dog, or jail a guy—it was nothing to him. He looked at Enos.

"Where's the cops? Where's the handcuffs?"

"You're going alone."

"Alone? You mean that?"

Enos got up and went to the desk and the cashbox. He came back with a sheaf of bills. "This will pay your train fare," he said,

(*Continued on Page 72*)

"Are you sure two ways is enough?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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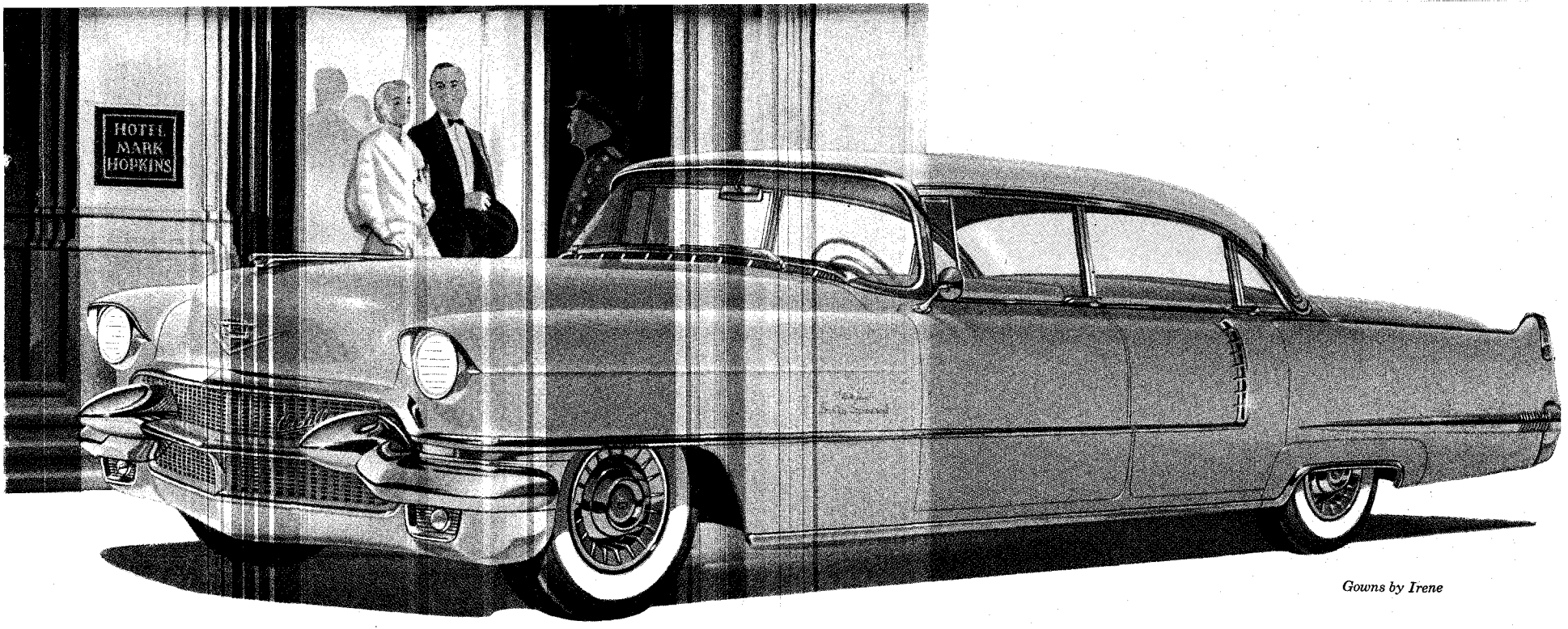

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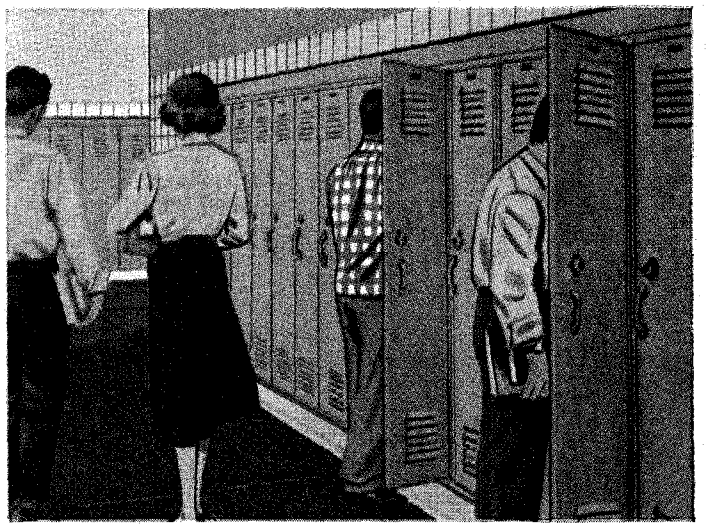

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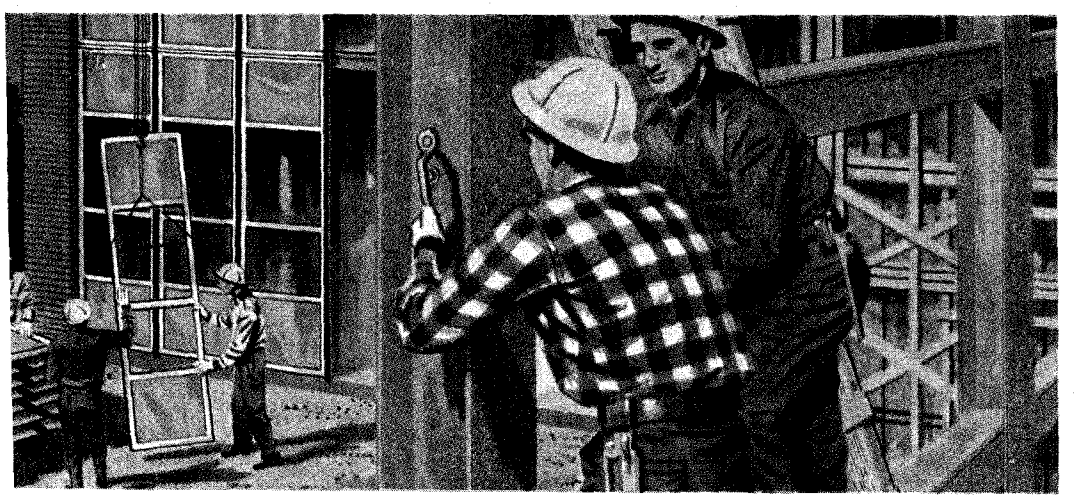

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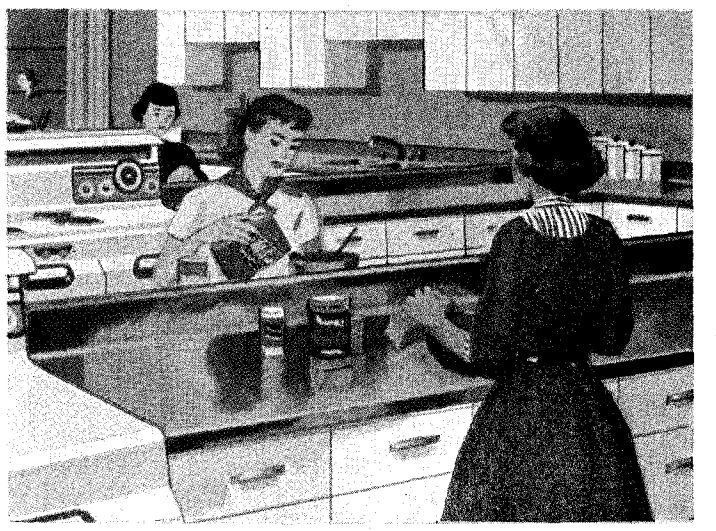
ion-Vent is a lightweight, insulated wall panel complete with window. by Republic's Truscon Steel Division, it puts the mass production and lation economies of standard steel windows within reach of every school. ion-Vent panels are only 1½" thick. This means additional useful floor . Your architect knows about this new development. Or, write us.

NEW WAY OF BOLTING GETS WALLS READY FAST. Steel can be fastened to steel with Republic's high strength bolts at lower cost than it can be riveted. Only two men are needed. And there's no fire hazard.

High strength bolting can get your school finished faster, more quietly—and at less cost—than the old building methods.



HIGH STYLE FOR HOME "EC". No better choice for home economics classrooms than Republic Steel Kitchens. Big choice of standard steel cabinets and accessories allows complete freedom of design, and quick, easy installation. Steel kitchens are efficient, easy to maintain, long lasting, trouble-free. Good looking, too. Republic ENDURO® Stainless Steel counter tops are brightly handsome, easy to care for. Republic Steel Kitchens—a product of Republic's Berger Division—are available in "Harmony Hues"... delicate, blendable pink, turquoise and yellow, as well as classic white. There's a distributor near you.

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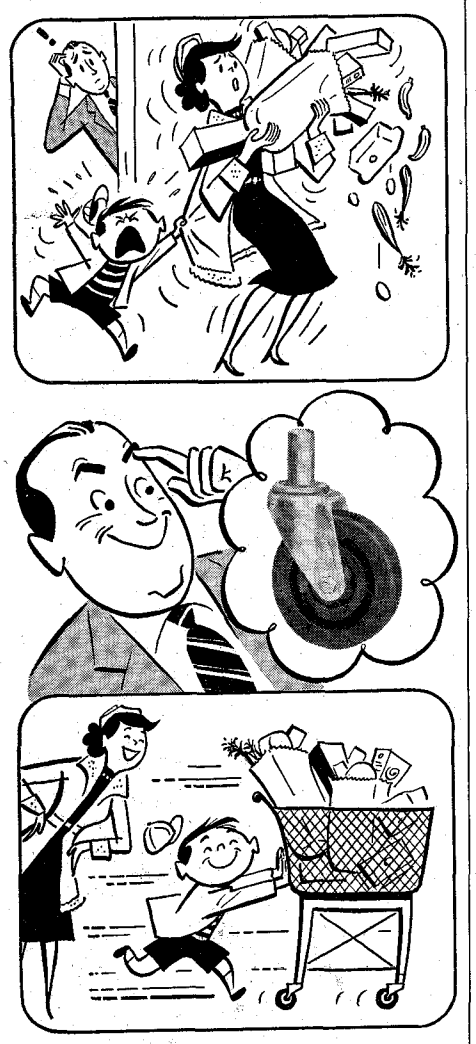
ROLLING ALONG WITH Bassick

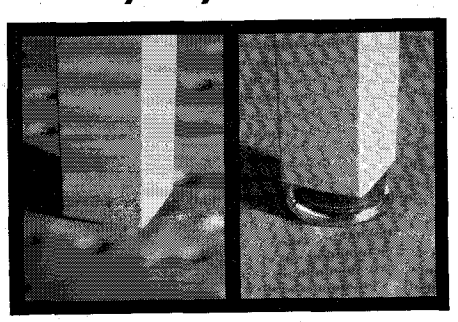


Easy on your customers!

Supermarket or corner grocery—both make friends of customers when they provide shopping carts equipped with easy-rolling, rugged Bassick "Diamond-Arrow" casters. Two-level ball race for fast swivelling. Heavy-gauge formed steel construction for long service.

Make sure your carts have Bassick casters—they're precision-made to take the toughest jolts and keep going.

Easy on your floors!



Even the hardest floor can't stand up under the digging action of heavy furniture with narrow or domed legs. Put an end to floor erosion in your home and office by equipping desks, chairs, tables and sofas with Bassick Rubber-Cushion Glides. Broad, flat base of polished, hardened steel distributes load over wide area, slides at a touch. Live rubber smothers shocks. THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport 2, Conn. *In Canada:* Belleville, Ontario.

Bassick A DIVISION OF STEWART SW WARNER

MAKING MORE KINDS OF CASTERS... MAKING CASTERS DO MORE

(*Continued from Page 68*) "with some left over. And don't mind taking it; it's money you've earned working here. There's a train out tonight at two, and one at nine-thirty tomorrow morning. Be on one of them."

"O.K. if I wait till morning?" Tuck asked.

"Just as you like," Enos said.

Tuck went to the stairs, turned there with his hand on the rail. "About pulling Tony off you," he said. "That one's on me. No charge for it, no charge at all." The old man didn't answer, didn't turn. He was sitting in his chair, his back as stiff as if he had a set of shotgun barrels for a spine. "How about a guy like you?" Tuck said. "Good night."

He went to his room and locked the door. He stripped out of the too-big clothes and threw them on the floor, bitterness twisting his young face into ugly lines. He dressed in his own clothes—short, tight-fitting jeans, a faded shirt, a leather jacket. He stretched out on the bed to wait. In a little while Sue came to the door and called his name. When he didn't answer, she went away.

The house was quiet, the others asleep, by eleven o'clock. Tuck waited an hour more, then got up. He used no light and he carried his shoes. He moved along the dark hallway and went down the stairs, staying close to the wall to avoid any squeaking of the floors. He hadn't forgotten any of the things he'd learned prowling houses in the East, getting back in stride was a breeze.

Downstairs, he went straight to the desk. He didn't expect the cashbox and the money to be there—nobody but a sucker would leave it there with a known thief in the house. But the box had not been moved. That gave Tuck a long moment's pause. Finally, he caught up the money and stuffed it in the pocket of his leather jacket. Then he went to the gun cabinet and found the revolver. A box of shells was in a drawer below.

"All set," he whispered to himself. "Now look out for John Tucker. . . ."

The front door was not locked. It had never been. There was no lock, no key. But for Tuck, somehow, it was locked. He could not go through it. He stood before it, cursing himself angrily in the darkness, hunting the reason. The reason was Sue Bannon—he knew that in a moment. He couldn't do this to her. Not after what she'd done for him. Any other, yes! But not Sue. He turned suddenly, and went back to the desk. He left the money and the gun and scribbled a hasty note. "Changed my mind. See you around sometime. Tuck."

Out in the night, then, walking the highway, he found he'd turned toward town and the nearest railway station. Well, there was sense in that. Enos would be smart enough to see if he'd taken the train. If he hadn't, the state patrol and every other cop would be hot after him. So take the train—he could get off, couldn't he? Sure, at any station along the line. He could get a refund for what he didn't use of his ticket. He'd have plenty for decent clothes and a gun. With a gun, he could make plenty more. He grinned to himself. "How about that, Enos?"

A farmer, out late, gave him a ride into town. He was a little guy, and old. Tuck thought how easy it would be to take his car and whatever dough he had and kick him out. But he didn't. Time enough for that later. At the station, he bought his ticket. At the newsstand, he bought some magazines. They were magazines that had to do with hunting and fishing, and two had to do with dogs alone. He fell asleep in the chair car, reading about golden retrievers. He passed a lot of stations.

In the morning, he began reading again. Some of the articles he read two and three times. He didn't know why he did it and he didn't try to find out. He put off leaving the train. "Omaha," he said. "There's a layover there, and it's a big town."

With that settled, he could read and think about dogs. Thinking about the kind of place he'd have, if he ever wanted to build one. Like Maple Meadow, only better. And he'd raise goldens and maybe pointers, instead of Labs and springers.

He was surprised to find out how quickly the train reached Omaha. And a little angry about it. He wasn't ready. He was having himself a time with his dream-kennel; he didn't want to quit yet. And he didn't quit. He moved out with the other people who were leaving the train for a stretch during the layover, but he insisted that his mind stay full of dogs and dog training. And again he didn't know why it was so important to him to do so.

"Stick around the station," he told himself. "Be sure the old guy didn't put a tail on you, then cut out."

Beside the newsstand was as good a place as any to wait. You could pretend to read and watch the crowd over the top

... ...

Greetings (Belated)

By THOMAS USK

I've noted in a little book
Each important family date
At which I never fail to look
Too early or a trifle late!

... ...

of a magazine or a book. You didn't even have to buy. He found a paperback, after a lot of looking, that had to do with dogs. A story, not an article, but it had all the dope on pointers and pointer field trials. He didn't fake reading; he read. And he didn't watch the crowd; he watched the clock.

He knew now there was a war on inside him. He couldn't deny it any longer. He was reading like crazy and he was sweating and his insides were hurting. But he wasn't going to jar loose; John Tucker wasn't going to be a sucker for anybody! But still, if a guy could get going right ——

He looked at the clock, his face desperate now. Two minutes, and the train would pull out. Two minutes and he'd be free. He waited one minute and lost the fight. He tore a dollar bill from his pocket, threw it as pay for the book at the girl behind the cash register, and ran out and caught the train.

"So I'm chicken," he said, staring at his shaking hands. "So what?" Then he began to look ahead. Maybe they let you out of the reformatory when you were eighteen, if you were a right guy. He could sure finish high school while he was in there. Even if they didn't let him out till he was twenty-one, there were correspondence schools a guy could write to. There must be one that could teach a guy to be a vet. An elderly man stopped, then, beside Tuck's seat and looked down at him.

"What's the matter, son?"

"Nothing," Tuck said. "G'wan, beat it!"

The juvenile authorities took him in. They were impersonal and implacable, as they must be; their questions were searching. Where had he been? What crimes had he committed? What were his intentions now? Tuck answered truthfully, adding two thefts they had not credited to him. And it wasn't hard. He wanted to be done with it, to be free of it. And after the processing was finished, he was brought to stand before the judge of the juvenile court to make his plea.

"Guilty," Tuck said.

The judge was a bald-headed man with a short, sharp nose and big, dark-rimmed glasses. He looked like an owl to Tuck and seemed about as friendly. He stared at Tuck, then he shuffled papers for a long moment. Finally, he sat back.

"Is Clay Bannon here?" he asked.

"Here, sir," a quiet voice said.

Tuck turned to see a big man, lean and hard-muscled and deeply tanned, coming toward him. Sue's husband—Tuck was sure he would have known him anywhere. He was all Sue had said he was—twenty-eight, blue eyes, sun-streaked hair. Those were the shoulders that had filled the shirts Tuck had tried to fill, that was the smile he'd heard about. Clay Bannon's smile was for Tuck, and he held out a strong, tanned hand.

"Hello, Tuck," he said. "It's good to know you."

Tuck took the hand, his knees shaking. "I—I don't get it."

Clay Bannon's arm went around his shoulders. "You will," he said. And they faced the judge together. And the judge took his time getting around to what he had to say.

"John Tucker," he said finally, "because of the recommendations of people who know you, who know about you, and because your recent conduct seems to warrant it, I am going to withhold sentence. I am going to parole you into the custody of one Enos McClelland, and into the further custody of Sue and Clay Bannon. These people have endorsed your character. I find no reason to doubt them. There will be restitutions to make to the amount taken in your thefts. You can do this with money that will be paid you for part-time work at Maple Meadow Kennels. When you have accomplished this, your parole will be lifted. Now you are free to go."

Clay Bannon said, "Thank you, sir."

And Tuck echoed, "Yes—yes, thanks!"

In the corridor, still dazed, Tuck looked at Clay Bannon, shaking his head. "I—I still don't get it. Where did you come from? How did you know I ——"

"I heard about you by telephone," Clay said, "the day you arrived at Maple Meadow. Sue and Enos have been keeping me posted almost daily ever since. They were sold on you, lad, from the very first day. And so was I." He dropped a big hand on Tuck's shoulder. "You've made the three of us very happy people."

"Sue, maybe, and you. But not Enos!"

Clay Bannon smiled. "Enos probably most of all. If you hadn't got here, I think it would have killed him. He was so sure you'd come through. He wanted you to so badly."

"I'll be darned!" Tuck said. Then his face sickened. "I pretty near didn't. Do you know that? I was going to cut out, I really was! I almost took his money and a gun from the house."

"He knew it. He knew how it would be and he sweated with you every foot of the way. You had to come back on your own, don't you see? It wouldn't have been any good, if you hadn't. I couldn't be here waiting for you. But you came, and because you came, I was here. It was a good job, Tuck."

"I—I don't know what to say."

"Your face says it for you," Clay Bannon told him. "Let's travel, Tuck. I've got a trailer parked in an auto court, loaded with a half dozen springers, all itching to go. Maybe, with your help, one of them can win us a field trial or two."

THE END

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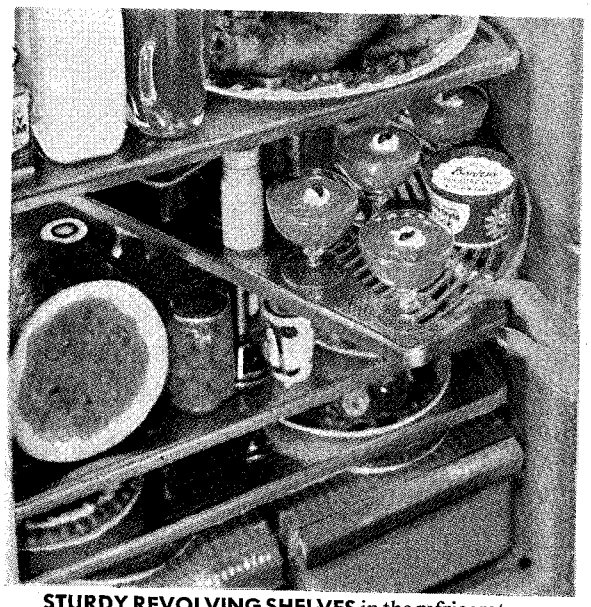
LH-14N. Available in Mix-or-Match Colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown—or White. Your choice of either right- or left-hand doors.

14-cubic-foot General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer has Revolving Shelves . . . Magnetic Door



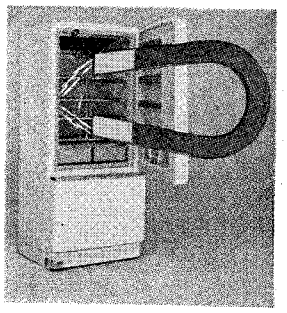
STURDY REVOLVING SHELVES in the refrigerator compartment put all foods at your fingertips. And shelves may be adjusted up or down to accommodate bulky foods—just press the button and turn the shelf.

REVOLVING SHELVES PUT ALL FOODS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS
. . . MAGNETIC DOOR CLOSES SURELY, SILENTLY, AUTOMATICALLY!

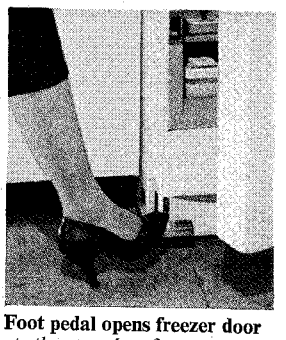
You actually get *two* extra-large appliances in one streamlined cabinet: A big automatic-defrost refrigerator compartment at *top*, and a zero-degree freezer at *bottom* that holds up to 130 pounds.

The new magnetic refrigerator door swings shut automatically. Safe, too! Children can't be locked inside the refrigerator section because the door is *latchless* and can be opened easily from within!

Ask your G-E dealer about easy terms and generous trade-in allowances. For the dealer nearest you see your local classified telephone directory. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



Permanent G-E Alnico magnet on refrigerator door provides silent, automatic closing . . . seals effectively.



Foot pedal opens freezer door at the touch of your toe. Leaves both hands free for carrying foods.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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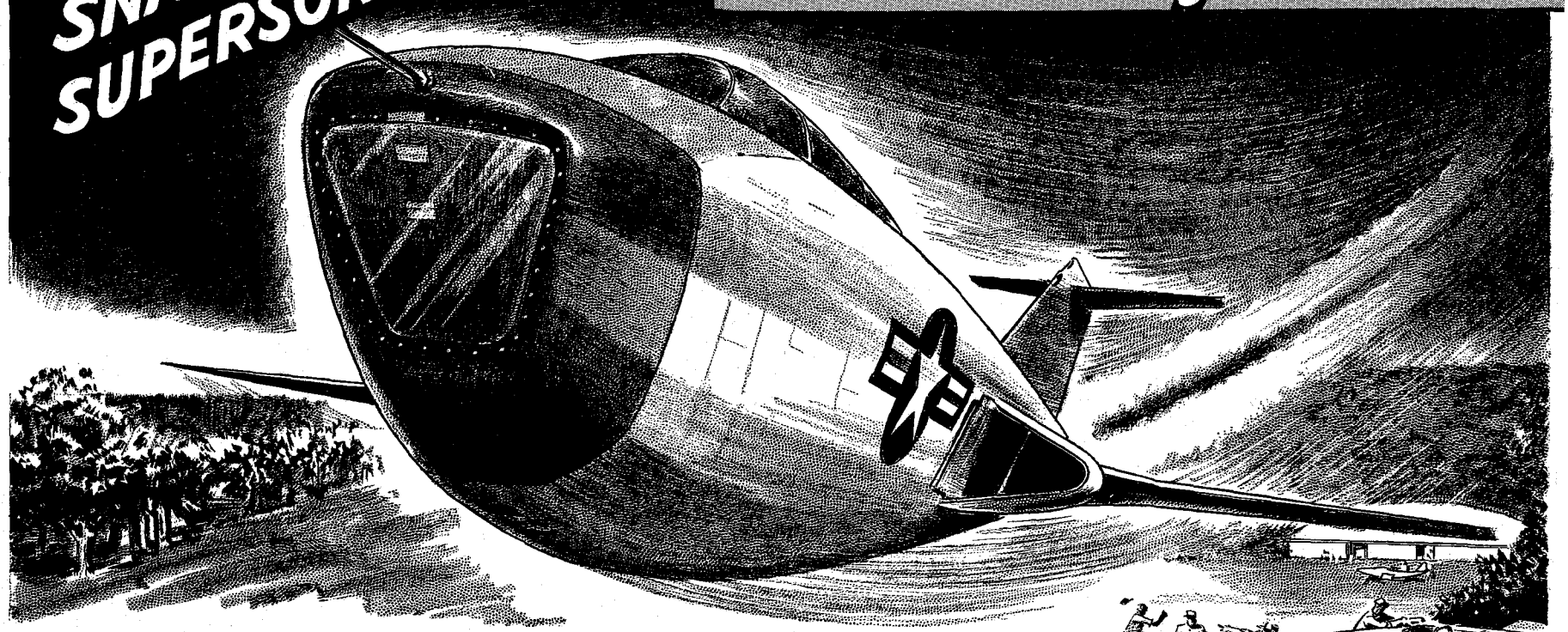
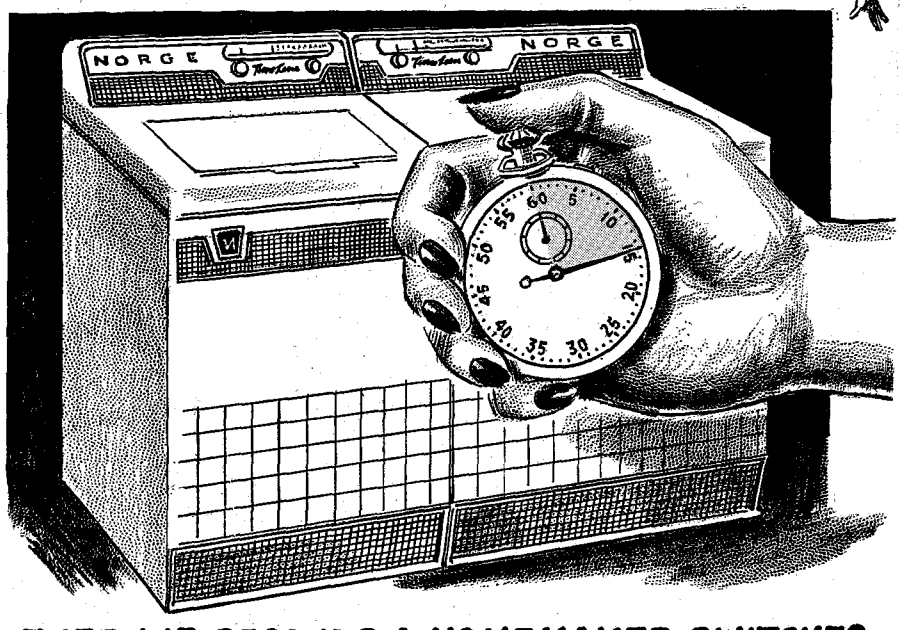
NEW JET SNOOPER SNAPS PHOTOS AT SUPERSONIC SPEED!

RIPLEY'S



STREAKING IN OVER THE TREETOPS, ALMOST TOO FAST TO BE SEEN, THE VOODOO PHOTO-JET SNAPS ITS CLOSE-UPS AND IS GONE. PRECISE MANEUVERING IS IMPERATIVE. BUT AT THESE SUPERSONIC SPEEDS CONTROL SURFACES ARE UNDER SUCH FORCE NO PILOT COULD MOVE THEM. THE NEEDED "MUSCLE" IS PROVIDED BY 4 LITTLE CONTROL CYLINDERS SPECIALLY CREATED BY **B-W'S WESTON HYDRAULICS**. IN 5/1000 OF A SECOND THEY MULTIPLY MERE OUNCES OF PILOT TOUCH INTO 15 TONS OF PUSH OR PULL ON THE VOODOO'S CONTROL SURFACES.

AMERICA'S FIRST CAR WITH AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSION--1904! IN THE STURTEVANT, AN AUTOMATIC GEAR AND CLUTCH TRANSMISSION DID THE SHIFTING. IT SERVED UP "LOW" OR "HIGH"--WITH A BUMP AND MANY SLIPS. TODAY'S GREATEST CONTRASTS TO THAT EARLY DRIVE ARE **B-W AUTOMATIC TRANSMISSIONS**. THEY SHIFT ALMOST SOUNDLESSLY, AND WITH SUCH SPLIT-SECOND ACCURACY THAT POWER FLOWS FROM ENGINE TO WHEELS IN A SINGLE UNBROKEN STREAM.



EVERY 15 SECONDS A HOMEMAKER SWITCHES TO LAUNDERING THE NORGE WAY!

AMERICANS ARE BUYING **B-W NORGE** TIMELINE* WASHERS AND DRYERS AT THE RATE OF 4 EVERY MINUTE OF EVERY SHOPPING DAY. THIS ALL-TIME HIGH DEMAND CAN BE TRACED TO THESE TWO NORGE MACHINES THEMSELVES. THEY WILL LAUNDER AND DRY WITH PERFECT SAFETY ANY WASHABLE FABRIC FROM DELICATE SYNTHETICS TO HEAVY WOOLENS.

185 PRODUCTS IN ALL ARE MADE BY BORG-WARNER

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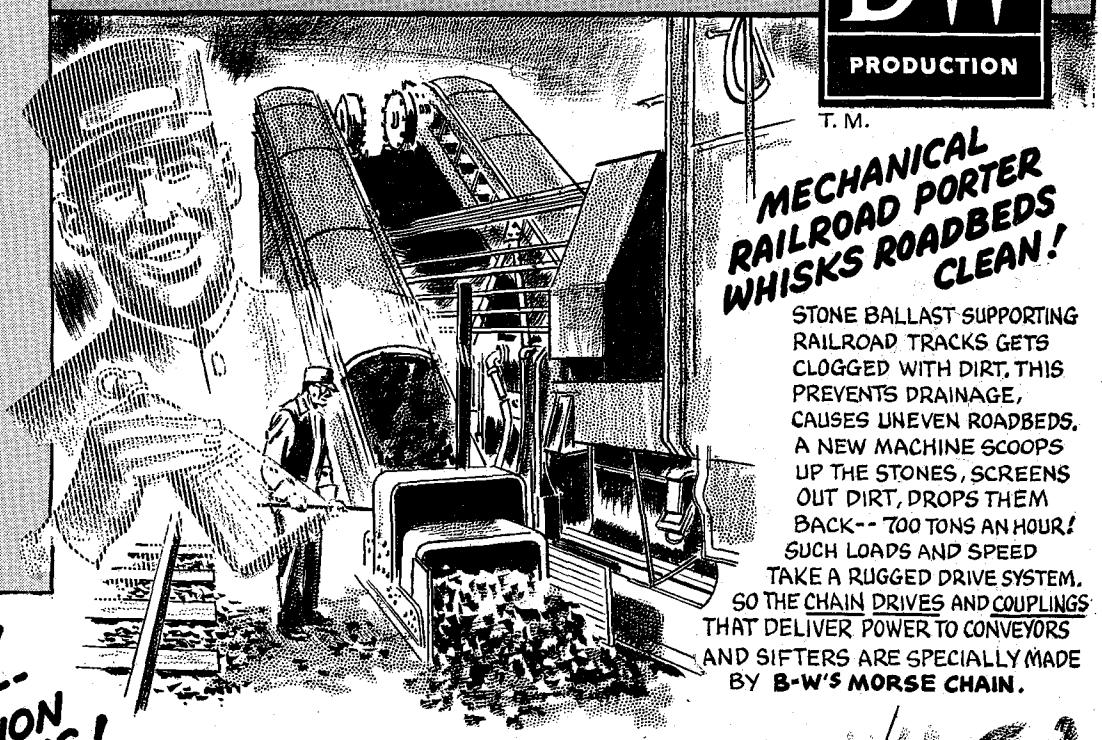
Believe It or Not!

ENGINEERING **B-W** PRODUCTION

T. M.

BORG-WARNER SKILL AND INGENUITY BENEFIT ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN EVERY DAY THROUGH THE AUTOMOTIVE, AVIATION, MARINE, FARM MACHINERY AND HOME EQUIPMENT FIELDS!

*19 OUT OF THE 20 MAKES OF CARS CONTAIN ESSENTIAL **B-W** PARTS. EVERY COMMERCIAL PLANE AND MANY SHIPS HAVE VITAL **B-W** COMPONENTS. 9 OUT OF 10 FARMS USE **B-W** EQUIPPED MACHINES. EVERY OIL FIELD USES **B-W** EQUIPMENT. MILLIONS OF HOMES HAVE **B-W** BUILDING MATERIALS, EQUIPMENT AND APPLIANCES.*



MECHANICAL RAILROAD PORTER WHISKS ROADBEDS CLEAN!

STONE BALLAST SUPPORTING RAILROAD TRACKS GETS CLOGGED WITH DIRT. THIS PREVENTS DRAINAGE, CAUSES UNEVEN ROADBEDS. A NEW MACHINE SCOOPS UP THE STONES, SCREENS OUT DIRT, DROPS THEM BACK-- 700 TONS AN HOUR! SUCH LOADS AND SPEED TAKE A RUGGED DRIVE SYSTEM. SO THE CHAIN DRIVES AND COUPLINGS THAT DELIVER POWER TO CONVEYORS AND SIFTERS ARE SPECIALLY MADE BY **B-W'S MORSE CHAIN.**

MERCY ROUTE-- 10 MILLION MILES LONG!

LAST YEAR RED CROSS VOLUNTEERS DROVE 10,000,000 MILES ANSWERING DISASTER CALLS, COLLECTING AND DISTRIBUTING BLOOD, TRANSPORTING HOSPITALIZED VETERANS, DOING OTHER IMPORTANT JOBS. BUT SUCH SERVICE IS JUST ONE PHASE OF THE GREAT, HUMANITARIAN WORK OF YOUR RED CROSS. YOU CAN HELP CARRY ON ALL ITS VITAL ACTIVITIES BY GIVING GENEROUSLY TO THE **RED CROSS FUND DRIVE** NOW.

NEW PLASTIC GOLF CLUB CAN'T CAUSE A HOOK OR SLICE!

MOISTURE ABSORBED FROM THE AIR CAUSES DISTORTION, KEEPS CHANGING THE FACE ANGLE OF ANY WOODEN GOLF CLUB. EVEN ONE DEGREE OF MISALIGNMENT MAKES A PERFECTLY HIT BALL VEER OFF 40 FEET IN A 225-YARD DRIVE. NOW A NEW KIND OF GOLF CLUB HEAD ELIMINATES SUCH DISTORTION. MADE OF CYCOLAC*, A NEW PLASTIC FROM **B-W'S MARBON CHEMICAL**, THESE HEADS ARE MOISTURE-PROOF, SO THEIR FACTORY-NEW PRECISION NEVER VARIES. THEY ARE STRONGER THAN WOOD... GIVE THE SAME "CLICK" AND FEEL.

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The Shaggy Genius of Pop Music

(Continued from Page 43)

out from disuse in the Columbia offices when Miller, who once took a psychology course and is activated by curious hunches, concluded that the world needed a catharsis. "The Korean war was on and there was a feeling of uncertainty," Miller says, "and the kids couldn't make any plans. I read in a book once that it's bad to hold back tears. You let 'em out and save yourself a lot of tension." So Miller dredged up a lachrymose but unknown youth named Johnnie Ray, and together they recorded Cry. It went over 2,000,000 and made Ray a star.

When the leaves begin to fall and there's a nip in the air, Miller tends to think in terms of vasodilators that will warm the tissues. He puts out waltzes, for instance, or campus songs or melodies with a strong beat. During one of these November chills Miller came across a raucous oddity called Mule Train in which he could almost see the dust and the heat waves in the desert. Miller frantically tracked down Frankie Laine in a Minneapolis night club and played a crude arrangement of the tune over the long-distance phone. Two days later in Chicago a somewhat reluctant Laine belted the number into a recording microphone, and Miller subsequently dubbed in horsewhip cracks with two blocks of wood. The disk eventually sold over 2,000,000, and Miller now looks back on the experience with an awed respect for his own clairvoyance. "Suppose I had released it in summer?" he says soberly. "It would never have been a hit."

Miller recently crystal-gazed himself into the hit parade with a disk on which his name appeared as the recording artist and on which, for the first time, he therefore personally collected royalties. The song, a hundred-year-old march-time piece called The Yellow Rose of Texas, had appeared in an expensive Confederacy album without fracturing anyone. Miller, whose stubborn prescience had convinced him the nation was ready for a revival of Civil War tunes, pulled the song from the album and wrote a new arrangement. Among other things, it was the first time snare drums had ever been strongly featured on a pop record, and Miller was so ecstatic about the results that he ordered 100,000 pressings, an unprecedented first run.

"But, Mitch," said one shocked official, "all our salesmen are away at the convention. Who's going to push it?"

"It will push itself," Miller replied. "And if it doesn't go, I'll buy back the leftovers myself for fifteen cents apiece—that's your cost—and I'll remainder them in the sorghum-and-molasses belt."

The convention was still under way when The Yellow Rose of Texas took off, but in due time Miller had the pleasure of receiving a gold-plated record himself, symbolizing a sale of 1,000,000. Not long afterward he was not only made an honorary citizen of Texas but also assured that his royalties would be $35,000 or more.

The laboratory in which Miller brews his musical draughts is a relatively modest set of offices at 799 Seventh Avenue in New York, from which it is said that he can hear the wailing of Tin Pan Alley song publishers, two blocks away.

Miller, who is known to most of the natives as "The Beard," often arrives at his office at seven A.M. so he can have two hours to work alone, as well as to harden himself against the sales pitches of writers, singers and publishers. "Of course, I don't feel so badly about the ones who have offices in our building," he says. "They've only got one flight to go." Miller's office is cluttered with the tools of his craft—a small piano, tape recorders, amplifiers and record players—and the windows are hung with Venetian blinds, which he keeps shut tight, supposedly to keep nosy rivals in buildings across the street from spying on him.

After nine A.M., when his secretary, Kay Marine, checks in, the cloistered stillness ends and Miller, an adrenaline-saturated man who rarely needs more than four hours' sleep at night, is onstage for the rest of the day. Suspendered, and often tieless—because he is afraid the wrong colors or patterns will clash with his beard—Miller nevertheless makes an awe-inspiring sachem, and his barrel chest, lethal cigars and visored cap only add to the effect. There is always a tidal wash of visitors, and the Columbia switchboard handles an average of 110 incoming calls for him every day. He accepts only one out of three, and the operators have to resort to white lies when he won't talk.

There is an atmosphere of frenzy when Miller is generating voltage in the office, and the tension is not lessened by a discordance of sound from pianos or phonographs in other offices, or by the mumbo-jumbo chatterings of artists and publishers as they mill around outside the inner sanctum.

Since Miller is committed to making some 400 sides a year, he must listen to thousands of songs—he once estimated that he auditions forty tunes on an aver-

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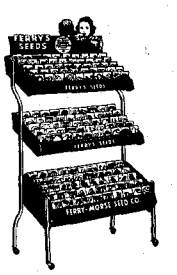
Here is a brand-new beauty that can be the showpiece of your garden all summer long. With its saucer-size blossoms and rich colors, Ferry's New Century Mixed Zinnia will add new excitement and pleasure to your gardening . . . and to your cut-flower arrangements. Yet, though it offers you so much extra beauty, this amazing new zinnia is *so easy* to grow.

1856-1956—Our First 100 Years



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age day—and consequently he is sometimes frosty and abrupt with unknown supplicants.

"Everybody thinks he's a singer," Miller says. "Or a song writer. When a guy's too anxious, the tune is usually lousy. I know what I want in a song. I've said it in different ways, but I usually tell people: Keep it sexy, keep it simple, keep it sad. A good number has to have self-identification. People want to think: 'This could be me. If I could write words or music to express myself, this is how I'd say it.' Most amateur writers don't seem to get that at all."

Miller's inexorable assembly line has forced him into certain practices which, though they have hit-or-miss aspects, reduce friction and save precious time. He rarely has a new song played for him, for instance, but "hears" it solely by glancing at the notes, a feat which flabbergasts publishers who can't tell an arpeggio from a cinnamon bun. He will not look at unsolicited songs, nor will he give live auditions to untried singers. The rule on unidentified composers, once loosely applied, has been more strictly enforced since shortly after Frankie Laine recorded a song entitled In the Beginning. About the same time a man in St. Louis submitted a quite different melody with the same title, and then filed suit against Miller, charging plagiarism. "That title came right out of the Bible!" Miller screamed in protest. He also proved that the Laine recording was made before the plaintiff sent in his song, and eventually the case was thrown out of court. But Miller has been unreachable by unknown writers ever since; he insists on having songs come from recognized channels.

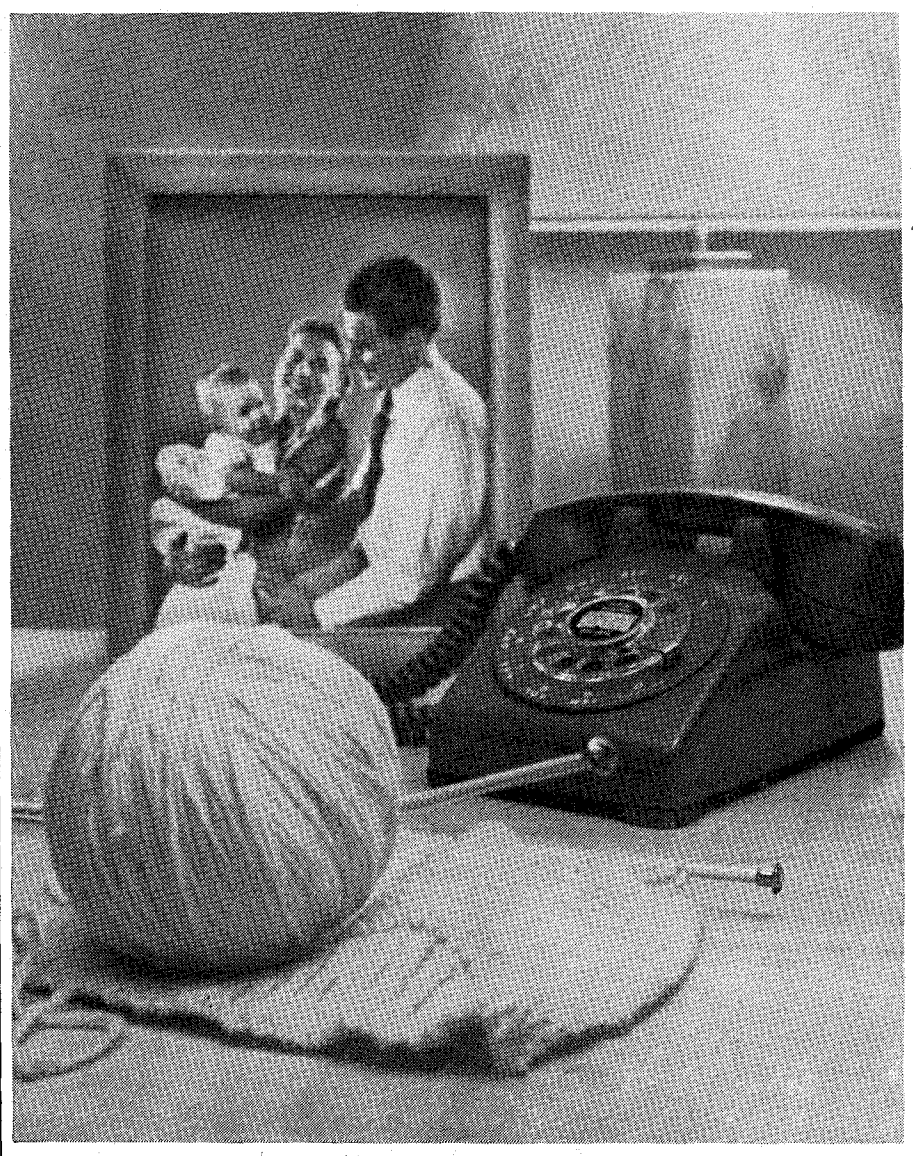
Miller's glacial attitude toward singers who show up with sheet music and a piano accompanist has been a source of irritation to agents, but on this point he is as steadfast as Horatius at the bridge. Miller argues that some great musical personalities unaccountably shrivel and die when they are subjected to the clinical atmosphere of the recording studio, which, in Columbia's case, is a barnlike abandoned church on East 30th Street. Lena Horne, Judy Garland, Tallulah Bankhead and Dorothy Dandridge are notable examples of stars whose phonographic appeal suffers a strange blight because they cannot be seen. So Miller is loath to risk money on an artist unless he is convinced, for some occult reason, that the soloist will fracture the public without visual appeal.

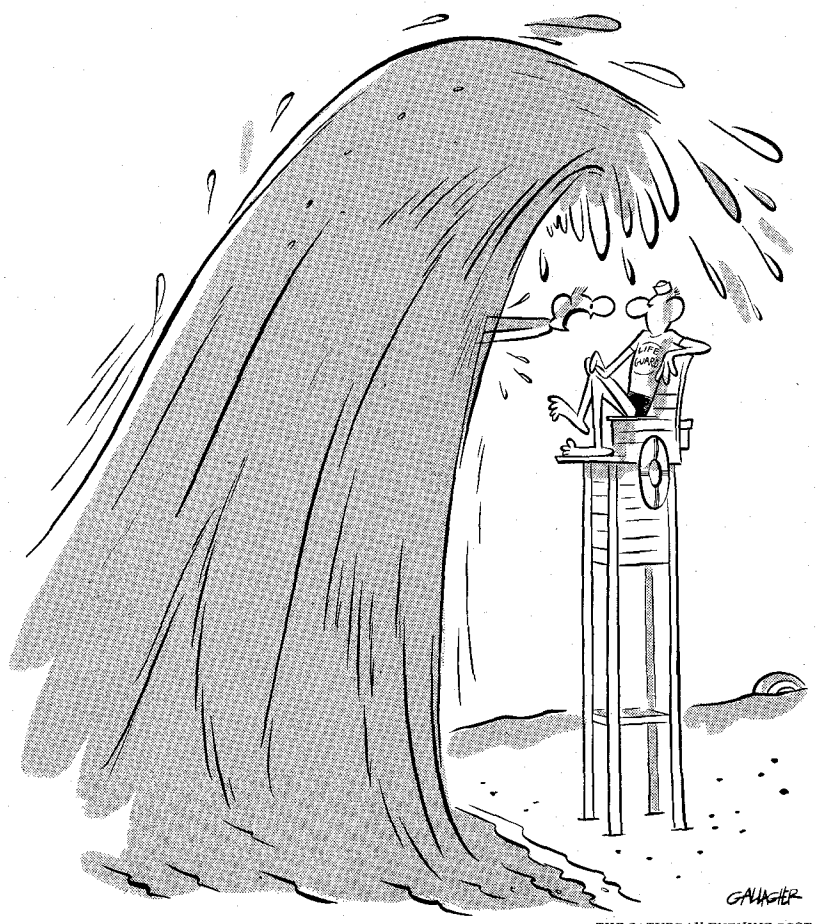
"In pop records the voice usually comes first and the window dressing later," Miller says firmly. "A singer who has that certain something can sell records to people who may never see him or her in the flesh, and don't care if they do."

One of the nuggets Miller uncovered in this sort of musical blindman's buff was an ex-serviceman named Anthony Dominick Benedetto, who had vainly pleaded to be heard in person. Piqued but persistent, Benedetto spent his last five dollars to make a crude recording of Boulevard of Broken Dreams, and when he heard it, Miller flipped, as the saying goes. Presently, with his name changed to plain Tony Bennett, the young man recorded a love song called Because of You which sold 1,500,000 copies and made him a name overnight. "Whatever I've got," he now says humbly, "I owe to Mitch."

Miller's snap judgment on hidden talent is almost as infallible as a Geiger counter. When the prospecting looks good, Miller's bliss is apt to be betrayed by a salvo of booming laughs, nonstop monologues in a high-pitched voice, and an increasing but absent-minded consumption of frankfurters, grapes, honey, yoghurt, meat balls, sour pickles, ginger ale and other snacks which he keeps in his personal office refrigerator.

One such sequence began shortly after a Hollywood agent brought Miller a sample recording by a twelve-year-old boy named Jimmy Boyd. Miller was enchanted by the lad's Panlike piping and feverishly went through musty archives, as far back as the Jackie Coogan period, for songs Jimmy might do. "This boy was Shirley Temple with trousers on," Miller says, "but none of Shirley's old numbers sounded right." (*Continued on Page 79*)





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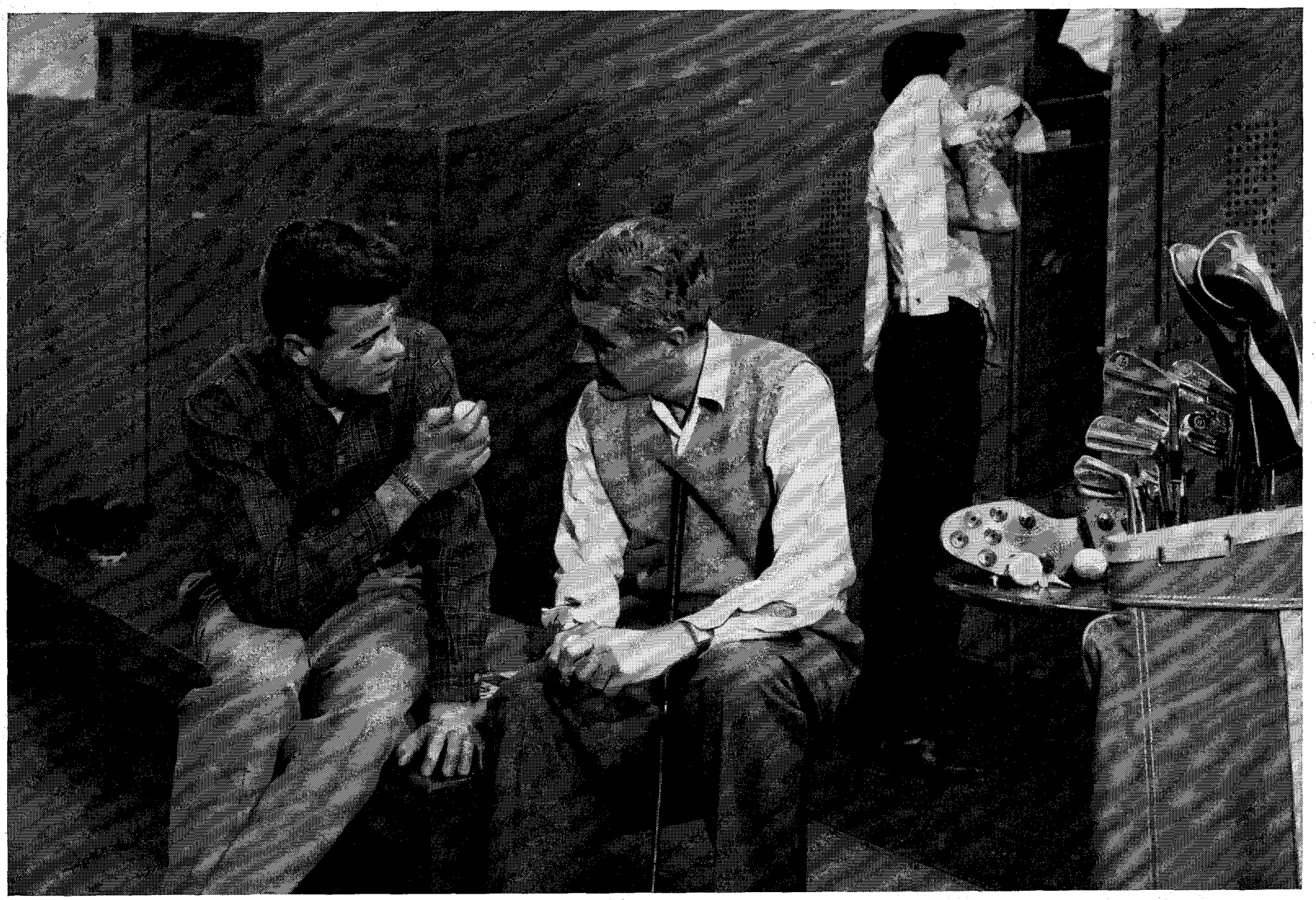

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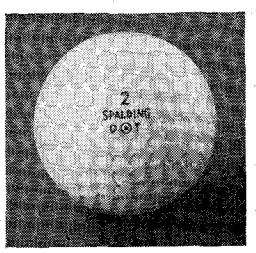
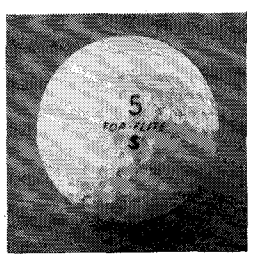
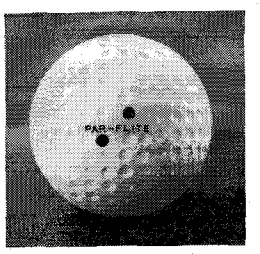


The new DOT® is made to give maximum distance for the long-hitting golfer. The revolutionary DURA-THIN* cover of this long-distance ball keeps the DOT uncut, unscuffed and perfectly round far longer. DOTS are priced at $14.75 a dozen or 3 for $3.75.



Spalding's tough, TOP-FLITE® balls are made for rugged play. Their extra-strong cover takes far more punishment than any ordinary top-quality golf ball . . . yet gives the maximum in long-distance performance. Priced at $14.75 a dozen or 3 for $3.75.



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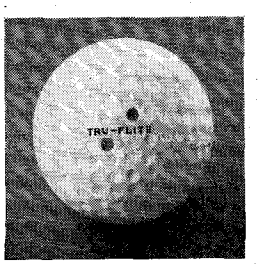

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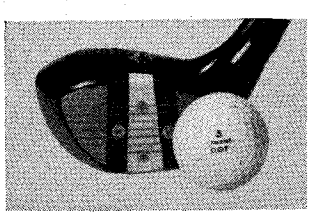

*TRADE-MARK

SPALDING
SETS THE PACE IN SPORTS

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(*Continued from Page 77*) Miller's digging finally unearthed a freakish tune called I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus. The irreverent lyrics may have offended people who couldn't imagine Old Saint Nick as an amorous home wrecker, but the platter addicts turned it into Miller's all-time best seller. The record almost hit the 3,000,000 mark and gave Jimmy Boyd one very remarkable Christmas. Since then, alas, his voice has changed to an adolescent croak.

When a few dissenters rebel against lyrics of questionable dignity, as happened in the Santa Claus song, Miller accepts the criticism with a philosophical shrug. "Perhaps a lot of it is drivel," he says. "But a pop song doesn't make a claim on anyone's life, and the lyrics aren't there at the expense of something else. The lyrics of great operas sound silly, too, if you separate them from the music. Even some of Stephen Foster's songs have bad lyrics and insult your intelligence."

When a new hit song is in the gestation period, Miller dissects the lyrics as scientifically as an autopsy surgeon. The following excerpt from a phone conversation between composer Carl Stutz in Richmond, Virginia, and Miller in New York is characteristic of the analytical probing on a love song.

STUTZ *(reading lyrics)*: "How long I've waited to find your soul in a kiss."

MILLER: Very good, Carl. Better than before.

STUTZ: It's not too rough?

MILLER: No, no. Go on.

STUTZ: Well, there are two lines that worry me. "At last I surrender to you." Mitch, we'll be banned on every station in the country.

MILLER: Forget it. Remember I Surrender, Dear, and some of those other big ones?

STUTZ: Yeah—but. And there's the word "ecstasy." That could cover a multitude of sins.

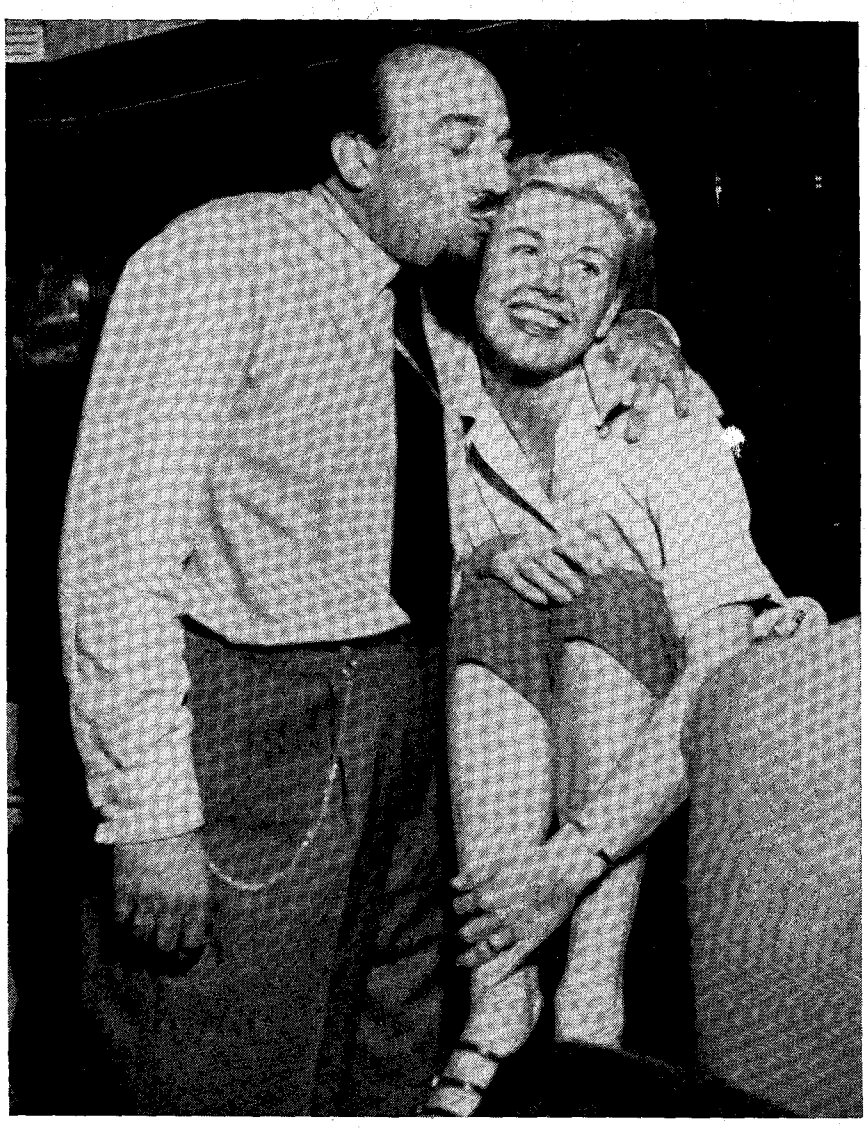
MILLER: No, no! Ecstasy is all right, Carl. But, Carl, I don't think a guy surrenders to a girl, and you got to remember this song is for a man singer.

STUTZ *(humming to himself)*: Well, all right. I think I'll have it go: "Together we share ecstasy."

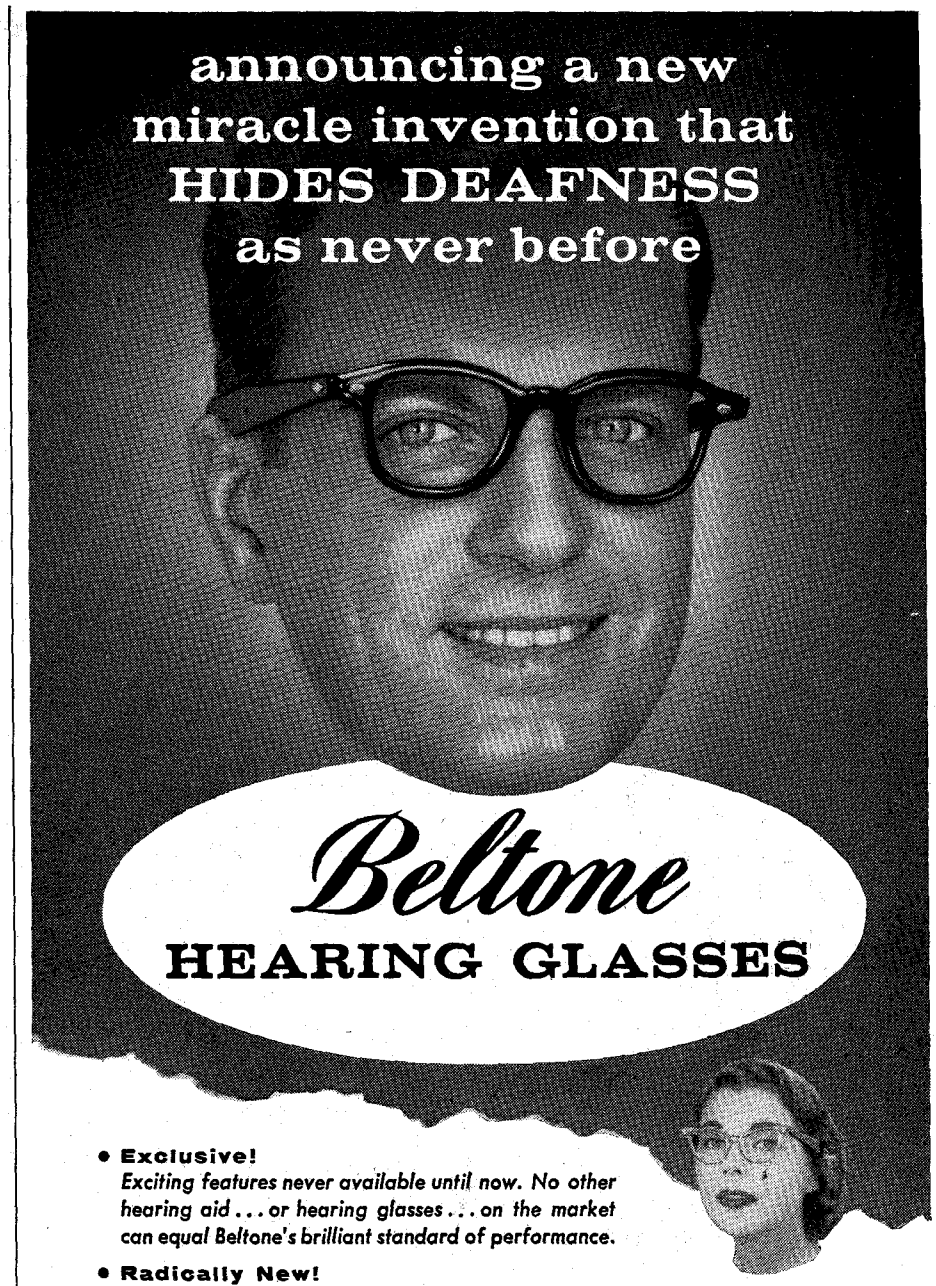
MILLER: Good, good! But make one line read: "I want to say I love you."

STUTZ: Of course.

In spite of careful assay, as in this instance, Miller occasionally misses some minor flaw, and the oversight can be both annoying and costly. Not long ago, for example, Miller recorded Mary Martin and Arthur Godfrey in a duet called Go to Sleep. It was a folksy little number about a couple who have been married fifteen years, and who talk nostalgically of their enduring love just before they go to sleep. But the record was banned by C. B. S. and, though Miller was never given an official explanation, he gloomily concluded that C. B. S. was touchy about the song because Godfrey and Miss Martin were not really man and wife. Subsequently, when Larry and Betty Parks recorded the same song and C. B. S. permitted it on the air—they were man and wife in real life—Miller knew he had guessed right. "How ridiculous can you get?" he says with a beard-shaking snort. "Our Godfrey-Martin record only sold three hundred and fifty thousand when it should have done a million. I'm against any form of censorship because I feel that when a song is wrong or the lyrics are wrong the good taste of the people will take care of it."



Doris Day is one of Miller's top-money stars. Some others: Jo Stafford, Rosemary Clooney, Frankie Laine, Vic Damone, Johnnie Ray, Tony Bennett, The Four Lads.



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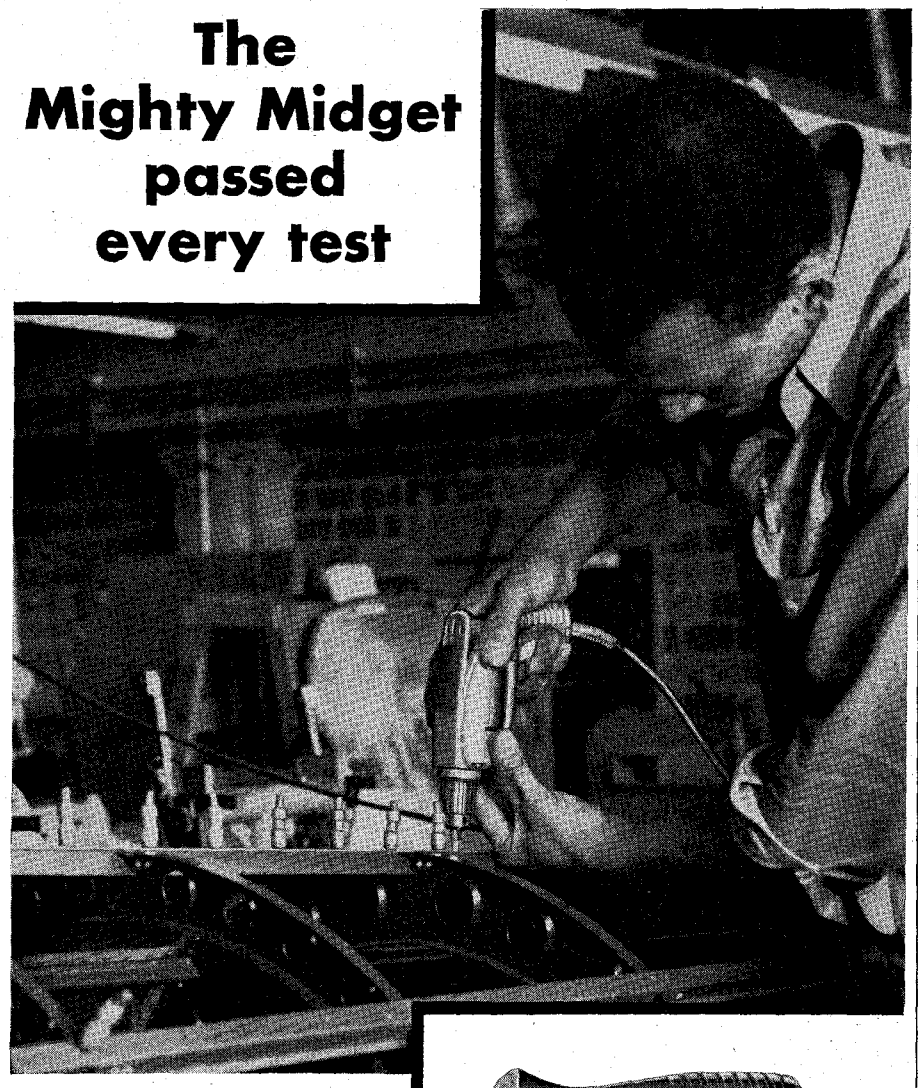
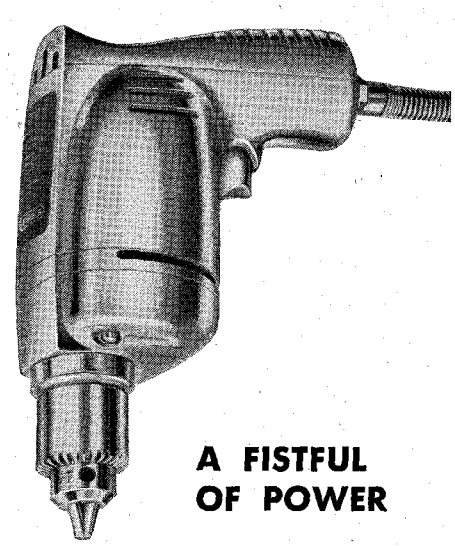
The Mighty Midget passed every test



On the production line ¾ of every hour, 18 hours a day, every day for 2 weeks. Drilling tool steel and castings up to 2″ thick. The Stanley Mighty Midget passed every test this aircraft company put it to and rated "highly satisfactory in every way."

Especially noteworthy to the testing mechanics was the Mighty Midget's ability to keep cool in continuous use. Never too hot to handle, even after hours on the job, thanks to the efficient ventilation of the Stanley-made motor.



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232	¼″ chuck	¼″ in steel ½″ in hard wood	5,000	8⅛″	3⅛ lbs.
233			3,500		
234			2,500		
235			2,000		
236			1,500		
237	⅜″ chuck	⅜″ in steel 1″ in hard wood	1,000	8½″	3⅜ lbs.
238			600		

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People who quarrel with Miller's musical nonconformities are likely to forget his sound musical training, to say nothing of his virtuosity with the oboe and English horn.

As a boy in Rochester, New York, where he was born on July 4, 1911, Miller was a piano prodigy. He could handle difficult Bach compositions before he was seven years old. At Washington Junior High School there was only one vacancy in the school band—in the oboe section—and that's how Miller first encountered the instrument whose reedy vibrations, the legends say, sometimes jar the human brain and send musicians to padded cells.

Miller has never been bothered by scrambled cerebral tissue, but he does recall that his first big chance came when the first oboeist in the Syracuse Symphony Orchestra committed suicide. Miller, who at seventeen had already astounded his teachers at the Eastman School of Music, got the job. "I guess you got to be nuts to play that instrument in the first place," he says thoughtfully. "Maybe a lot of them do go crazy."

For the next twenty years or so, Miller was probably the highest-paid oboe player in the world, traveling regularly from recording rooms to theaters, concert halls and radio studios. Indeed painter Waldo Peirce was so overwhelmed by Miller's art that he immortalized him, beard and all, in a huge oil painting quaintly titled Afternoon of an Oboe Player. Now, with Miller more or less constantly in the public eye, the painting could be considered a minor source of embarrassment, since it shows him frolicking with three naked girls in a swirl of apple blossoms.

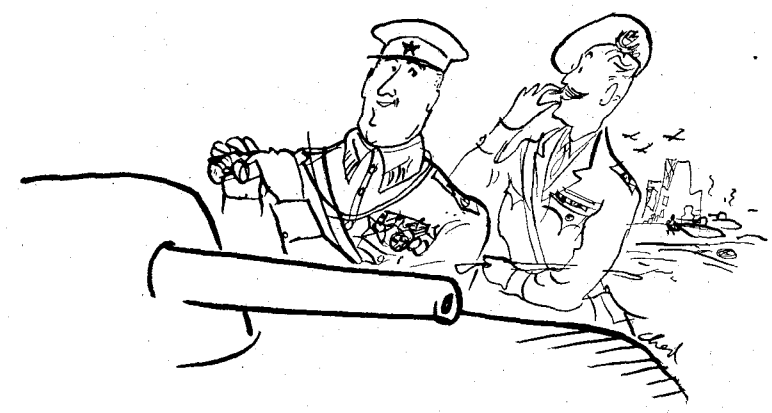
By 1947, Miller had almost exhausted the possibilities of the oboe. He had played with most of the top orchestras and had hundreds of recorded solos to his credit. He had reluctantly turned down an offer to join the New York Philharmonic because the directors could not meet his salary demands, and had been hailed as the world's top oboeist by as tough a critic as Virgil Thomson. Miller was so thoroughly linked with his instrument that a caricature published at the time, showing a heavily bearded musician and captioned: "Comes an oboe solo and he can't find his mouth," needed no further identification.

At this juncture John Hammond, of Mercury Records, who had observed Miller's talent for musical arrangements, brought him into Mercury as a contributing A. & R. man. In less than a year Miller took the struggling young company out of the red with such smashes as Mule Train, Lucky Ol' Sun and The Cry of the Wild Goose. Then he was stolen away by Columbia and put under contract at $25,000 a year, plus a substantial expense account and whatever royalties he could make on his own.

Miller had barely plastered his new office walls with huge Toulouse-Lautrec lithographs—he now owns what is probably the world's largest private collection of these original posters—when agent Eddie Joy brought him an unknown San Francisco singer named Al Cernick.

As it happened—and a lucky coincidence it was for Cernick—Miller was having some temperament difficulties with Frank Sinatra, who was on the verge of leaving Columbia. Sinatra had been brooding for weeks about his slumping sales, and had refused a new song Miller wanted him to record. When it became clear that Sinatra was checking out, Miller impulsively gave the song to the untried boy from California. Before long My Heart Cries For You sold more than 1,000,000 records and made a star of Al Cernick in his new identity as Guy Mitchell, a name he partly borrowed from Miller.

Having launched Guy Mitchell, whose later recordings made profligate use of French horns, to the despair of the symphony longhairs, Miller masterminded a similar musical revolution for a beginner named Rosemary Clooney, who was



The Perfect Squelch

A very chesty Russian general was sent as an observer during World War II into an area where British troops were fighting. A quiet young British major with an excellent combat record was detailed to the general as liaison officer, and stayed at his side wherever he went. Soon the Russian learned that the major was a peer of the realm and descendant of a long line of British noblemen. He thereupon took every occasion to praise communism and deride royalty and nobility.

Thawing out briefly once, the Russian remarked to the major, "You are not so bad, after all. If you lived in our democratic Russia, we would make a good communist of you."

"Quite likely," the major replied with a smile. "We've always been of the ruling class, you know."

C. B. Cox

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working for Columbia at a skimpy fifty dollars per side. Against her wishes, Miller had her sing in an Armenian accent with a twanging harpsichord accompaniment, and C'mon-a-My House gave Clooney her first gold-plated record.

Miller's fullback plunges against a traditionally solid line occasionally result in disastrous fumbles, but he never makes the same error twice. Some five years ago he dreamed up an item called Scottish Samba, in which Dinah Shore fought a losing battle with bagpipes. "Man!" Miller says wryly. "I guess the sound of the bagpipes drove some guys crazy. Disk jocks all over the country got violent and were breaking up the record right on the air and throwing the pieces on the floor. In a parade, bagpipes kill you, but I forgot they go by awful fast."

Miller was also thrown for a loss by Tallulah Bankhead, whose gravelly larynx is a unique instrument in its own right. Standing before the recording mike, Tallulah said, "Young fellows just adore me," but apparently there simply weren't enough young fellows to go around. Her record sold only 35,000—60,000 is considered the break-even point—and Miller never used her again.

Miller can shrug off occasional losses like these, for his roster of artists reads like a hit-parade cast. In addition to half a dozen who are more or less in the apprentice stage, he has Doris Day, Jo Stafford, Rosemary Clooney, Mindy Carson, Barbara Ruick, Peggy King, Joan Weber and Felicia Sanders, Frankie Laine, Guy Mitchell, Johnnie Ray, Tony Bennett, Vic Damone and The Four Lads. At least seven of these enjoy such steady sales that Miller can guarantee each a minimum income of $50,000 a year.

At the moment, Miller's most merciless adversary is time. To meet the ravenous appetite of the pressing plants he makes twelve round-trip flights to California and eight round trips to Chicago every year, in a pursuit of songs and talent. As a result, he often works twelve hours a day for five days in New York, then rushes to the airport, barely making a Friday-night plane for points west. He is a frequent club speaker, he emcees a C.B.S. radio network show on Sunday nights and he is often a guest on network television shows. And, in addition to all this, he is the mastermind behind the sale of 90,000,000 Little Golden records for children, an enterprise owned by Simon & Schuster, the book publishers.

Under the circumstances, Miller's pretty wife, Frances—she was a piano student at Eastman when he courted her—considers it a special dispensation when he can squeeze in a few hours at home with her and their three musically talented children, Andrea, seventeen, Margaret, ten, and Michael, eight. The family lives in a 150-year-old brick house at Stony Point, on the Hudson, forty-two miles from his Manhattan office, a journey Miller negotiates rapidly in his sports speedster.

Essentially an affectionate family man with an undeniable fondness for children, Miller nevertheless finds it difficult to reduce the pressure. On weekends the house is often swarming with musicians, composers and artists, and Miller spins through them like an egg beater. A fine trout stream runs through the property—it is successfully fished by truck drivers, plumbers and other local friends—but Miller is not an outdoor man. He prefers to play the oboe, operate a Hi-Fi amplifier that can be heard for miles or putter around the kitchen, mixing salads. Miller's preoccupation is perhaps best demonstrated by the fact that when he wants to take a message on the kitchen phone he writes it down on the gleaming white surface of a small table radio.

In his spare time Miller is a familiar figure at Democratic Party gatherings or fund-raising auctions in Rockland County. Some months ago he came home with a newly purchased poodle, named Demmy out of respect to the party. The dog, evidently unfamiliar with Miller's habit of prowling the house in the predawn hours, nearly caused a crisis in the platter business. Demmy chose to doze on the threshold between the hallway and the living room, and in the dark Miller fell over him like a sack of cement. When he came to, he had a badly broken nose and for days afterward, when Tin Pan Alley pals asked the inevitable question, he had a fast answer.

"Meet my newest hit," he said. "The red nose of Texas." THE END

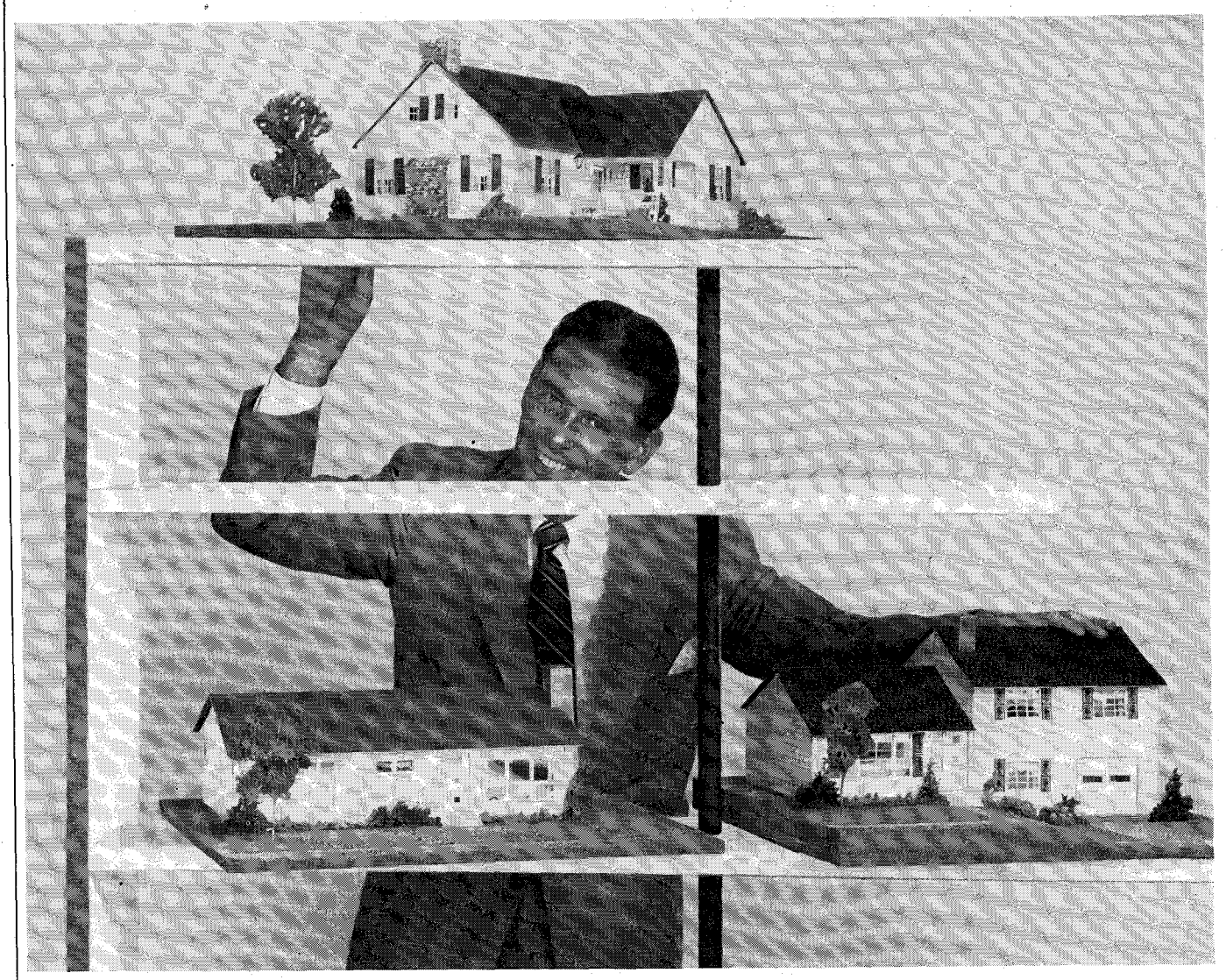
... ...

Best Time of the Day

By Hal Chadwick

How beautiful the early
dawn is,
How lovely dew upon the
lawn is
And how they start the
spirits soaring—
If one can then go back to
snoring.

... ...



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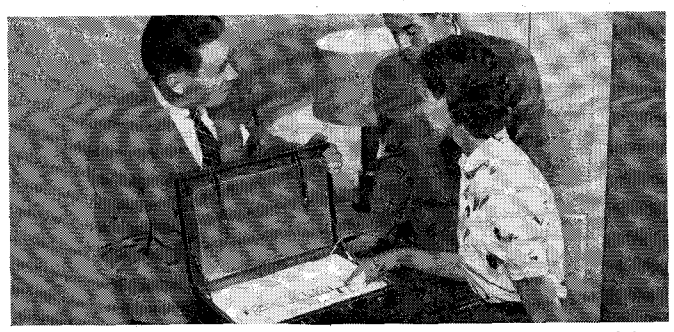

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He's Kingpin of the Barbecue Men

(Continued from Page 49)

Since the end of World War II, this un-Western-appearing Texan has become the nation's leading caterer to outdoor get-togethers, industrial picnics, office parties, church suppers, cattle sales and businessmen's conventions. The title King of Barbecue has settled around his balding head because mail thus addressed—plus the single word "Texas"—is properly routed by post-office employees.

Folks in Fort Worth find it hard to believe that "Old Walter" has become a tycoon of the alfresco eating business. With only a grammar-school education, figures make him skittish, so he lets his accountant do the fiscal bulldozing. In New Orleans he once strolled into a barbershop for a fifty-cent shave and emerged in bewilderment with a combination shave-haircut-shampoo-massage-scalp tingle that cost $3.85. But Walter knows food.

"He should," one of his employees says. "He stows away so blamed much of it."

Keep an eye peeled, and you may see his red trucks, with a yellow map of Texas on their sides, rolling along America's major highways far from Texas. In April of last year, for example, his rubber-tired chuck wagons catered the annual convention of the Young Presidents Organization at Phoenix; in May, the swank Congressional Country Club, in Washington, D.C.; in June, the national convention of the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce in Atlanta; in July, the annual meeting of the Continental Divide Electrical Co-operative in Grants, New Mexico; in August, the Alexandria, Louisiana, Lions Club; and in September, the Syria Temple Shrine picnic in Pittsburgh.

The whole year's business included approximately 3000 get-togethers of all kinds, and he served an estimated 2,000,000 persons for an over-all gross of nearly $1,500,000. In the past ten years, he calculates, he's catered 15,000 whing-dings and put the feed bag on 8,000,000 persons.

Jetton can, on brief alert, rassle up anything from a sixty-five-cent church supper of smothered steak, two vegetables, roll and pie, to a full-course $7.50 banquet featuring a sixteen-ounce, charcoal-broiled Kansas City fillet. The bulk of his business, however, is chuck-wagon dinners. Priced from one dollar to $2.25, they feature smoky-sweet barbecued beef, ribs or chicken—with ranch-style beans, Texas coleslaw, sour-dough biscuits and honey, fried pies and boiled coffee.

Recently I attended a meeting of the Dallas Association of Home Builders at Grover and Sue Godfrey's ranch, near Grapevine, Texas. One of Walter's crews laid out a Southern-fried-chicken spread for 500 people.

A guest, his mouth full of drumstick meat, complained, "This is delicious, Walter. But a man who can really barbecue chicken ought to be horsewhipped for frying it."

Jetton makes headquarters at Terrell and 7th avenues, in Fort Worth, a pleasant, shady part of Cowtown. He has invested $250,000 in a combination grocery store, butcher shop, cafeteria and barbecue kitchen. He also runs three other cafeterias. Two of them feed employees of Bell Aircraft, which turns out helicopters for the Army and Navy; the other is located at Pangburn's, one of Texas' largest confectioners.

He employs ninety people, including his brother, Glenn, and his twenty-three-year-old son, Martin. Another son, twenty-five-year-old Ray, runs a color-photo-processing laboratory next door and often helps his father. During busy periods, Jetton can whistle up 100 additional part-time helpers—cooks, waitresses, drivers.

Since the Pilgrims' first Thanksgiving, the picnic has been as solid an American institution as Plymouth Rock. But in recent years—a development speeded by World War II—our womenfolk have lost the urge to mess with salads, roast hot meats and bake cakes. In brief, the industrial, office or association picnic is challenging the traditional family get-together.

Jetton was among those who, shrewdly or luckily, were swept up in this sociological tide. But whereas most barbecue men work on a small scale and within a limited geographic area, he has developed the volume techniques to handle large crowds anywhere in the United States.

He has prepared as many as 25,000 meals for a single convention—the 1954 annual meeting of the United States Junior Chamber of Commerce in Colorado Springs—and as few as twenty-five at private parties in Texas, Oklahoma and Louisiana.

Executive chefs at The Waldorf-Astoria or the Palmer House would be astonished at the mountains of rib-sticking food turned out in Jetton's one-story establishment. Last year, for example, his cooks barbecued 500,000 pounds of beef, 100,000 pounds of ribs, 100,000 pounds of chicken, 75,000 pounds of ham, 50,000 pounds of sausage; plus 500,000 pounds of bread and biscuits, 300,000 pounds of potato salad and coleslaw, 100,000 pounds of beans, 100,000 pounds of French fries and 100,000 pies.

Jetton operates eighteen trucks, from two-ton monsters to small panel jobs, which can carry a surprising amount of food and equipment. Impressed by the utilitarian compactness of the old-fashioned chuck wagon, Walter and his assistants have equipped the vehicles with assorted refrigerators, barbecue pits, warming ovens, deep-fat boilers, racks for folding tables, extra water tanks, propane fuel tanks, charcoal racks and lockers for cutlery, plates, cups and napkins. One Jetton truck and two men can serve up to 1500 people.

Although he gets almost as many letters and callers as a man who has just struck uranium, Jetton doesn't fear competition. He knows the toll of sweat and hardship in the barbecue business. With the profits come a steady succession of worries that would discourage any but the most muley.

"Maybe I ain't got enough savvy to be discouraged," he says.

Jetton has learned through bitter experience that a caterer must have a guarantee—a cash-on-the-line agreement—for a minimum number of eaters. If he prepares food for 1500 persons and only 498 show up, he blows his profits for the week. It's easier to round up more grub for an overflow crowd—which he's had to do—than to puzzle over leftovers—which he's also done.

"Besides," he told me as he wolfed a piece of chocolate cake, "if you stick the dinner chairman with a guarantee, he'll hustle tickets."

For two years Walter has sent his trucks into West Texas to cater a series of church suppers. He happens to be a deacon in the Travis Avenue Baptist Church, and he was jawboned into these deals without the customary guarantee. Twice his trucks spent two weeks on the road and fed only 700 persons—ordinarily one night's stand.

"The first year I lost my shirt," Walter mourns. "The second, I lost two shirts."

Jetton has $250,000 worth of "belly-ache" insurance—property and personal-liability coverage. It protects him when his trucks knock over a rancher's fence post or flatten a householder's flowerbed.

A couple of years ago, when he catered a du Pont employees' picnic in Orange, Texas, about fifty persons came down with dysentery. Some blamed it on Walter's chuck-wagon dinner. But the picnic was held at an amusement park, where ice cream, soda pop and hot dogs were hawked. The villain could have been any of these. At any rate, Walter was not sued, and the du Pont people hired him again the next year.

Jetton has learned to coexist with that picnic stampeder—rain. The heaviest downpour he ever encountered was a spring cloudburst which fell on the National Broadcasting Company's Home Show, being telecast from the Western Hills Hotel in Fort Worth. The rain fell in Texas-sized barrels, but TV actress Arlene Francis and Walter soggily munched barbecued ribs under an umbrella. Another time, at an electrical contractors' convention (*Continued on Page 84*)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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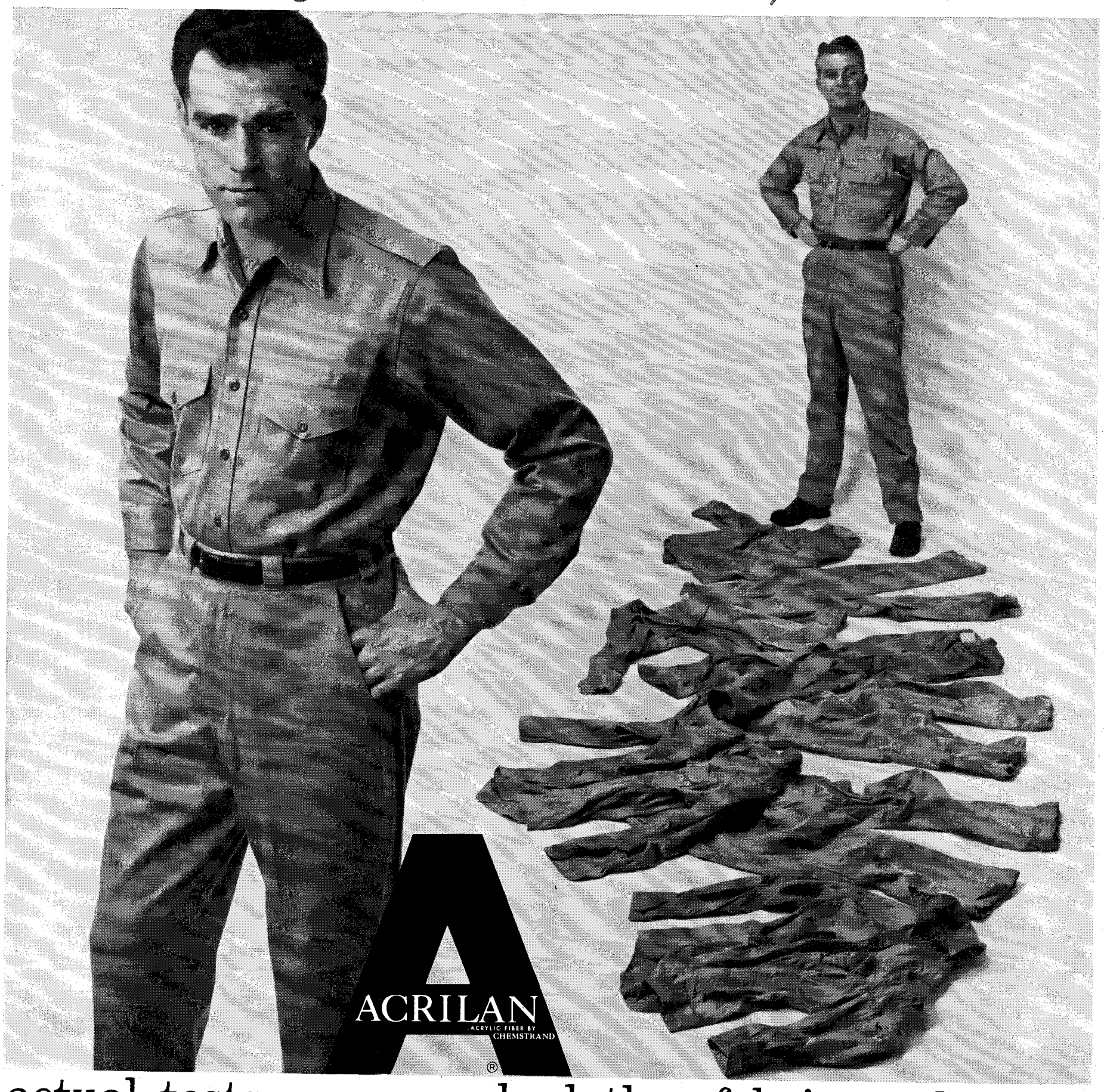

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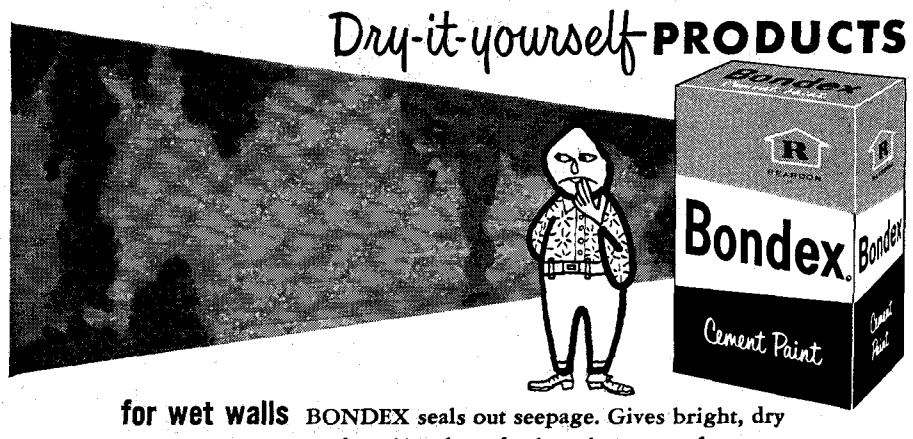

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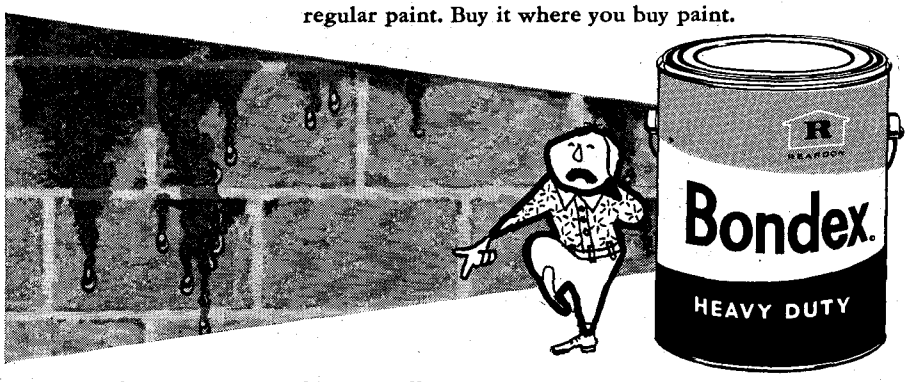

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THE REARDON COMPANY
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(*Continued from Page 82*) at Fort Worth's Pioneer Palace, a plugged drainpipe flooded the banquet floor four inches deep. Walter's crew and most of the guests merrily removed their shoes and had a "barefoot" party.

Like the old-time range cook, Walter sticks to what he calls "simple cooking"—beef, ribs, chicken, potatoes, beans, biscuits and pies. Once, at a Ford Motor Company banquet, he set up two long tables—one groaned under chuck-wagon food, the other was heaped with hors d'oeuvres, salads and dainty rolls. The chuck-wagon table was picked clean while the fancy food went begging.

"I've found that if people can't pronounce it," says Walter, "they usually don't like it."

Smoke is the secret of barbecuing, he holds. Wood from any tree that produces a sweet nut can be used—hickory, oak, pecan or walnut. Less desirable are pine, fir or juniper, whose resin makes meat taste bitter. Walter prefers the hot-burning scrub oak of Central Texas.

Jetton's barbecue expert is Ethan Boyer, a dignified, sixty-year-old Negro who has been with him thirty years. Boyer presides over an enormous brick oven with three separate grills, in which as much as 20,000 pounds of meat can be smoked daily. Before Thanksgiving and Christmas, approximately 700 turkeys are barbecued for Fort Worth and Dallas tables. Three years ago, Walter personally supervised the smoking of four suckling pigs for a London banquet in honor of Queen Elizabeth's coronation.

Each old-time range cook had a distinctive formula for beans. "Beans were the trickiest of all," declares Walter. "Still are. Altitude, chemistry of the water and the particular kind of beans make a big difference—to say nothing of the seasoning. To duplicate the taste of old-fashioned, ranch-style beans, we cook pinto beans in our own ovens, then simmer in three-legged black iron pots at the picnic grounds."

One item that defies prior preparation is the Western sour-dough biscuit. These "doughgods," or "hot rocks," must be "choked out" and shoved into a hot oven exactly fifteen minutes before hungry guests start heaping food on their plates.

Walter regards it as a sin to monkey with the range cook's method of brewing coffee. Although he uses fifteen-gallon stainless-steel containers and superheated steam, he slavishly follows the principle of a battered, smoke-blackened coffeepot bubbling in a campfire's ashes. His coffee is "flat boiled" to extract all oils and aroma. He calls it "six-shooter coffee"—strong enough to float a .44.

Where do Walter's menus come from?

"Just about all over," he says. He is an avid reader of cookbooks. He loves to gabble with housewives at church suppers and discover new ways of fixing a cheese sauce or seasoning squash. When he caters cattle sales—such as those at the Switzer and Field ranch in Gunnison, Colorado, or the L. L. Jones ranch in Garden City, Kansas—he quizzes cowhands about their favorite chow.

"My best dessert recipe came off an old sugar sack," he admits. "Jeff Davis pie. A custard concoction popular in the South."

Walter has but two culinary secrets—his barbecue sauce and his dip, a thin, brown gravy made from the drippings of barbecued meat. He'll divulge the ingredients of the sauce—meat drippings, tomato sauce, chili powder, paprika, mustard, butter, Worcestershire sauce and salt—but he won't reveal the proportions. The formula is to be willed to his sons when he dies.

Last Fourth of July, Walter had seven crews busy. I went along in his station wagon to watch how he staged an outdoor barbecue for the Safeway Employees' Association at the Dallas fairgrounds.

The operation had been launched on March thirtieth, when the group authorized Bill Cheek, social chairman, to make arrangements. Cheek telephoned Sam Ford, an ex-insurance man who heads Jetton's catering department. They agreed upon a meal priced at $1.35 for 650 adults and eighty-five cents for 350 children. Safeway would supply the bread and ice cream.

Sam wrote out the following order:

550 pounds of barbecued beef
300 pounds of ham
175 pounds of coleslaw
52 gallons of beans
350 pounds of potato salad
12 gallons of pickles
1000 green onions
130 gallons of iced tea
10 gallons of hot coffee
1250 paper plates, napkins, plastic forks

Sunday night, July third, two of Jetton's refrigerated trucks were loaded with partially cooked food. Next morning they pulled out for the Dallas fairgrounds, arriving around ten A.M. The hot items—meat, beans and coffee—were finished up on propane-fueled stoves, and the dinner laid out on three long tables. By 12:10, when the sack races were finished and the boys had shot off all their firecrackers, the Safeway crowd formed in six lines and started loading their plates.

Frank Clements, an ex-Navy chef, filled the huge food pans with meat, beans and salad. Elwin Moore, assistant purchasing agent for the Texas Steel Company, who has been helping Walter during his spare time for years; Willy Arthur Murray, a husky Negro boy; and C. S. (Jack) Frost, Clements' father-in-law, handled the bread, iced tea, coffee and ice cream.

While Walter sampled a slice of ham or a spoonful of beans, the four others worked swiftly and silently—like a well-drilled football backfield. The only words spoken were crisp commands such as "more meat" . . . "bread in the truck" . . . "paper plates." I clocked the operation. In twenty-one minutes, without undue

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

Nothing causes more accidents in this country than the other fellow.

A bachelor is a man who once thought seriously of marriage.

About the only thing your youngsters will do for a dime these days is to give you an argument on why it should be a quarter.

While many men think women's hats are funny, others have to pay for them.

Pedestrians live longer these days. Provided, of course, they're rushed to the hospital.

Some people keep the wolf from the door by changing their address.

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haste or jostling, approximately 1000 persons were served.

Walter Jetton is five feet six inches tall and weighs 220 pounds, at the age of fifty. He describes himself as "common as old plain vanilla." He looks like a butcher—which, for many years, he was. He was born in Fort Worth on April 23, 1906. His father, a railroad man of French ancestry, disappeared when Walter was two years old. From then on, life was a gritty struggle for Mrs. Grace Jetton and her brood. Her two boys were raised by their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Will P. Stewart.

Leaving grade school at the age of thirteen, young Walter became a butcher's apprentice for twenty-five dollars a week at the old Lake Street Market. "Meat is the basis of all meals; and today our catering operations are hubbed around the butcher shop," he says. "Meatcutting was sure hard on the feet, but it gave me a foundation for what I'm doing today."

In the late 1920's Walter went to work in Bert Trimble's little store at 1615 Cooper Street, and in 1937 he leased the meat counter. There he built a smoke pit in back of the store and learned to barbecue ribs, brisket, clod, sirloin butts and other slow-selling items.

One day he slipped a slice of barbecued beef inside a bun, sloshed on homemade sauce and sold it for ten cents. Soon people were coming from all over Fort Worth for Walter's dime sandwiches. Ranchers would drive by with a wild turkey or a leg of venison and ask Walter to smoke it for them.

By 1944 he had saved $3000 and bought out Trimble. Two years later he bought three nearby lots at Terrell and Seventh avenues and built what he'd always dreamed of—an "old-fashioned-modern" grocery store and butcher shop with a little barbecuing business on the side.

Before long the tail was wagging the dog. The barbecue business grew like a Texas watermelon vine in the hot sunshine. Men, trucks, equipment and space had to be added to take care of the postwar American urge for outdoor eating.

The turning point came in 1951, when Walter was invited to Washington, D. C., to cater the Texas State Society's annual picnic. His old friend, C. L. Richart, veteran reporter for the Fort Worth Star-Telegram, said, "Walter, this is your first cross-country job. You've got to get with it."

"Sure," said Walter. "I'll go along and help out."

Richart puffed his cigar. "That's not what I mean. You've got to dress yourself and your crew in cowboy duds. Dramatize the thing. Play up the Western angle."

Walter protested, but they poured his bulk into cowboy boots and made him clomp around until they fitted. They swathed his rotund figure in a brightly colored shirt and dungarees. They clapped a Western hat on his head. Though this failed to camouflage his shape, Walter grinned and allowed as how he "kinda liked the getup."

Now, when he wants to emphasize the Western theme, he serves in tin plates and cups, decorates the tables with horseshoes and lariats, nails up replicas of early badmen "wanted" signs, strews bales of hay around to sit on and summons hungry eaters with a clanky bronze cowbell.

Walter has accompanied his crews on many of their cross-country jaunts and thinks little of flying to Dayton, Ohio, to scout a banquet for the National Cash Register Company; to Burbank to talk to the Slick Airways people about a company picnic, or to New York to brew barbecue sauce for a Texas Day luncheon.

The chuck-wagon king has become a national figure. Recently Walter was named one of "Texas' One Hundred Outstanding Citizens" at a luncheon sponsored by the Sales Executives' Club of New York, in Manhattan's Roosevelt Hotel.

But he hasn't forgotten his country-boy beginning. He tithes regularly and has contributed generously to his church's building fund. When his trucks on the road have food left over, the crews donate it to orphanages or hospitals. A former salesman friend, now penniless, eats daily at Jetton's cafeteria without paying a cent. The philanthropy that Walter enjoyed most "because I have a soft spot in my head for kids, I guess," was the time he wrote a $500 check to replace the tiger in the Fort Worth zoo.

Walter eagerly looks forward to Christmas. It is then that he climbs into his $100 Santa Claus suit, pulls on forty-dollar black-patent-leather boots and dons a forty-dollar yak's-hair beard. He gets a bigger kick out of entertaining youngsters at the Travis Avenue Baptist Church or the Westside Lions Club's annual party for blind kids than harking to the pleasant jingle of his cash registers.

In fact, his personality is better suited to the role of jolly old Saint Nick than cranky range cook. Had he lived a half century ago the cowboys would have argued that "he ain't mean enough to have been cookin' long."

Be that as it may, Walter Jetton is monarch of the modern barbecue men. "As long as people gotta eat," he says, "we'll be in business. I'll begin to worry when scientists develop those concentrated little food pills they're always talking about—and make people like 'em!"

THE END

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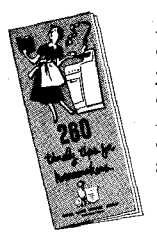

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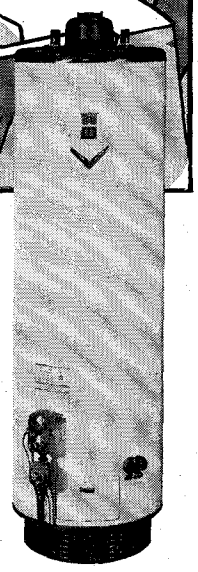

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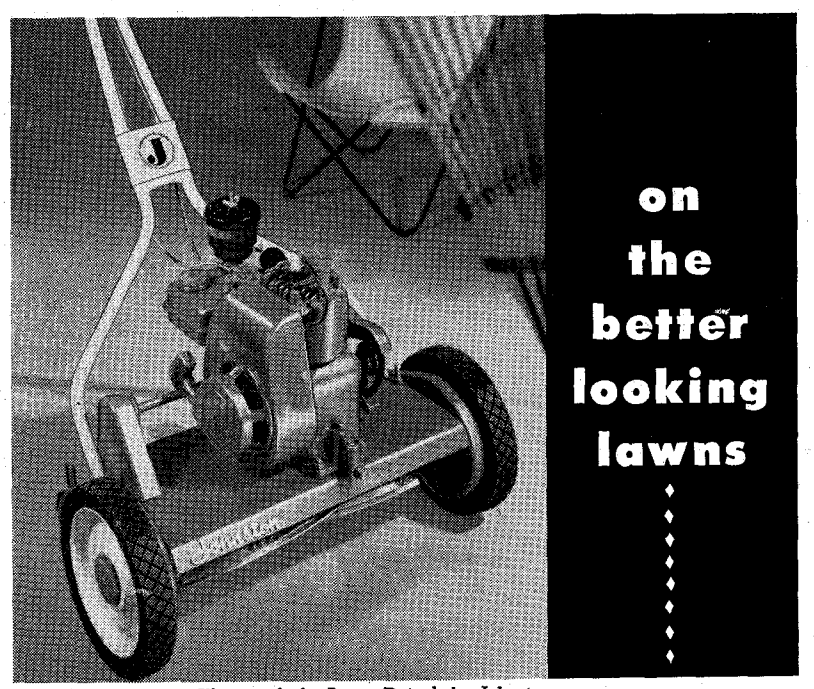

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Moment of Vengeance

(Continued from Page 37)

eyes, said, "Looks more like a wickiup. Some place a 'Pache would bring his squaw." He grinned, leaning against a support post, staring at Ellis.

Mr. Kergosen did not look up, but said, "Shut up, Leo."

"It's no fit place," Pyke said, straightening. "That's all I'm saying."

"Phil has work to do on it," Ellis said defensively. "He's already put on a new roof." She looked quickly at her father. "That's what I mean. We didn't just run off and get married. We've planned for it. Phil paid down on the house and property more than a month ago at the Dos Mesas bank. Since then we've been making it livable."

"Behind my back," Kergosen said.

Ellis hesitated. "Phil wanted to ask your permission. I told him it wouldn't do any good."

"How did you suppose that?" her father asked.

"I've lived with you for eighteen years, pa. I know you."

"Can you say you know Phil Treat as well?"

"I know him," Ellis said simply.

"As far as I'm concerned," Kergosen said, "he qualifies as a man. But certainly not as the man who marries my daughter."

Ellis asked, "And I have nothing to say about it?"

"We're not discussing it here," Kergosen said.

He had hired Treat almost a year ago, during the time he was having trouble with the San Carlos Reservation people. He lost two men that spring and roughly two dozen head of beef to raiding parties. The Apache police did nothing about it, though they knew his stock was being taken to San Carlos. So Ivan Kergosen went to Fort Thomas and hired a professional tracker whose Government contract had expired, and went after them himself. They turned out to be Chiricahuas and the scout ran down every last one of them.

The scout's name was Phil Treat. He had been a soldier, buffalo hunter and cavalry guide, and had earned a reputation as a gunfighter by killing three men; two of them at Tascosa when they tried to steal his hides; the third one at Anton Chico, New Mexico—an Army deserter who drew his gun, refusing to go back to Apache land. Only three, but the shootings were done well, with witnesses, and it took no more than that to establish a reputation.

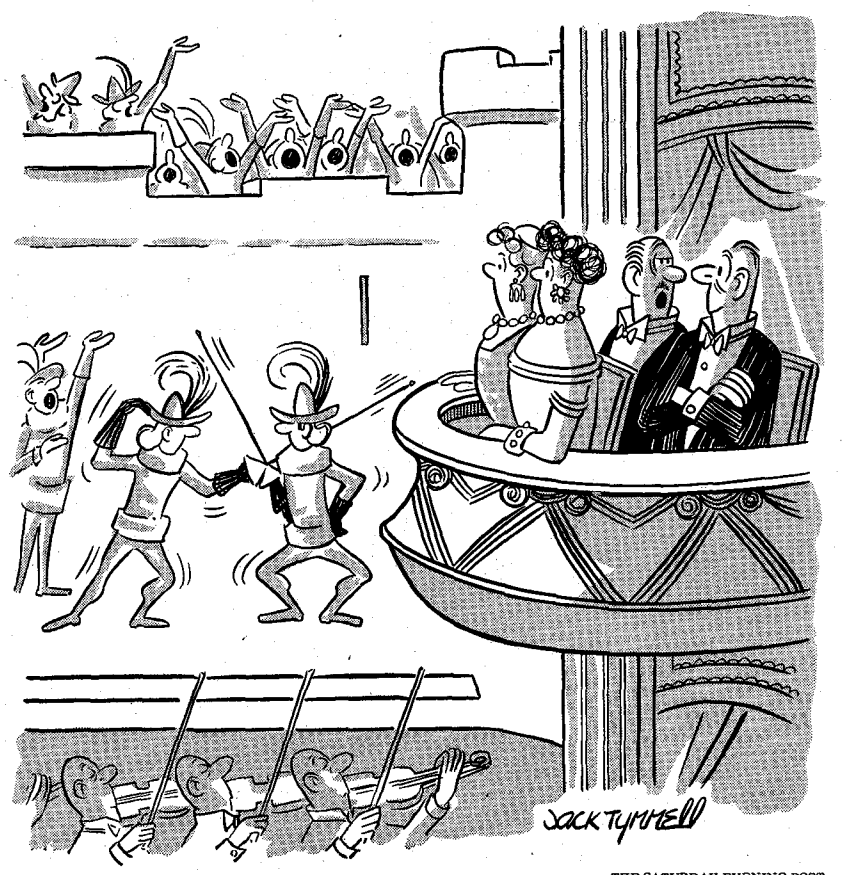
And after the trouble was past, Phil Treat stayed on with Mr. Kergosen. He was passing fair with cattle, a good horse-breaker and an A-1 hunter; so Kergosen paid him top wages and was pleased to have such a man around. But as a hired hand; not as a son-in-law.

All his life Ivan Kergosen had worked hard and prayed hard, asking God for guidance. He built his holdings according to a single-minded interpretation of God's will, respecting Him more as a God of Justice than a God of Mercy. And his good fortune, he believed, was God in His justice rewarding him, granting him success in life for adhering to Divine Will. It had taken Ivan Kergosen thirty years of working and fighting—fighting the land, the Apache and anyone who tried to take from his land—to build the finest spread in the Pinaleño valley. He built this success for his own self-respect, for his wife who was now deceased, and for his daughter, Ellis—not for a sign-reading gunfighter who'd spent half of his life killing buffalo, the other tracking Apache, and who now, somehow, contrary to all his plans, had married his daughter.

He heard Leo Pyke's voice and he was brought back to the here and now. "Fixing the house while he was working for you, Mr. Kergosen," Pyke was saying. "No telling the amount of sneaky acts he's committed."

The man who had gone to the corral came out, leading a saddled and bridled dun horse. He looked back over his shoulder,

(*Continued on Page 88*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Just to make it interesting, I'll bet you two bucks on the guy in the purple tights."

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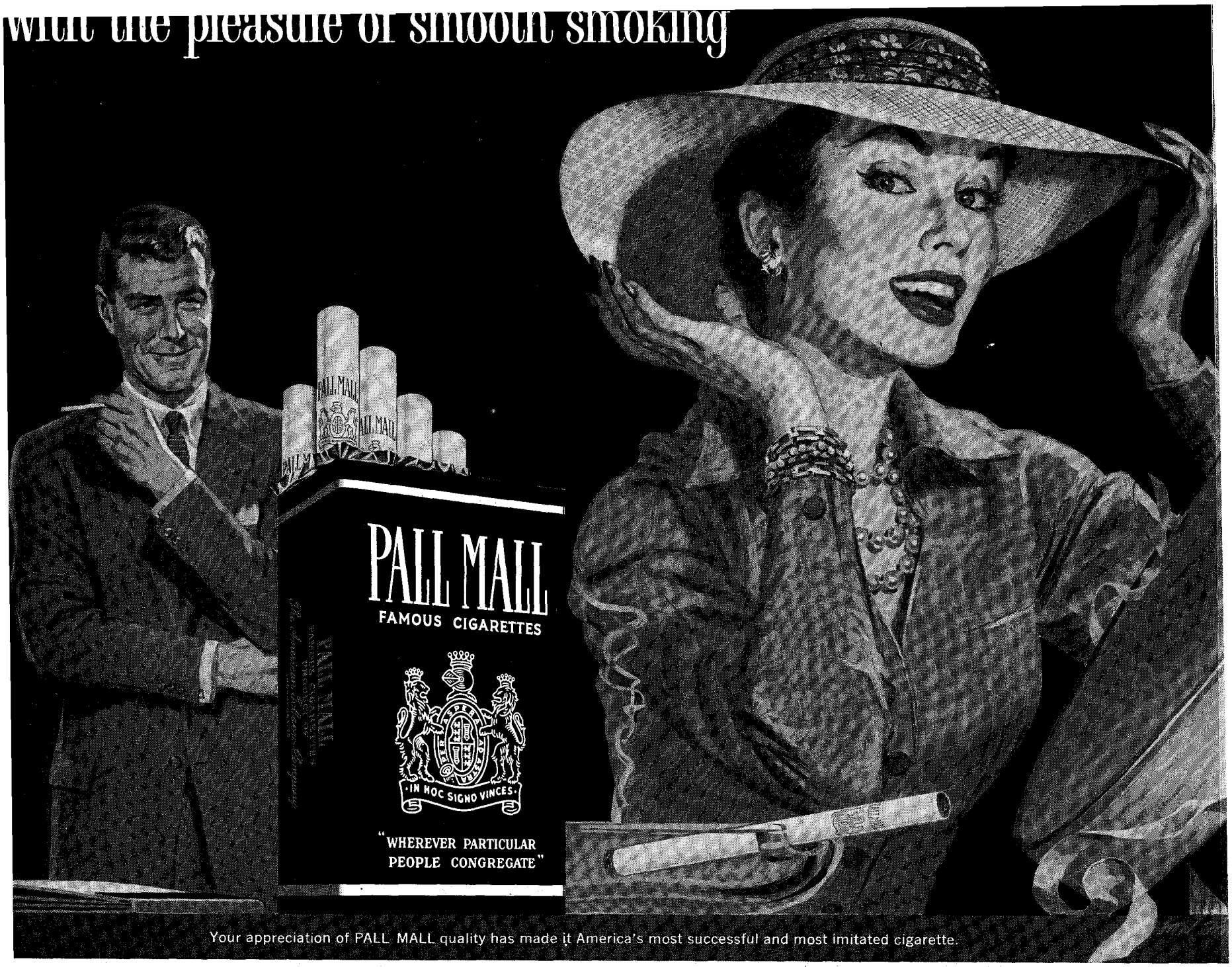

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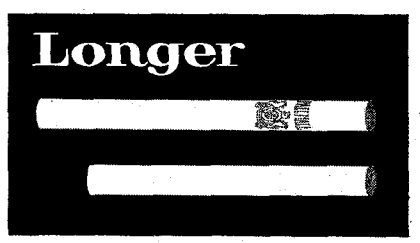
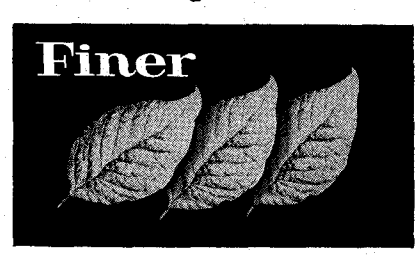
When the occasion calls for something special, reward yourself—with the smooth, gentle mildness of America's most rewarding cigarette. PALL MALL is so fresh and fragrant, so cool and sweet, it tastes freshly-lit puff after puff. Choose well—smoke PALL MALL.



Fine tobacco is its own best filter. And PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild. You get smoothness, mildness, and satisfaction no other cigarette can offer you. Enjoy the finest quality money can buy.



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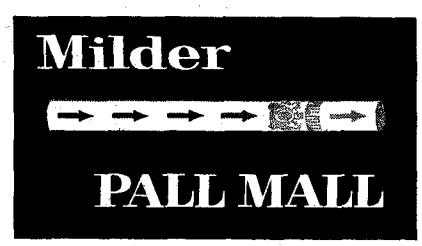

PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos gives you natural self-filtering action. PALL MALL filters the smoke, so it's never bitter, always sweet—never strong, always mild. Get that certain feeling of contentment with PALL MALL today.

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One thing's certain—the paint won't give you the clue! The car (it's a 1954 model) looks as if it might have come out of the showroom just a few weeks ago.

Like most automobiles made today, this car has Bonderite* under the paint. The manufacturer treated the body and sheet metal parts with Parker's corrosion resistant paint base before applying the prime coat.

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Since 1914—Leader in the Field

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(*Continued from Page 86*) then at Mr. Kergosen, and called, "He's coming now!"

Ellis was aware then of the steady, cantering sound. She saw Leo Pyke and the two men with him—Sandal, who was a Mexican, and Grady, a bearded, solemn-faced man—look out past the corral, and she said, "In a moment you can say it to his face, Leo. About being sneaky."

She looked up in time to see her husband swing past the corral, coming toward her. She watched him dismount stiffly. He let the reins drop, passed his hand over his mouth, then up to his hat brim and loosened it from his forehead. He turned his back to the three men in the ramada shade as if intentionally ignoring them; then looked from Ellis to her father and said, "Well?"

And now Ivan Kergosen was faced with the calm, deliberate gaze of this man. He saw that Phil Treat was not wearing a gun; he saw that he was trail-dirty and had moved slowly, to stand, now, tall but stooped, with his hands hanging empty.

He could handle this man. Kergosen was sure of that now, but he respected him and he had planned this meeting carefully. Leo Pyke, who openly disliked Treat, and Sandal and Grady, who had been with him longer than any of his other riders, would deal with Treat if he objected. No, there would be no trouble. But he formed his words carefully before he spoke.

Then he said, "You made a mistake. So did my daughter. But both mistakes are corrected as of this moment. Ellis is going home and you have ten minutes to pack your gear and get out. Clear?"

"And my stock?" Treat said.

"You're selling your stock to me," Kergosen said, "so there'll be nothing to delay you." His hand went into his coat and came out with a folded square of green paper. "My draft on the Willson bank to cover the sale of your yearling stock. Thirty head. When you draw the money the canceled draft is my receipt." He extended his hand. "Take it." Treat did not move and Kergosen's wrist flicked out and the folded paper floated—fell to the ground. "Pick it up," Kergosen said. "Your time's running out." He looked at Ellis then. "Mount up."

Ellis almost spoke, frightened, angry and unsure of herself now, but she looked at her husband and waited.

Treat stood motionless, still gazing up at Kergosen. "You have five men and I have myself," he said. "That makes a difference, doesn't it?"

"If this is unjust," Kergosen said, "then it's unjust. I'll say it only once more. Your time's running out."

Treat's eyes moved to Ellis. "Do what he says." He saw the bewildered look come over her face, and he said, "Go home with him, Ellis, and do what he tells you." Treat paused. "But don't speak one solitary word to him as long as you're under his roof. Not till I come for you." He said this quietly in the brittle silence that hung over the yard, and now he saw Ellis nod her head slowly.

He looked up at Kergosen, who was staring at him intently. "Mr. Kergosen, we can't argue with you and we can't fight you, but take Ellis home and you'll know she isn't just your daughter any more."

"You don't threaten me," Kergosen said.

"No," Treat said, "you've got iron fists, a hundred and thirty square miles of land, and you sit there like it's the high seat of judgment. But you live with Ellis now, if you can."

Kergosen said, "Pick up that draft."

Treat shook his head.

"As God is my judge, I mean you no harm," Kergosen said. "But you don't leave me a choice."

He nodded to Leo Pyke as he reined his bay in a tight circle and rode out. Ellis had mounted, and now she followed him, looking back past the two riders who fell in behind her as she passed the corral and started across the meadow.

They were not yet out of sight, but nearing the aspen stands when Pyke said, "So he won't pick it up."

Treat looked at him, then stooped, without loss of dignity, unhurriedly, and picked up the draft. "If it bothers you," he said.

Pyke grinned. "He's not so big now, is he?"

The Mexican rider, Sandal, said, "Like a field hand. I thought he was something with a gun."

"A story he made up," the third man, Grady, said.

Pyke said to Sandal, "Move his horse out of the way."

Sandal winked at Grady. "And the Henry, uh?" He led Treat's claybank to the corral and lifted the Henry rifle from the saddle boot as he shooed him in. He walked back to them, studying the rifle, holding it at belt level. Without looking at them, as if not aiming, he flipped the lever down and up and fired past them, and the right front window of the adobe shattered.

Sandal looked up, smiling. "This is no bad gun."

Across the meadow, two of Kergosen's riders were moving the herd away from the stock tank. Treat watched them, turning his back to Sandal. There was time. These men would do as they pleased, whether he objected or not. *Wait and say nothing*, he thought. *Wait and watch and keep track of the score.*

He remembered a patrol out of Fort Thomas coming to a spring, and a Coyotero Apache guide whose name was Peshklitso. The guide had said to him in Spanish, "We followed the barbarian for ten days; two men died, three horses died; we have no food and we killed no barbarian. Yet we could have waited for them here. Our stomachs would be full, the two men and the horses would still be alive, and we would take them when they came." He'd asked the Coyotero how he knew they would come, and the guide answered, "The land is not that broad. They would come sooner or later." Which meant, if not today, then tomorrow; if not this year, then the next.

He had known many Pesh-klitsos at San Carlos, and at Tascosa, when they carried Sharps rifles and hunted buffaloes—hunted them by waiting, then killed them. And the more patience you had, the more you killed.

Treat waited and watched. He watched Grady go into the adobe and saw the left front window erupt with a spray of broken glass as a chair came through. He saw Sandal break off two of the chair legs with the heel of his boot, then walk into the adobe, and a moment later the Henry was firing again. With the reports, with the ear-ringing din and the clicking cocking sound (*Continued on Page 92*)

So You Think You Know Baseball!

By HARRY SIMMONS

Interference or not? Here, in a hypothetical major-league setting, is a tough play for the umpire to decide.

Say the Cardinals and Reds are tied, 1–1, in the last of the ninth at Cincinnati. Ted Kluszewski opens with a double down the right-field line. As Wally Post grounds out, Ted goes to third.

Gus Bell lifts a pop foul high in front of the St. Louis bench. Cardinal catcher Bill Sarni runs to the top step of the dugout, stretches far in and snags the ball. Just as he appears certain to fall into the dugout, a St. Louis sub grabs him and holds him up.

The Reds claim interference. They argue that if Sarni had fallen into the dugout after the catch, Kluszewski would be entitled to advance one base, giving them the winning run. If you were umpiring, how would you rule?

See page 92 for answer.

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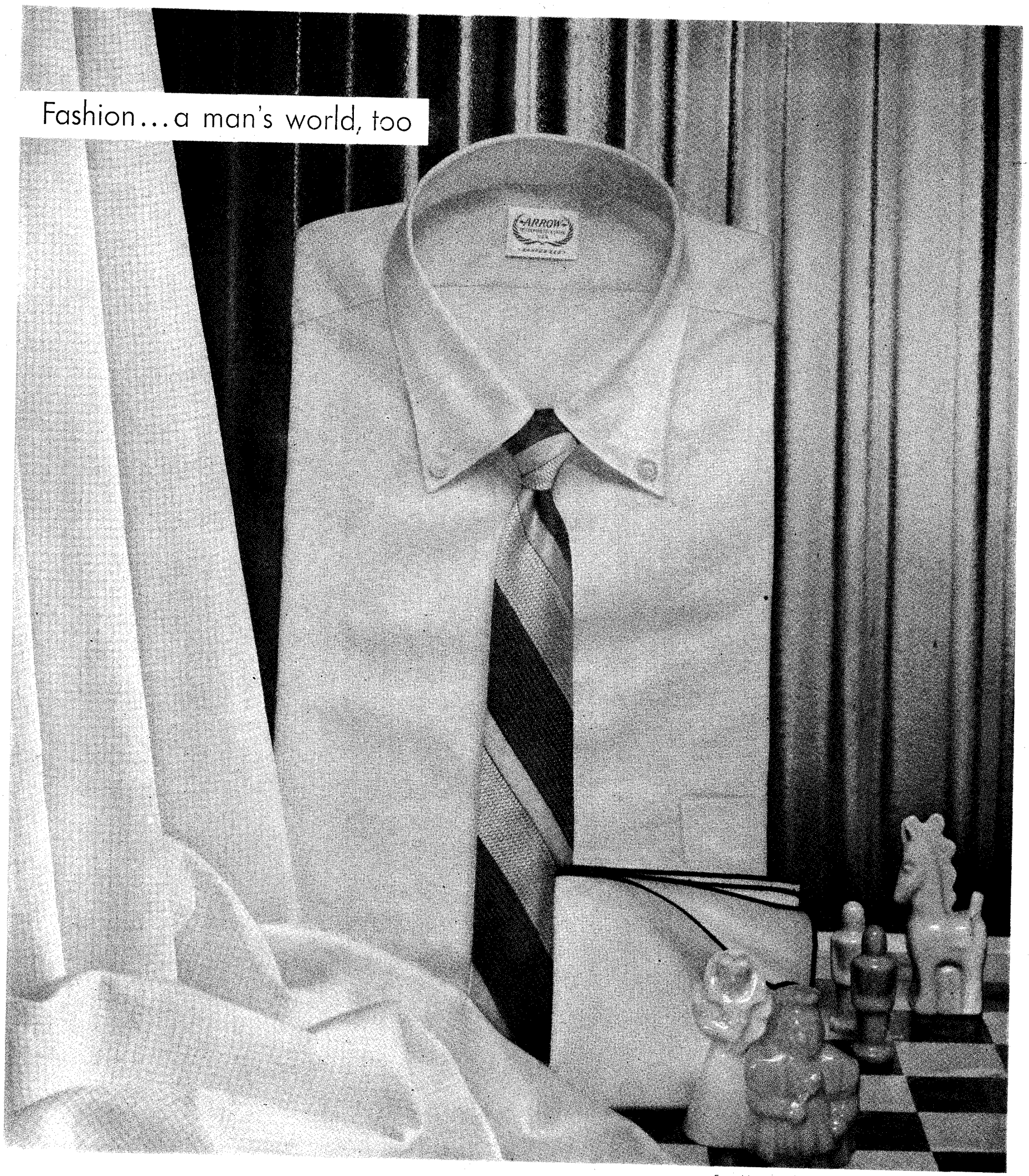

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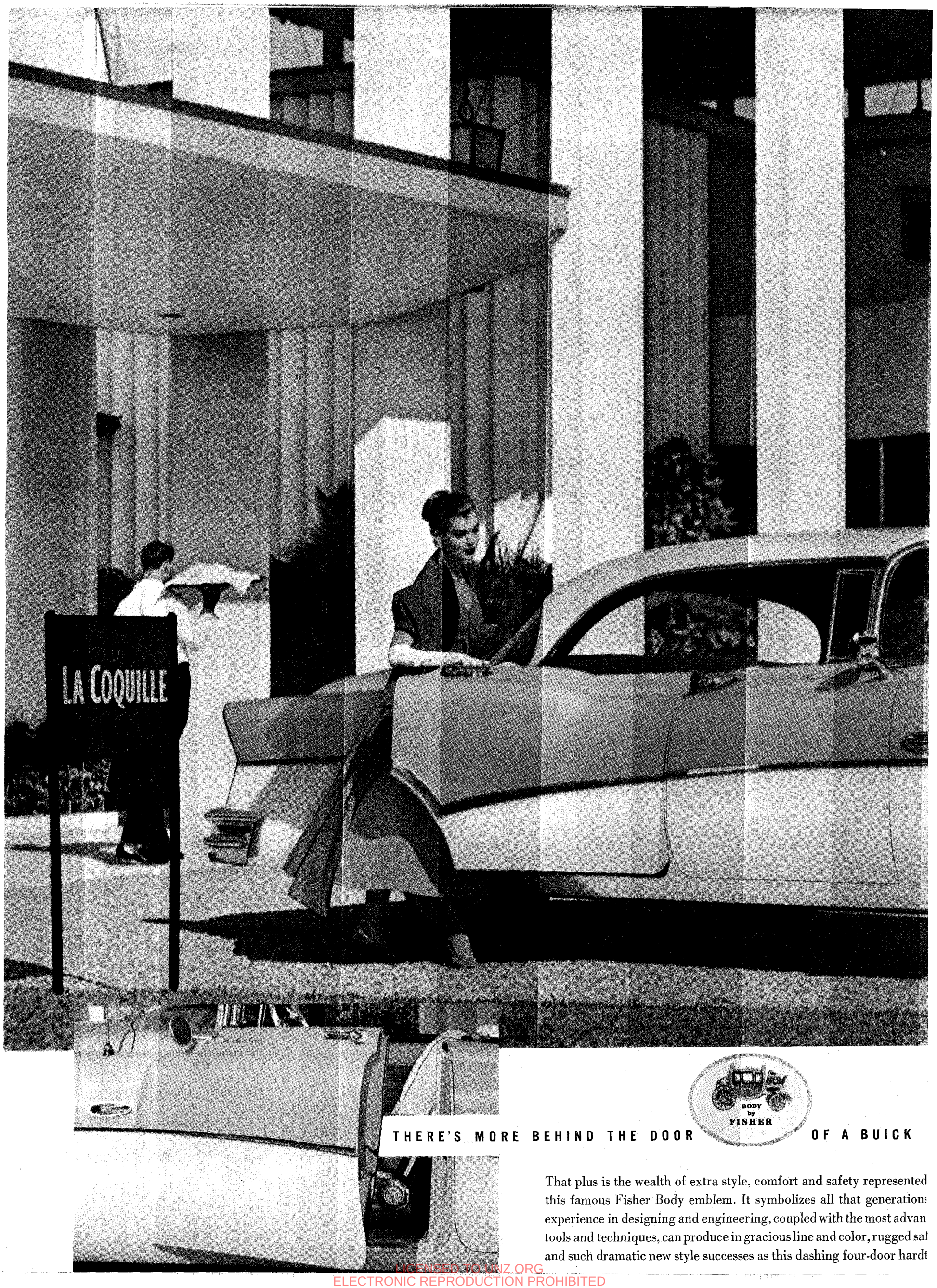

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BODY by FISHER

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(*Continued from Page 88*) of the lever, he heard glass and china shattering, falling from the shelves. Then the sound of a Colt and a dull, clanging noise; sooty smoke billowed from the open doorway and he knew they had shot down the stove chimney.

Grady came out, fanning the smoke in front of him. He mounted his horse, sidestepped it to the ramada, fastened the loop of his rope to a support post and spurred away. The post ripped out, bouncing, scraping a dust rise, and the mesquite-pole awning sagged part way to the ground. Sandal came out of the adobe, running, ducking his head. He watched Grady circle to come back, went to his own horse, fastened his rope to the other support post and dragged it away. The ramada collapsed, swinging, smashing, against the adobe front, and the mesquite poles broke apart.

Watching Treat, Leo Pyke said, "You letting them get away with that? All this big talk about you, and you don't even open your mouth."

Grady and Sandal walked their horses in. Treat glanced at them, then back to Pyke. "I don't have anything to say."

"Listen," Pyke said. "I've put up with that close-mouth cold-water way of yours a long time. I've watched men stand clear of you, afraid they'd step too close and you'd come to life. I watched Mr. Kergosen; then Ellis, won over to your sly ways. But all that time I was seeing through you—looking clean through, and there was nothing there to see. No backbone, no guts, no nothing."

Sandal was grinning, leaning over his saddle horse. "Eat him up, Layo!"

Pyke's eyes did not leave Treat. "If you were worth it, I'd take my gun off and beat hell out of you."

Treat's eyebrows raised slightly. "Would you, Leo?"

"You damn bet I would."

Sandal said, "Go ahead, man. Do it."

"Shut your mouth!" Pyke threw the words over his shoulder.

"The vision of being *Segundo* returns with the return of the daughter," Sandal said, grinning again. To Grady, next to him, he said, "How would you like to work for this one every day?"

Grady shook his head. "She can't marry him now. And that's the only way he'd get to be Number Two."

"I think she married him," Sandal said, nodding at Treat, "just to escape this one."

"I said 'shut up'!" Pyke screamed, turning half around, but at once he looked back at Treat. "You ride out, right now. And if I ever see you this close again, I'll talk to you with a gun. You hear me!"

Nine days after that, R. C. Hassett, the county deputy assigned to Dos Mesas, was told of the disappearance of two of Ivan Kergosen's riders. On Saturday, two days before, they'd spent the evening in town. They started back home at eleven o'clock and had not been seen since.

Hassett thought it over the length of time it took him to strap on his holster and take a Winchester down from the wall rack. Then he rode out to Phil Treat's place. Entering the yard, he heard a hammering sound coming from the adobe. He saw that a new ramada had been constructed. As he reined toward the adobe, Phil Treat stepped out of the doorway, a Henry rifle under his arm.

"So you're rebuilding," Hassett said. "I heard about what happened."

His eyes held on Treat as he stepped out of the saddle, letting his reins trail. He brushed open his coat and took a tobacco plug from his vest pocket, bit off a corner of it and returned the plug to the pocket. His coat remained open, the skirt held back by the butt of his revolver. He had been a law officer for more than two dozen years and he was in no particular hurry.

"I wasn't sure you'd be here," said Hassett. "But something told me to find out."

"You're not looking for me," Treat said.

"No; two of Mr. Kergosen's boys."

Treat called toward the adobe, "Come out a minute!"

Hassett watched as Grady and Sandal appeared in the doorway, then came outside. Grady's bearded face was bruised, one eye swollen and half closed, and he limped as he took the few steps out to the end of the ramada shade. There was no mark on Sandal.

"These the men?" asked Treat.

Hassett nodded. "Ivan reported them lost."

"Not lost," Treat said. "They quit him to work for me."

"Without drawing their pay?"

"That's none of my business," Treat answered.

Hassett's gaze moved to the adobe. "Grady, I didn't know you were a carpenter."

The bearded man hesitated before saying, "I'm swearing out a complaint on one Phil Treat."

Hassett nodded, moving the tobacco from one cheek to the other. "It's your privilege, Grady; though I'd say you got off easy."

"This man forced us ——" Grady began.

Hassett held up his hand. "In my office." He looked at Treat then. "You come in, too, and state your complaint. I make out a writ and serve it on Ivan. The writ orders him to court on such and such a date. You're there to claim your wife with proof of legal marriage."

"And if Mr. Kergosen doesn't appear?" asked Treat.

"He's no bigger than I am," Hassett said. "I see that he does next time."

"But that doesn't calm his mind, does it?"

"That's your problem," Hassett said.

Treat almost smiled. "You said it as simply as it can be said."

"All right," Hassett said. "You've been told." He moved around his horse, stepped up into the saddle, then looked down at Treat again. "Let me ask you something. How come Grady looks the way he does and there isn't a mark on Sandal?"

"I talked to Grady first," Treat said.

"I see," Hassett said. "I'll ask you something else. How come Ivan didn't come here looking for these two?"

"I guess he doesn't know I'm still here."

Hassett looked down at Treat. "But he'll know it now, won't he?" He turned and rode out of the yard.

That afternoon, after they had finished the inside repairs, Sandal and Grady were released. They rode out, riding double, and watching them, Treat pictured them approaching the great U-shaped adobe that was Mr. Kergosen's home, then dismounting and standing in the sunlight as Ivan came down the steps from the veranda.

Sandal would tell it: how they were ambushed riding back from Dos Mesas, how Treat had appeared in front of them, coming out of the trees with the Henry; how Grady's horse had been hit when they tried to run, and had fallen on Grady and injured his ankle; how they had been taken back to his adobe and forced to rebuild the ramada and patch the furniture and the stove. And Sandal would describe him as some kind of demon, a *nagual* who never slept and seldom spoke as he held them with a Henry rifle for two days and two nights.

Ivan Kergosen would turn from them, his eyes going to Ellis sitting on the shaded veranda, reading or sewing or staring out over the yard. She would not look at him, but he would detect the beginning of a smile. Only this, on the tenth day of her silence.

You have a woman, Treat thought, picturing her. *You have one and you don't have one.* He thought of the time he had first spoken to her, the times they rode together and the time he first kissed her.

And now they'll come again. But not Grady, because his ankle will put him to bed. Outwait an old man, he thought. *Wait while an old man realizes he is not God, or God's avenging angel, or God's right hand. Which could take no longer than your lifetime*, he thought.

He took dried meat, a canteen, a blanket, the Henry and a holstered Colt revolver and went out into the corral to wait for them.

There were five that came. They reached Treat's adobe at dusk, spreading out as they approached it, coming at it from both sides of the corral, two of the riders circling the stable shed and the adobe before entering the yard. Sandal dismounted and went into the adobe. He came out with a kerosene lantern and held it as Pyke struck a match and lit it.

"Who's going to do it?" asked Sandal.

"You're holding the fire," Pyke said.

"Not me." Sandal shook his head.

"Just throw it in. Hit the wall over the bed."

"Not me. I've done enough to that man."

"What about what he did to you?"

"He had reason."

Pyke stepped out of the saddle. He jerked the lantern away from Sandal and walked to the door. His hand went to the latch, then stopped.

"Layo!" Sandal's voice.

Pyke looked over his shoulder, saw Sandal not looking at him, but staring out toward the corral, and he turned full around, holding the lantern by the ring handle.

He saw Treat crossing the yard toward him. In the dusk, he could not see the man's features, but he knew it was Treat. He saw Treat's hands hanging empty and he saw the revolver on his right leg. Now Sandal was moving the horses, holding the reins and whack-slapping the rump of one to force both of them to the side. The horses of the three riders still mounted moved nervously, and the riders watched Treat, seeing him looking at Leo Pyke. Then, thirty feet from the ramada, Treat stopped.

"Leo, you tore my house down once. Once is enough."

Pyke was at ease. "You're going to stop us?"

"The last time you stated that you'd talk with a gun if I ever came close again." Treat glanced at Sandal when Pyke said nothing. "Is that right?"

"Big as life," the Mexican said.

Treat's gaze returned to Pyke. "Well?"

"You got me at an unfair advantage," Pyke said carefully. "A lantern in my hand. All the light full on me."

"You came here to burn down my house," Treat said, standing motionless. "You're holding the fire, as you told Sandal. (*Continued on Page 94*)

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Answer to

So You Think You Know Baseball!

Page 88

Do not call interference. Kluszewski remains on third.

Interference can be called only in the instances listed in the rules. The rules do not list this play.

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(*Continued from Page 92*) You've got four men backing you and you call it a disadvantage."

"Three men backing him," Sandal said.

Beyond him, one of the mounted riders said, "This part of it isn't our fight."

And Sandal added, "Just Layo's."

"Wait a minute." Pyke was taken by surprise. "You all work for Mr. Kergosen. He says run him out, we do it!"

"But not carry him out," the one who had spoken before said. "You threatened him, Leo; then it's your fight, not ours. And if you think he's got a unfair advantage, put the lantern down."

"So it's like that," Pyke said.

"You got two feet," Sandal said. "Stand on them. Show us how the *Segundo* would do it."

"Listen, you chili picker! You're through!"

"Sure, Layo. Now talk to that boy out there."

"Mr. Kergosen's going to run every damn one of you!" Pyke half turned to face them, shifting the lantern to his left hand, the light swaying across Sandal and the chestnut color of his horse.

"We'll talk to him," Sandal said.

Pyke stared at him. "You know what you done, you and the rest? You jawed yourself out of jobs. You see how easy a new one is to find. Mr. Kergosen's going to be burned, but sure as hell I'm going to"—his feet started to shift—"tell him!"

As he said it, Pyke was spinning on his toes, swinging the lantern hard at Treat, seeing it in the air, then going to his right, but seeing Treat moving with the revolver suddenly in his hand, and at that moment Treat fired.

Pyke was half around when the bullet struck him. He stumbled back against the front of the adobe, came forward drawing, bringing up his Colt, then half turned, falling against the adobe as Treat fired again and the second bullet hit him.

The revolver fell from Pyke's hand and he stood against the wall staring at Treat, holding his arms bent slightly, but stiffly against his sides, as if afraid to move them. He had been shot through both arms, both just above the elbow.

Treat walked toward him. "Leo," he said, "you've got two things to remember. One, you're not coming back here again. And two, I could've aimed dead center." He turned from Pyke to Sandal. "If you want to do him a good turn, tie up his arms and take him to a doctor. The rest of you," he said to the mounted men, "can tell Mr. Kergosen I'm still here."

He was told, and he came the next morning, riding into the yard with a shotgun across his lap. He rode up to Treat, who was standing in front of the adobe, and the shotgun was pointing down at him when Kergosen drew in the reins. They looked at each other in the clear morning sunlight, in the yellow, bright stillness of the yard.

"I could pull the trigger," Kergosen said, "and it would be over."

"Over for me," Treat said. "Not for you or Ellis."

Kergosen sat heavily in the saddle. He had not shaved this morning and his eyes told that he'd had little sleep. "You won't draw a gun against me?"

"No, sir."

"Why?"

"If I did, I'd have to live with Ellis the rest of my life the way you're doing now."

"So you're in a hole."

"But no deeper than the one you're in."

Kergosen studied him. "I underestimated you. I thought you'd run."

"Because you told me to?"

"That was reason enough."

"You're too used to giving orders," Treat said. "You've been Number One a long time and you've forgotten what it's like to have somebody contrary to you."

"I didn't get where I am having people contrary to me," Kergosen stated. "I worked and fought and earned the right to give orders, but I prayed to God to lead me right, and don't you forget that!"

"Mr. Kergosen," Treat said quietly, "are you afraid I can't provide for your daughter?"

"Provide!" Kergosen's face tightened. "An Apache buck provides. He builds a hut for his woman and brings her meat. Any man with one hand and a gun can provide. We're talking about my daughter, not a flat-nosed Indian woman—and you have to put up a damn sight more than meat and a hut!"

Treat said, "You think I won't make something of myself?"

"Mister, all you've proved to me is that you can read sign and shoot." Kergosen paused before asking, "Why didn't you sign a complaint to get Ellis back? Don't you know your rights? That's what I'm talking about. You can track a renegade Apache, you can stand off five men with a Colt, but you don't know how to live like a white man!"

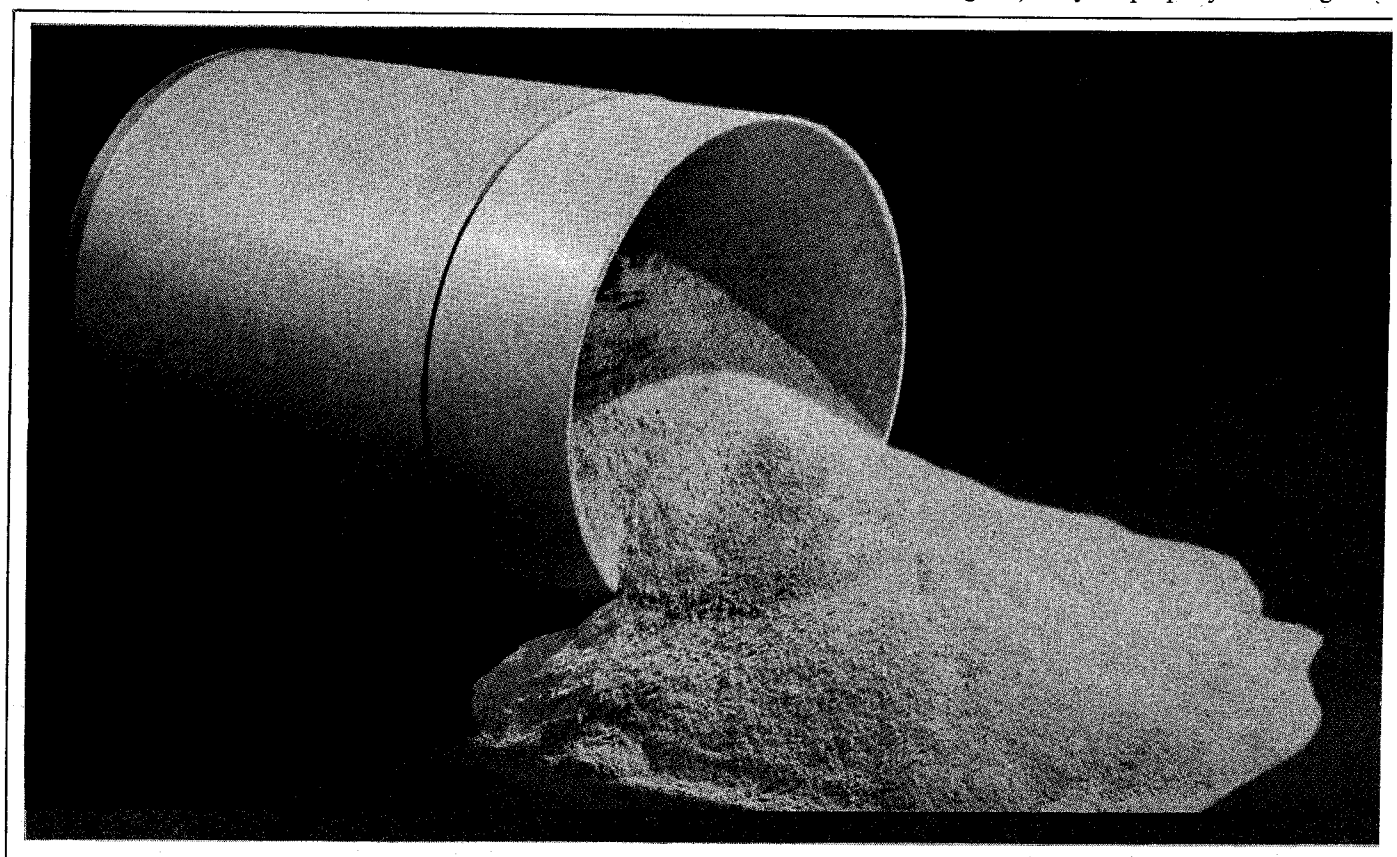
"Mr. Kergosen," Treat said patiently, "I could've got a writ. I could've prosecuted you for tearing down my house. I could've killed Leo Pyke with almost a clear conscience. I could've done a lot of things."

"But you didn't," Kergosen said.

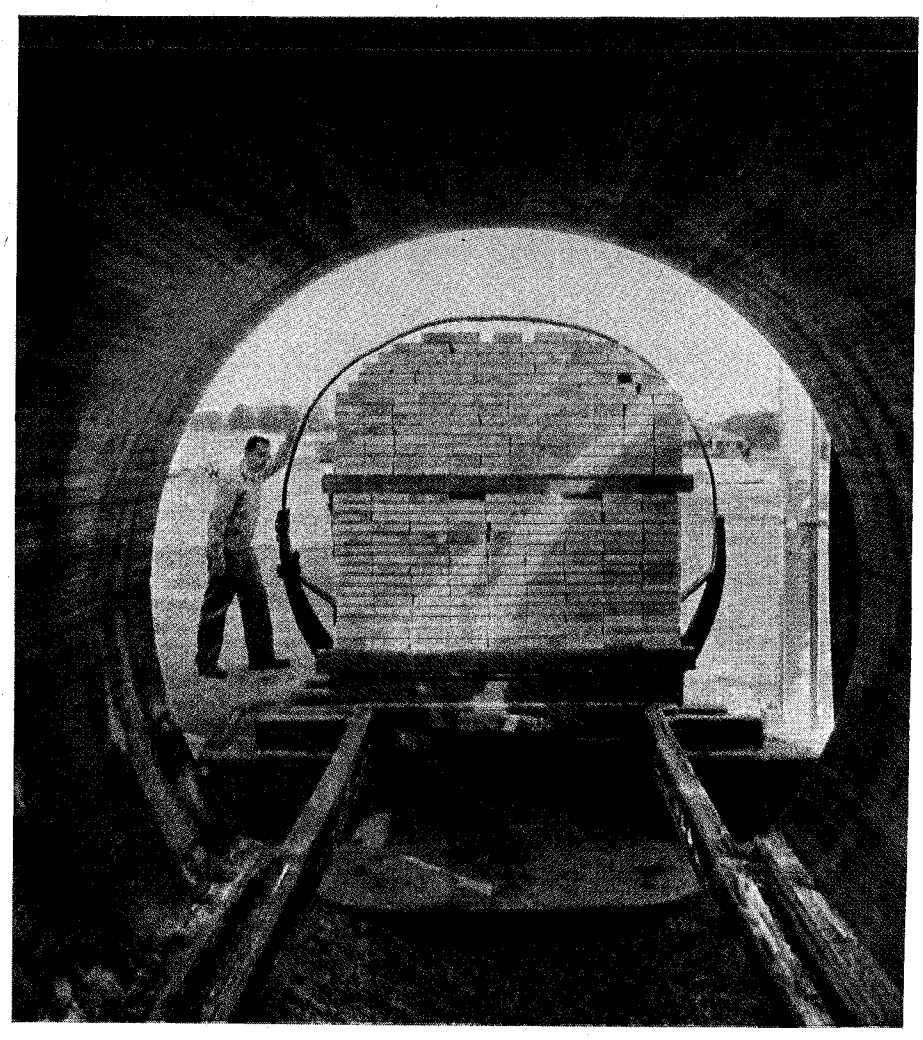
"No, I waited."

"If you're waiting for me to die of old age ——"

"Mr. Kergosen, I'm interested in your daughter, not your property. We can get



The salts . . . the cylinder . . . an



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along just fine with what we're building on."

"Which is nothing," Kergosen said.

"When you started," Treat asked, "what did you have?"

"When I married I had over one hundred square miles of land. Miles, mister, not acres. I was going on forty years old, sure of myself and not a kid any more."

"I'm almost thirty, Mr. Kergosen."

"I'll say it again and you've got nothing."

"Nothing but time."

"Listen," Kergosen said earnestly. "You don't count on the future like it's nothing but years to fill up. You fill them up, good or bad, according to your ability and willingness to sweat, but you're sure of that future before you ask a woman to face it with you."

Treat said, "You had somebody picked for Ellis?"

"Not by name, but a man who can offer her something."

"So you planned her future, and it turned out different."

"Damn it, I try to do what's right!"

"According to your rules."

"With God's help!"

"Mr. Kergosen," Treat said, "I don't mean disrespect, but I think you've rigged it so God has to take the blame for your mistakes. Ellis and I made a mistake. We admit it. We should've come to you first. We would've got married whether you said yes or no, but we still should've come to you first. The way it is now, it's still up to you, but now you're in an embarrassing position with the Almighty. Ellis and I are married in the eyes of the same God that you say's been guiding you all this time, thirty years or more. All right, you and Him have been getting along fine up to now. But now what?"

Kergosen said nothing.

"We could probably argue all day," Treat said, "but it comes down to this: You either go home and send out some more men, or you use that scatter gun, or you come inside and have some coffee, and we'll talk it over like two grown-up men."

Kergosen stared at him. "I admire your control, Mr. Treat."

"I've learned how to wait, Mr. Kergosen. If it comes down to that, I'll outwait you. I think you know that."

Kergosen was silent for a long moment. He looked down at his hands on the shotgun and exhaled, letting his breath out slowly, wearily, and he seemed to sit lower on the saddle.

"I think I'm getting old," he said quietly. "I'm tired of arguing and tired of fighting."

"Maybe tired of fighting yourself," Treat said.

Kergosen nodded faintly. "Maybe so."

Treat waited, then said, "Mr. Kergosen, I'm anxious to see my wife."

Kergosen's face came up, out of shadow, deep-lined and solemn, but the hard tightness was gone from his jaw. He shifted his weight and came down off the saddle, and on the ground he handed the shotgun to Treat.

"Phil," he said, "this damn thing's getting too heavy to hold."

From his pocket, Treat brought out the bank draft Kergosen had given him. He handed it over, saying, "So is this, Mr. Kergosen."

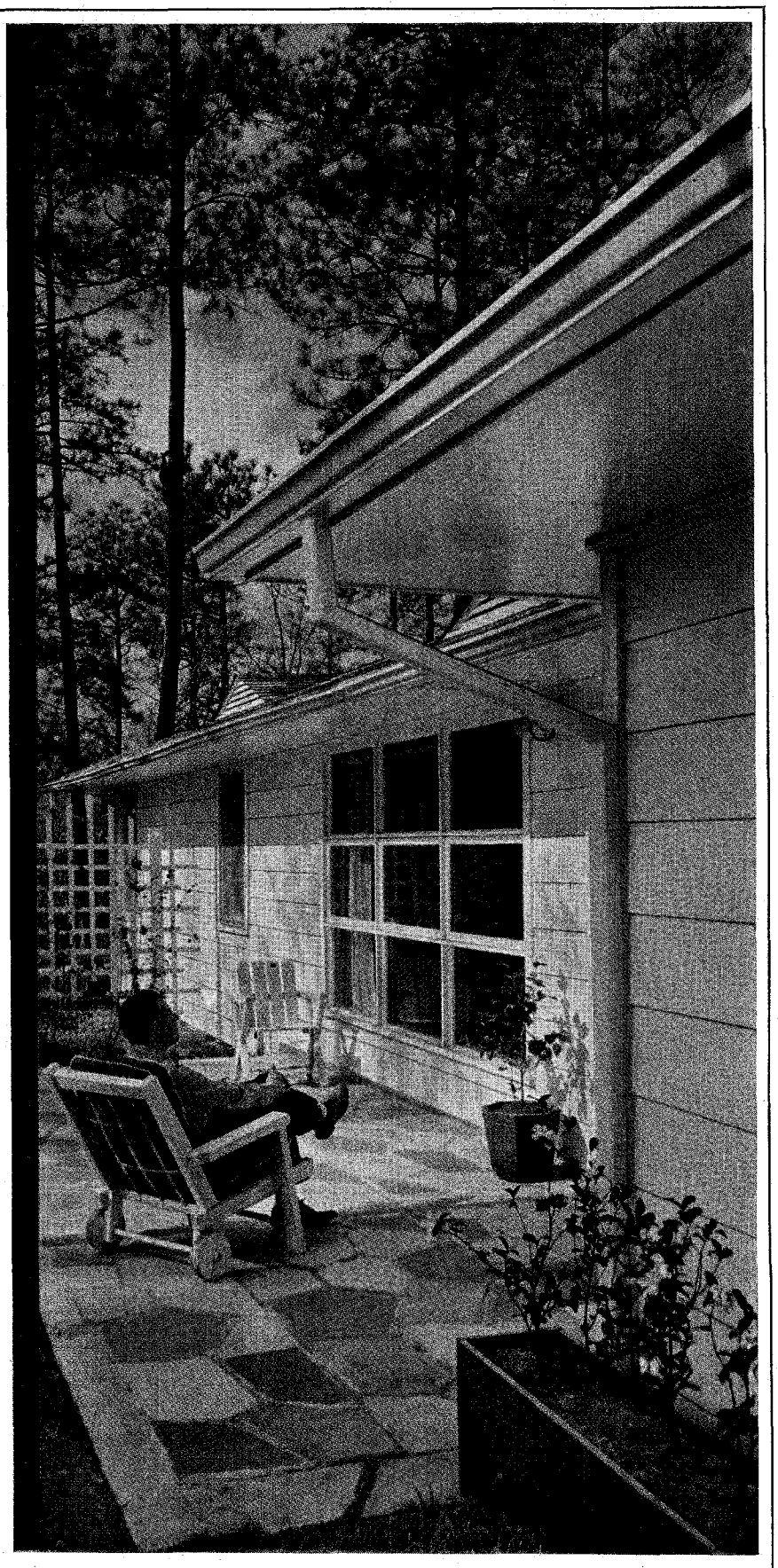
They stood for a moment. Kergosen's hand went into his pocket with the bank draft and when they moved toward the adobe, the bitterness between them was past. It had worn itself to nothing.

THE END

Spring Frogs

By Elizabeth Landeweer

Hunched in the dark like
small green gnomes,
The buried frogs in winter
homes
Stretch drowsy muscles,
flex their thighs,
Feel filtered warmth above,
and rise
Out of their deep and oozy
beds,
The bulging eyes upon
their heads
Sun-scalded by the glint
and glare.
Old bullfrogs in their
underwear
Crawl out of couches in the
bogs,
And thaw themselves on
bankside logs,
Then join the others where
they float.
By night, the pond swells
like a throat,
And trilling to its utmost
root,
The whole earth shrills a
single flute.



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The Wreck of the Mary Deare

(Continued from Page 45)

first officer and honestly, Maggie, I don't know. I've told you how he's been riding me ever since we left Yokohama. But it isn't only that. He's too thick with some of the crew—the worst of them. He panicked them during the gale, wanted Patch to abandon ship, and now I've an unpleasant feeling ——"

The letter ended abruptly, like that.

What had happened? There were questions in my mind that only the captain could answer. I was certain I'd find him in the stokehold and I had got as far as the engine room before I stopped to think about the man I was going to question—his abruptness, his strangeness. He'd been alone on the ship. They'd all abandoned her, except him. And Taggart was dead—the owner, too.

I went down slowly, a step at a time, listening—listening for the scrape of a shovel. But I couldn't hear anything but the hollow pounding of the sea, and when I finally reached the door of the stokehold, there was nobody there. My torch showed me the shadowy outlines of the three boilers and, beyond them, a thick tracery of timber shoring up the forward bulkhead. The bulkhead bulged slightly in the middle, and its rusty wall gleamed with bright rivulets of water. Only one of the furnaces glowed with life, and when I flung open the door I wondered whether the man existed outside of my imagination. The fire was a heap of white-hot ash. It didn't look as though it had been stoked since the ship was abandoned.

I seized a shovel then and worked in a frenzy of desperation, piling coal from the chutes into the warm mouth of it, trying to smother my fears in physical exertion, knowing that only the pumps could save the ship.

But you can't just blot out fear like that. It was there inside me all the time I worked. And when I had banked the furnace up and opened up the vents, panic seized me at the sepulchral isolation of the place, and I slammed the door shut and went rushing up through the ship. I had to find him. I had to convince myself that he existed. You must remember that I was very tired.

He wasn't in his cabin or on the bridge. He wasn't anywhere in the ship. I searched through the crew's quarters and in the officers' cabins. They were all just as they had been when the ship was manned—clothes strewn about, bunks made up. Finally I went back up to the bridge. There were more pencil marks on the chart, a new position. And the sight of the seas steadied me. They were real enough anyway. I clung to the ledge below the glass panels of the bridge and stared, fascinated, as a wave built up to port, broke and burst against the ship's side, flinging up a great column of smoking water that crashed down on the foredeck, blotting everything out. The sea rolled green over the bows.

I turned away, hurrying down to the captain's cabin. But he wasn't there, though a large-scale chart of the Minkies now lay on the floor. A big sea broke against the ship's side, darkening the portholes with upflung water. A clang of metal aft sent me pushing through the door to the upper deck, and then I saw him. He was coming toward me, staggering with exhaustion, his eyes staring and his face dead white where he had wiped it clean of sweat and coal dust. All his clothes were black with coal, and behind him a shovel slid across the deck.

"Where have you been?" I cried. "I couldn't find you! What have you been doing all this time?"

"That's my business," he muttered, his voice slurred with fatigue, and he pushed past me and went into his cabin.

I followed him in. "The for'ard hatch cover has gone," I told him.

"I know that." He stared at me wearily. "What do you expect me to do about it—go out and rig another one?"

His sarcasm angered me. "We've got to get the pumps going," I said. "You should know that. That's what I thought you'd been doing when I came on board."

He stared at me suspiciously. "How do you mean?"

"The smoke coming from the funnel," I said. "And then all that coal dust; you were covered with it, as you are now. I thought you'd been stoking, but you hadn't. I've been down there and stoked myself. You hadn't touched the fires. What the devil had you been doing?"

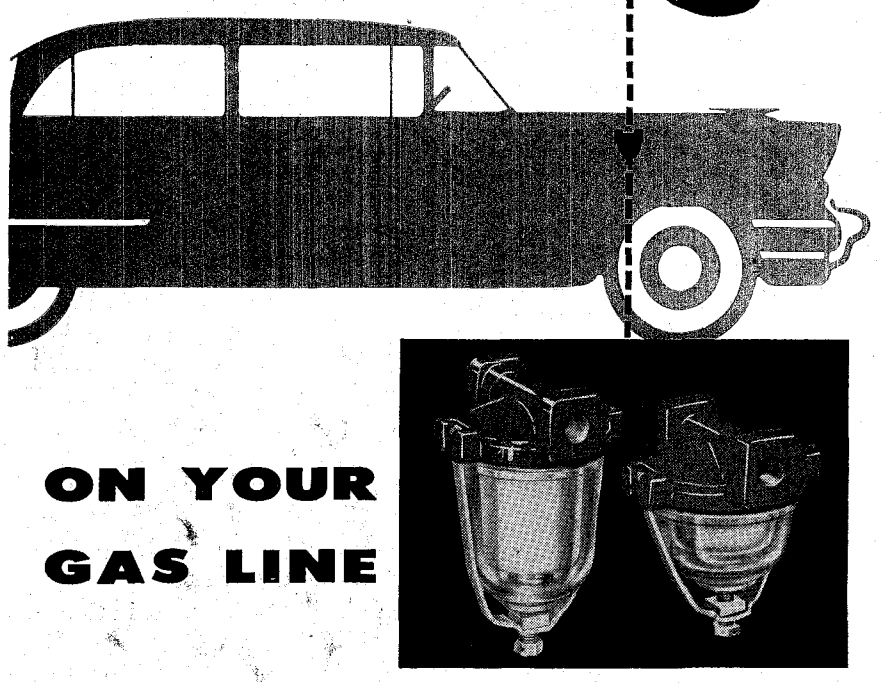
He started to say something violent, but then he pushed his hand up through his hair. "Well, it doesn't matter now. That bulkhead will go soon." He reached into a drawer of the desk and brought out a bottle of rum.

"What you need is food," I said. He was just about out on his feet. Poor devil! But at least I wasn't alone. I left him pouring himself a drink and went down to the galley and got a hunk of bread and a tin of bully beef and butter and a knife. When I got back, he was standing staring at the girl's photograph, the glass in his hand. He turned as I entered and asked me why I had boarded the Mary Deare and what I was doing sailing a yacht in the Channel with a gale forecast. And because I had to have his help if we were to get out of this deathtrap of a ship alive, I told him how Mike and I had bought the boat in Morlaix and were taking her to England to be fitted out for use as a diving tender.

And then, because he didn't seem to be listening, I told him how the Mary Deare had nearly run us down the previous night. "What happened?" I asked him. "How was it that the crew abandoned her with the engine still running and you on board? Was it the fire?"

He turned and looked at me through fatigue-glazed (*Continued on Page 98*)

Watchdog...



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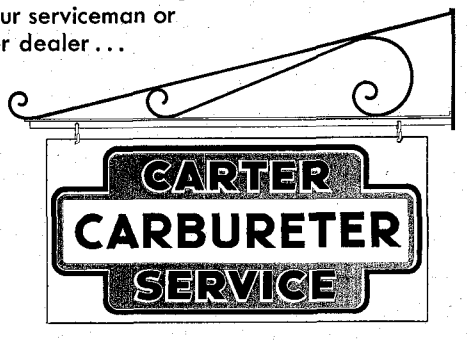

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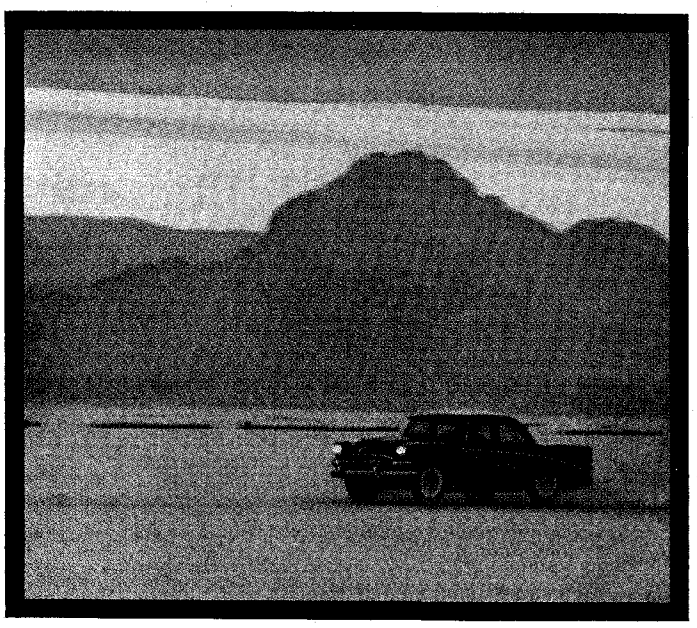

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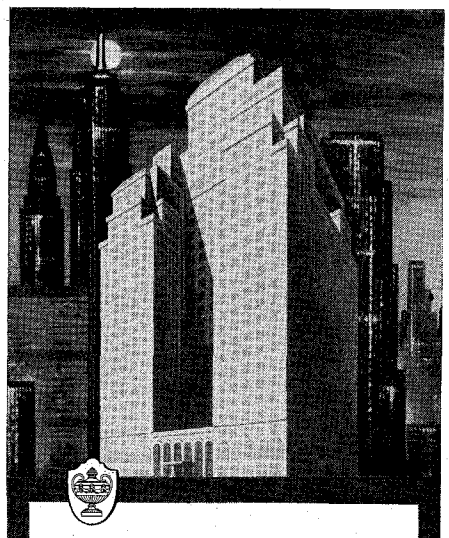

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46

(*Continued from Page 96*) eyes. "She was never meant to make the Channel," he murmured. And when I asked him what he meant, he shrugged his shoulders. He was staring out of the porthole, and the ship staggered to the impact of a breaking wave. "I thought we were in the clear when I'd got her round Ushant," he murmured. "I thought I'd taken all the knocks a man could in the course of a single voyage."

"But what happened?" I insisted.

"It was the fire that beat me," he said. "It happened about nine-twenty last night. Rice rushed in here to say Number Three hold was ablaze and the crew was panicking. I got the hoses run out and part of Number Four hatch cleared, so that we could play the water on the bulkhead. And then I went down the inspection ladder into Number Four hold to check on the bulkhead. That's how they got me." He pointed to the bloodied gash on his jaw.

"You mean somebody hit you?" I asked in astonishment.

He nodded, smiling. It wasn't a pleasant smile. "They battened the inspection hatch down on top of me when I was unconscious, and then they drove the crew in panic to the boats."

"And left you there?"

"Yes. The only thing that saved me was that they forgot we'd cleared part of the hatch cover. By piling bales of cotton ——"

"But that's mutiny—murder. Are you suggesting Higgins ——"

He swung round then, sudden violence in his face. "Higgins! How did you know it was Higgins?"

I started to explain about the letter I had read, but he interrupted me. "What else did Rice say?" he asked. "Anything about Dellimare?"

"The owner? No. Only that he'd been lost overboard." And I added, "The captain died, too, I gather."

"Yes. And glad I was to see the last of him." He shook his head slowly. "I was glad at the time, anyway."

"What did he die of?" I asked.

"Die of?" He looked up at me quickly from under his dark brows, suddenly suspicious again. "Who the devil cares what he died of?" he said with sudden truculence. "He died and left me to face the whole ——" He laughed. "Well, it's all the same now. That bulkhead will go, and then ——" He turned and looked at me. "Do you know how old this ship is? Over forty years. She's been torpedoed three times, wrecked twice. She's been rotting in the Far East for twenty years. She might have been waiting for me." And then he turned away. "There was something ——" He was frowning. "I can't remember. Something I was going to look up." He stared at the large-scale chart of the Minkies that lay on the floor beside his chair. "You know the Minkies?" he asked.

"I've never seen them," I said.

He lunged forward and came up with a book, which he tossed across to me. "Page three hundred and eight, if you're interested in reading the details of your own graveyard." It was the Channel Pilot, Part II.

I found the page and read:

PLATEAU DES MINQUIERS. Buoyage. Caution. Plateau des Minquiers consists of an extensive group of above-water and sunken rocks and reefs, together with numerous banks of shingle, gravel and sand.

There were details that showed the whole extent of the reefs to be about seventeen and a half miles long by eight miles wide, and paragraph after paragraph dealt with major rock outcrops and buoyage.

He had poured himself another drink while I had been reading. "Help yourself," he said, pushing the bottle across to me. I shook my head. All I wanted was food, and while I ate I started to tell him again that we had to get the pumps going.

But he shook his head wearily, swaying a little on his feet. "The pumps won't clear that hold of water now. And sooner or later the bulkhead will go, and that's the end." He leaned his hands on the desk, staring down at the photograph. "If only I could have got the ship to Southampton." It was almost as though he were talking to the girl.

"Suppose we raised sufficient steam on the one boiler to run the engines intermittently." We had to do something—not just go down without fighting. "I banked that furnace right up and ——"

"The wind's westerly," he said. "Keeping her stern to wind, every turn of the screw would be driving her straight onto the Minkies. Besides ——" His voice checked, ceased abruptly. He seemed to lose himself in some dark thought of his own, his black brows furrowed, his mouth a hard, bitter line. "Oh, to hell with it," he muttered, and poured the rest of the rum into his glass.

I was angry then. "Is that what happened last time?" I demanded. "Did you just give up? Is that what it was?"

"Last time?" He was frozen to sudden immobility, the glass halfway to his lips. "What do you mean—last time?"

"The Belle Isle," I said. "Did she go down because ——" I stopped there, checked by the sudden, blazing fury in his eyes.

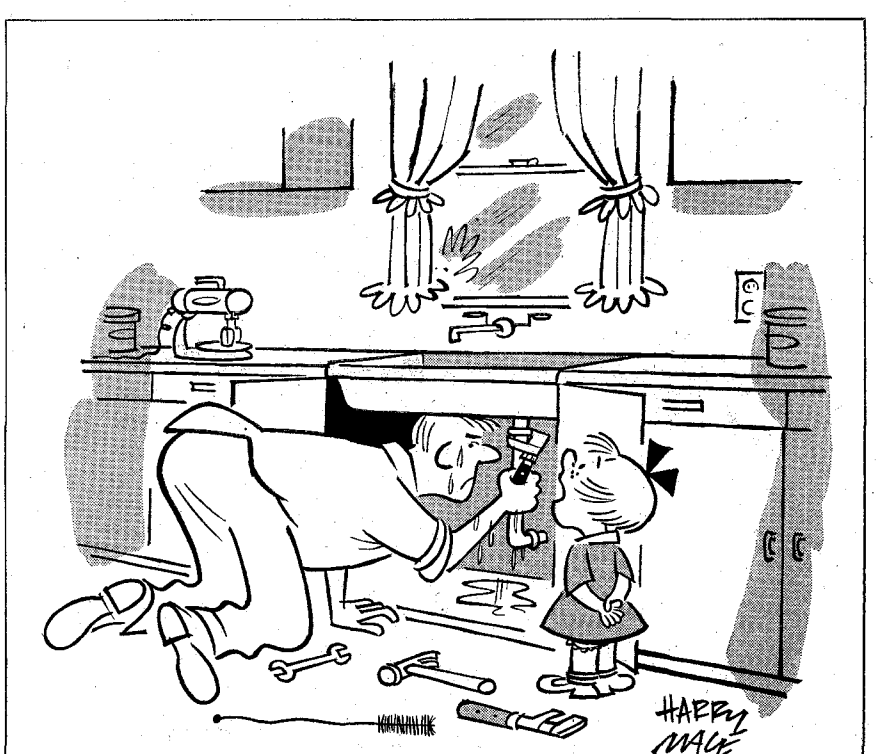
"So you know about the Belle Isle. What else do you know about me?" His voice was shrill, uncontrolled and violent. "Do you know I was on the beach for nearly a year? A year in Aden. And this—the first ship in a year, and it has to be the Mary Deare, a floating scrap heap with a drunken skipper who goes and dies on me, and an owner ——" He pushed his hand up through his hair, staring through me, back into the past. "Fate can play dirty tricks, once she's got her claws into you." And then, after a pause, "If I could keep this old tramp afloat ——" He shook his head. "You wouldn't think it would happen to a man twice, would you?" he murmured. "Twice! I was too young and green to know what they were up to when I got command of the Belle Isle. But I knew the smell of it this time. Well, they got the wrong man." He gave a bitter laugh. "A lot of good it did me, being honest. I got her up through the Bay. God knows how I did it, but I did. And round Ushant I headed for Southampton." His eyes focused on me again and he said, "Well, now I don't care any more. You can't go on fighting a thing. This gale has finished me. I know when I'm licked."

I didn't say anything, for there wasn't anything I could say. It had to come from him. He was silent, his head on one side, listening. He was listening to the sounds of the ship being pounded by the waves. "What a thing it would be to steam into Southampton with no crew and the ship half full of water." He laughed. It was the drink in him talking, and he knew it.

His hand went up through his hair again. "Wind over tide in a few hours," he murmured. "There'll be a wild sea running then." He glanced at his watch. "Less than twelve hours from now the tide will be carrying us down onto the rocks. It will still be dark then. If visibility is all right, we should be able to see the buoys; at least we'll know ——" His voice checked abruptly. "The buoys! That's what I was thinking about. I was looking at the chart ——" He was frowning. And then suddenly his fist crashed against the palm of his hand. "That's it! If we hit the tide just right!" He went rushing past me and I heard his feet pounding on the ladder to the bridge.

I followed him up and found him in the chartroom, poring over a big book of Admiralty tide tables. He looked up and his eyes were alight with excitement. "There's just a chance," he said. "If we can keep her afloat, we might do it. It means working down in that stokehold—working like you've never worked in your life before; turn and turn about—the stokehold and the wheelhouse." He seized hold of my arm. "Come on!" A wave hit the side of the ship. Out of the tail of my eye I saw water thundering green across the half-submerged bows. And then I was following him down the ladder again into the body of the ship, and he was shouting, "By heaven, man, I might cheat them yet!"

After that we worked like blacks, side by side, in the (*Continued on Page 100*)



"Who would have thought little skinny toothpicks could cause all this trouble!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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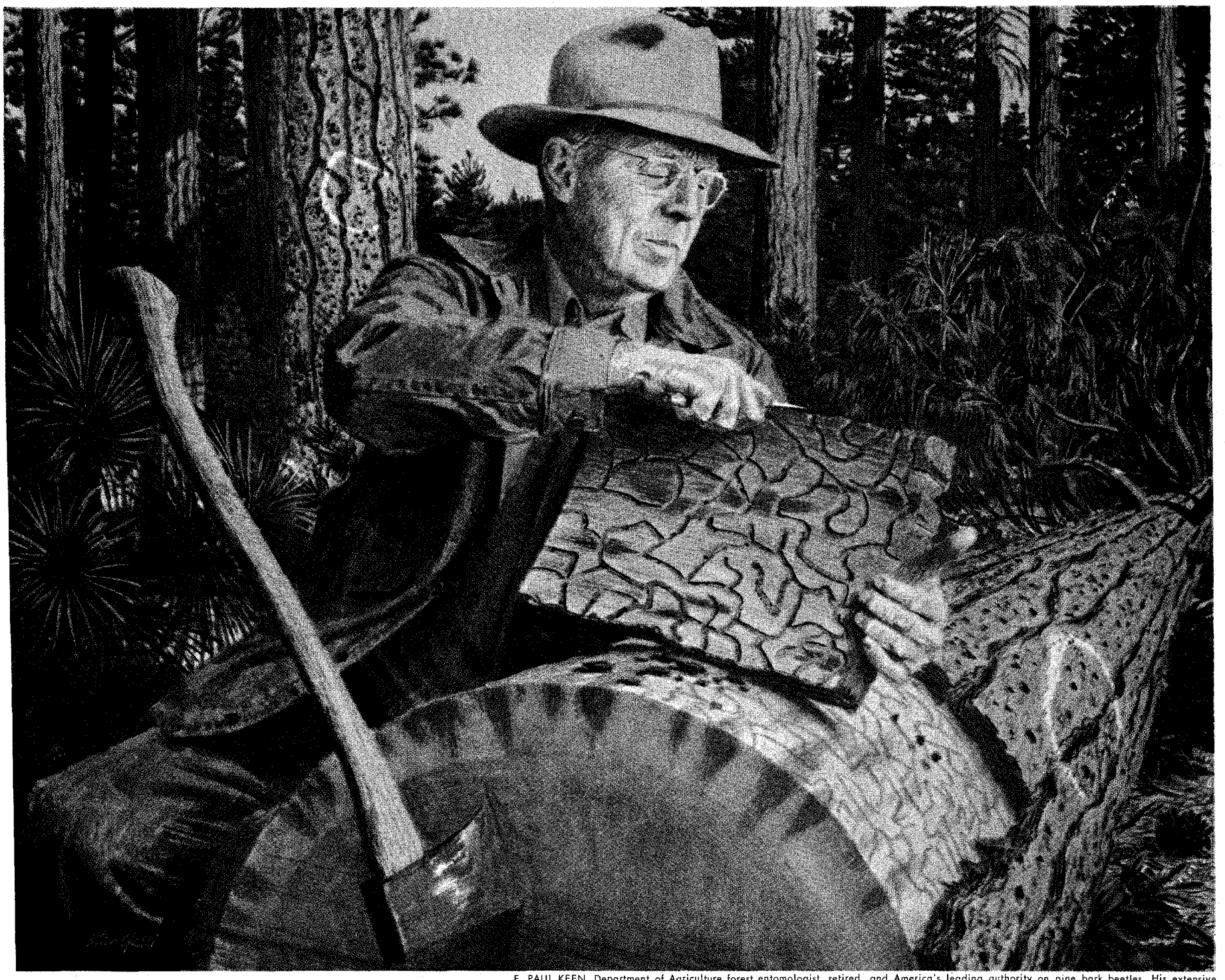
MAKING WOOD SERVE AMERICA BETTER THROUGH GOOD FOREST MANAGEMENT



F. PAUL KEEN, Department of Agriculture forest entomologist, retired, and America's leading authority on pine bark beetles. His extensive research on the growth habits of ponderosa pine resulted in the system used on tree farms today to classify such trees according to insect susceptibility. He also pioneered the use of aircraft to detect forest insect damage and to control defoliators by aerial dusting.

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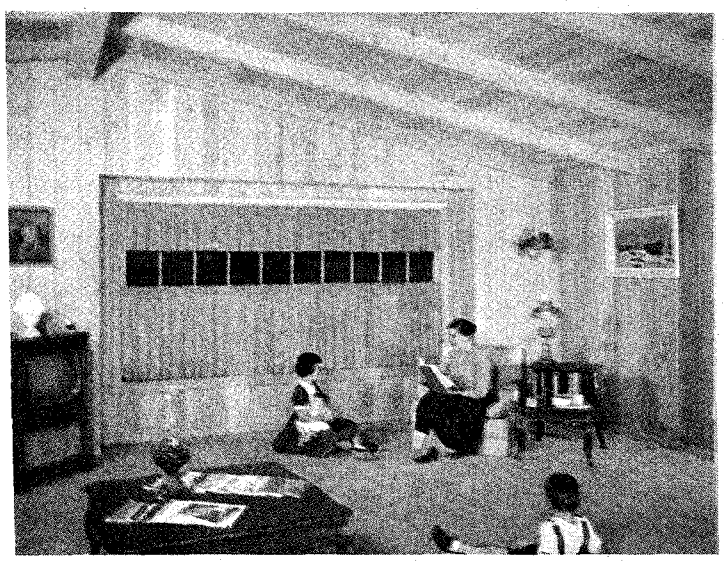

Like people, trees can become ill due to severe attacks by insects and disease. About thirty years ago, for example, a bark beetle epidemic swept western pine forests, killing 15 *billion* feet of timber. To Paul Keen, forest entomologist, this loss became a personal challenge to develop scientific methods for preventing such deadly insect epidemics. His applied research in this field was one of the major contributions to American forestry and is the basis for methods used today to successfully manage timber as a crop on ponderosa pine tree farms.

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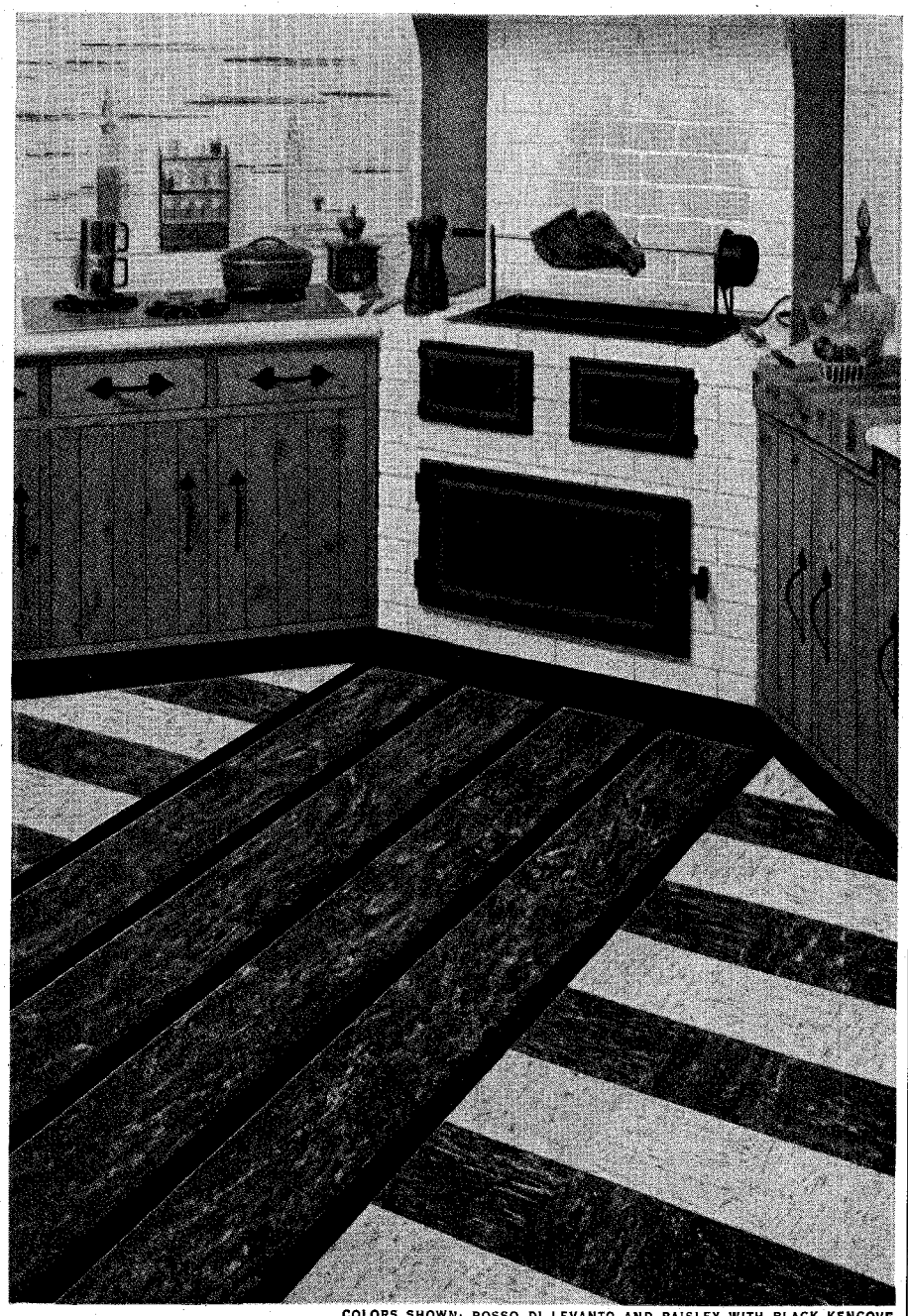

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(*Continued from Page 98*) dark bowels of the ship, shoveling coal into the white-hot maw of the furnace until at last, shortly after three, we had steam up. I felt the thrill of pride then that an engineer must feel—the hiss of steam, the pistons moving, all the cavern of gleaming metal a blaze of light and the engines taking up a steady, pulsating beat. The heart of the ship had come alive, and the motion eased as Patch, up on the bridge, steered her downwind.

It worked out that about every ten minutes or so the engines had to be run; it took about three minutes to get her stern-on again. Those three minutes produced a big drop in the pressure gauge. Only by keeping the furnace full and roaring could that pressure be built up again in time to meet the next demand from the bridge.

At 15:30 he called me up to take over the wheel. "Watch the spindrift," he said. "That will tell you the wind direction. Lay her exactly along the direction of the wind. If you're a fraction out, the stern will swing almost immediately. And have full rudder on from the moment you order me to start the engines—and don't forget, she'll carry way for a good five minutes after the engines have stopped." He left me then and I was alone at the wheel.

It was a welcome relief to be able to stand there with nothing heavier than the wheel to shift. But whereas in the stokehold there had been a sense of security and normality, here I was face to face with the reality of the situation. A grim half light showed the bows so badly down in the water that they barely lifted above the wave tops even when running dead before the wind, and as soon as the ship swung and I had to use the engines, the whole deck for'ard of the bridge became a seething welter of water. I found a duffel coat in the chartroom and put it on. A new position had been marked on the chart. We were lying just about halfway between the Roches Douvres and the Minkies. The congested area of submerged reefs was getting rapidly nearer.

At 16:30 he relieved me. His face and neck glistened with sweat, and his eyes were deep-sunk in their sockets, all the bone formation of his face standing out hard and sharp. "The wind is backing southwesterly," he said. "If we're not careful we're going to be driven slap into the middle of the Minkies. Every time we run the engines now, we've got to inch our way to the southward."

One hour in the stokehold; one on the bridge. Dazed with tiredness, we did it automatically.

At the helm just after midnight a glimmer of light showed for an instant in the rushing, wind-torn darkness beyond the bows. By the end of my watch it was possible to identify it as Group-flashing 2. The chart showed the Southwest Minkies buoy as Gp. fl. (2).

And after that the light was always with us, getting a little nearer, a little clearer, until it began to fade with the first gray glimmer of dawn as I took over the wheel at five-thirty in the morning. I was almost dead with exhaustion then, hardly able to stand, my knees trembling. The night in the stokehold had been hell, the last hour almost unendurable, shoveling coal, with rivulets of water spilling across the floor and spitting steam as they swirled round the hot base of the furnace. The pumps had been able to cope with the water that seeped in through every rotten rivet in the ship.

The tide had turned now and the double flash of the Minkies buoy began to come down on us fast, and on the wrong side of us. Soon, as the daylight strengthened, I could see the buoy itself, one of those huge pillar buoys that the French use. We were going to pass at least half a mile inside it. I had a look at the chart and then got Patch on the voice pipe and told him to come up.

It seemed a long time before he appeared on the bridge, and when he came he moved slowly, his feet dragging as though he were just out of a sickbed. I pointed to the Minkies buoy, now almost four points on the starboard bow. "We're passing too far inside it," I said.

He went into the chartroom and I waited, expecting him to send me running below to get the engines going. "For heaven's sake!" I shouted to him. "We're being carried right onto the Minkies!"

"We're all right for the moment." He said it quietly, but I didn't believe him. How could we be all right? All ahead of us was nothing but reefs with the seas pouring white across miles of submerged rock. And the tide would be falling soon. Once we struck ——

"We've got to get clear of the Minkies," I told him. "Once we're clear of the Minkies we're all right." I let go of the wheel and started for the companion ladder. "I'm going to start the engines."

But he grabbed hold of my arm as I passed him. "Don't you understand?" he said. "We're sinking." His face was as stony as the gaze of his dark eyes. "I didn't tell you before, but water is flooding through the bulkhead. I had a look at it just before I came up." He let go of my arm then and stared through the glasses, searching for something in the gray, scud-filled dawn.

"How long ——" I hesitated, unwilling to put it into words. "How long before she goes down?"

"I don't know. A few minutes, an hour, maybe two." He lowered the glasses with a little grunt of satisfaction. "Well, it's a slender chance, but ——" He turned and stared at me as though assessing my worth. "I want pressure in that boiler for ten to fifteen minutes' steaming. Are you prepared to go below and continue stoking?" He paused and then added, "I should warn you that you'll stand no chance at all if that bulkhead goes while you're down there."

I hesitated. "For how long?"

"An hour and a half, I should say." He glanced quickly away to starboard, half nodded his head and then caught hold of my arm. "Come on," he said. "I'll give you a hand for the first hour."

"What about the ship?" I asked. "If she strikes on one of these reefs ——"

"She won't strike," he answered. "We're drifting down just about a mile inside the buoys."

Down in the stokehold there was a strange sense of remoteness from danger. The warmth and the furnace glow and the blaze of the lights were comfortingly normal. Now that I could no longer see the seas thundering over the reefs, I was enveloped in a false sense of security. Only the boom of the waves crashing against the hollow sides of the ship and the bright rivulets of water streaming from the started-rivet holes reminded us of the danger we were in.

We stoked like madmen, shoulder to shoulder, flinging coal into the furnace with utter disregard of exhaustion. It seemed an eternity, but that bulkhead held and finally Patch looked at his watch and flung his shovel down.

"I'm going up to the bridge," he said. "You'll be on your own now. Keep on stoking until I ring for full speed. Then, when you've got the engines going, come straight up to the bridge. All right?"

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak. He was pulling his clothes on and I watched him as he staggered through to the engine room and disappeared. The

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sound of the waves thundering against the hull seemed louder now. I looked down at my wrist watch. It was twenty past seven. I started to shovel coal again, conscious all the time of the hull plates towering above me and of the slope of the decks; conscious that at any moment this lighted world might plunge below the seas.

Half past seven! Quarter to eight! Would he never ring for the engines? What was this slender chance he had talked of? Exhausted, my nerves strung taut with fear and the long wait, I suddenly wasn't sure of him any more.

And then, faint above the booming of the waves, came the jangle of the telegraph. It was almost eight o'clock. I flung my shovel down, slammed the furnace door shut and staggered quickly through into the engine room. The telegraph indicator was at Full Ahead. I turned the steam full on and, as I raced up the ladders, the whole steel-traceried vault of the engine room became alive with the pounding of the engines.

• •

Teen-Age Defense

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

How rarely the causes
warrant
Her storms of capricious
rage
And tears in an April
torrent.
Yet we, in our stable age,
Must curb the impulse to
scold her.
For surely we can perceive
She wears the chip on her
shoulder
To hide the heart on her
sleeve.

• •

He was standing at the wheel, steering the ship, as I panted up the ladder onto the bridge. "Are we clear of the Minkies yet?" I gasped.

He didn't answer. His hands were gripped tight on the wheel, his whole body tense as he stared out ahead. The ship heeled in a long, agonizing roll, and I staggered down the slope of the bridge deck to the starboard windows. A buoy, painted red and white, was sliding past us. The bows were completely submerged.

"Almost there now." His voice was taut, barely audible. His eyes looked out of their sunken sockets, staring fixedly. And then he shifted the balance of his feet, and the wheel spun under his hand. I couldn't believe it for a moment. He was turning the wheel to port. He was turning the ship to port, turning her in toward the rock outcrops of the Minkies.

"Are you crazy?" I shouted at him. "Turn to starboard! To starboard!" And I flung myself at the wheel, gripping the spokes, trying to turn it against the pressure of his hands.

He shouted something at me, but it was lost in the noise of a big sea crashing against the bridge. Fingers gripped my hair, forcing my head back. He was shouting at me to let go of the wheel, and my eyes, half closed with pain, caught a glimse of his face, set and hard and shining with sweat. "It's our only chance!" His voice was barely audible above the roar of the seas. And then the muscles of my neck cracked as he flung me back and I was caught on a downward plunge and fetched up against the window ledge with such force that all the breath was knocked out of me. A patch of broken water slid past on the port side, and almost ahead of us the sea flung a curling wave top round a little huddle of rocks that were just beginning to show their teeth. I felt suddenly sick.

"Will you take the wheel now?" His voice was distant, quite cool. I stared at him, dazed and not understanding. "Quick, man," he said. "Take the wheel." He was on his own bridge, giving an order, expecting it to be obeyed. The acceptance of obedience was implicit in his tone. I dragged myself to my feet and he handed over to me. "Steer north ten degrees east." He fetched the hand-bearing compass from the chartroom and went out with it onto the starboard wing of the bridge. For a long time he stood there, quite motionless, occasionally raising the compass to his eye and taking a bearing on some object behind us.

And all the time I stood there at the wheel, holding the ship to ten degrees east of north and wondering what in heaven's name we were doing sailing straight in toward the reefs like this. I was dizzy, still a little sick, too scared now to do anything but hold onto the course I had been told, for I knew we must be in among the rocks, and to try to turn the ship would mean certain disaster. And through the windows, out in that maelstrom of white water that filled all my horizon, there gradually emerged the shapes of more rocks, whole masses of rocks, getting nearer and nearer every minute.

"Steer due north now." His voice was still calm. Yet all ahead of us was nothing but waves tumbling and falling and cascading on the half-exposed reefs. There was one lone island of rock nearer than the rest, and as the ship drove toward it he was back at my side.

"I'll take her now." There was a strange gentleness in the way he spoke, and I let him have the wheel, not saying anything, not asking any questions.

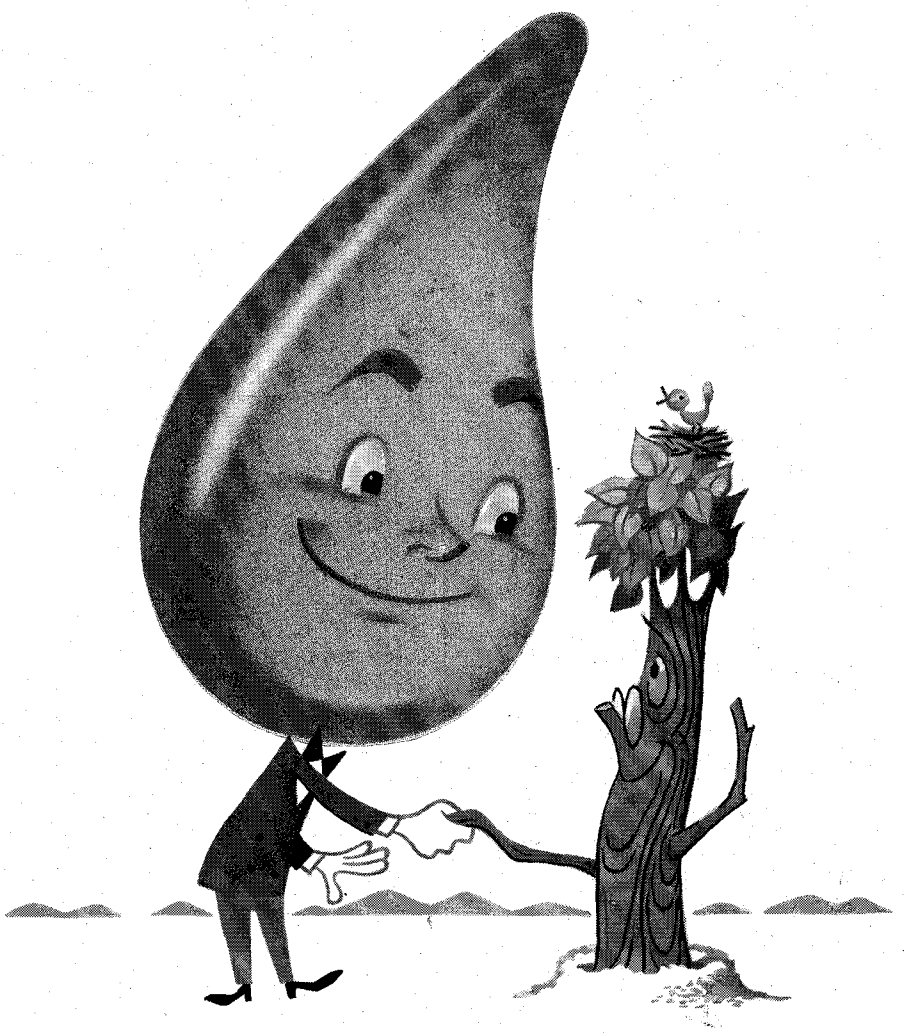
And then we struck—not suddenly, with an impact, but slowly, gently, a long grinding to a halt that sent me staggering forward until I was brought up against the window ledge. The engines continued without pause, as though the heart of her had refused to recognize death.

It was a queer moment. Patch was still standing there at the wheel, still staring out ahead with set face and the knuckles of his hands white with the violence of his grip on the wheel spokes. The wheelhouse looked exactly the same, and for'ard, through the glass windows, the bows remained submerged with waves rolling across them. The deck under my feet still pulsed with life. Nothing had changed; only that we were now motionless and at rest.

Trembling, I wiped the cold sweat from my forehead with my hand. We were aground on the Minkies now. I felt a sense of finality. I turned and looked at him. He was gazing out across the tumbled waste of the sea.

"I did what I could," he breathed. And then again, louder, "God in heaven, I did what I could." There was no blasphemy in the way he said it; only the sense of a man in torment. And finally his hands dropped slackly from the spokes of the wheel, as though relinquishing at last his command of the ship. He turned away and walked, slowly and deliberately, in the manner of a sleepwalker, through into the chartroom.

I pulled myself together then and followed him. He was bent over the chart and he didn't look up. A wave crashed against the ship's side, throwing a solid mass of water against the chartroom window, momentarily blocking out the daylight. As it fell away he pulled the log-



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book toward him and, picking up the pencil, began to write. When he had finished, he closed the book and straightened up, as though he had written Finis to that section of his life. His eyes came slowly round and met mine. "I'm sorry," he said. "I should have explained what I was going to do." He was like a man wakened from a dream and suddenly rational. "It was a question of hitting the tide just right."

"But we should have headed toward St.-Malo." I was still dazed, a little stupid. I didn't understand.

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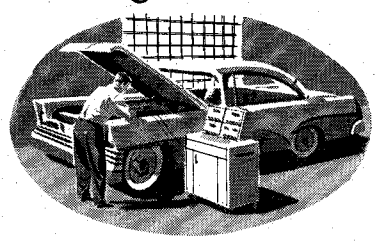

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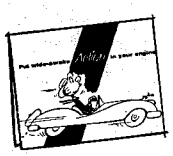

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"In just over two hours, if we'd lasted that long, the tide would have turned and driven us north across the reefs." He slid the chart along the table toward me. "See for yourself," he said. "The only chance was to beach her here." And he put his pencil on the spot where the ship was lying.

It was about a mile south of the main body of the reefs in an area showing two and a quarter fathoms' depth at low water. His pencil point rested for a moment on the high point to the west of the main reefs. "At low water it should be reasonably sheltered in here." He threw the pencil down and straightened up, stretching himself and rubbing his eyes. "Well, that's that." There was finality and the acceptance of disaster in the way he said it. "I'm going to get some sleep." He went past me then without another word.

Sleep! The mere mention of it weighted down my eyelids, and a terrible lassitude engulfed me. I staggered down to Rice's cabin and fell into his bunk, to be wakened hours later in the pitch-darkness of the night with the sound of water pouring through the ship. The whole vessel was quivering and grinding to the onslaught of the waves. Knee-deep in water, I felt my way down the corridor and up the companionway to Patch's cabin. I slept the rest of the night in the armchair, and in the morning the gale had died down and we got away from the wreck in a rubber dinghy that Patch produced from the dead owner's cabin.

For just over four hours we were tumbled about in the aftermath of the storm, soaked to the skin, crammed into the narrow space between the fat, yellow rolls of the dinghy's sides, with only an occasional glimpse of Cape Fréhel to guide us. And then, shortly after midday, we were picked up by the cross-Channel packet coming in from Peter Port. They were on the lookout for survivors, otherwise they would never have sighted us, for they were passing a good half mile to the west of us. And then the packet suddenly altered course, coming down on us fast, the bows almost hidden by spray flung up by the waves. She hove to a little upwind of us, rolling heavily, and as she drifted down on us, rope ladders were thrown over the side and men came down to help us up; quiet English voices offering words of encouragement, hands reaching down to pull us up.

People crowded round us on the deck, passengers and crew, asking questions, pressing cigarettes and chocolate on us. Then an officer took us to his quarters and the packet got into her stride again, engines throbbing gently, effortlessly.

A hot shower, dry clothes, and then we were taken into the officers' saloon, and a steward was bustling about, pouring tea, bringing us plates of bacon and eggs. The normality of it—the incredible, wonderful normality of it! And then the captain came in. "Is either of you the owner of the yacht Sea Witch?" he asked.

"Yes," I said. "I'm John Sands."

"Good. I'm Captain Fraser. I'll have a radio message sent to Peter Port right away. A Colonel Lowden brought her in. He was very worried about you. He and Duncan were on board yesterday, listening to the radio reports of the search." He turned to Patch. "I take it you're one of the Mary Deare's officers?" His voice was harder, the Scots accent more pronounced.

Patch had risen. "I'm the captain—Captain Patch."

The iron-gray brows lifted slightly and then settled in a frown. "I understood that a Captain Taggart was master of the Mary Deare."

Patch explained that Taggart was dead and he, as first officer, had assumed command, and Fraser stared at him stonily.

"I see." His little blue eyes were watching Patch, full of curiosity. "Well, now, Captain Patch, what happened? The air has been thick with messages about the Mary Deare for the last twenty-four hours." He hesitated, waiting. "You'll be glad to know that a boatload of survivors was washed up on Ile de Bréhat yesterday afternoon." Patch still said nothing. "Oh, come, you can't expect me not to be curious." His tone was friendly. "The survivors report that there was a fire and you ordered the crew to abandon ship. That was Thursday night, and yet Lowden told me ——"

"I ordered them to abandon ship?" Patch was staring at him. "Is that what they say?"

"According to a French report, yes. They abandoned ship shortly after twenty-two-thirty hours. Yet the following morning Lowden saw the Mary Deare." He hesitated, silenced by Patch's hard, uncompromising stare. "Man!" he said in sudden exasperation, "what happened? Is the Mary Deare afloat or sunk or what?"

Patch didn't say anything for a moment. He seemed to be thinking it out. Finally he said, "A full statement will be made to the proper authorities. Until then ——" He was still staring at Fraser. "Until then you'll excuse me if I don't talk about it."

Fraser hesitated, unwilling to let it go at that. Then he said, "Very proper of you, captain." His voice was formal, a little huffed. "Now I must go. We're just coming into St.-Malo. Meantime, please accept the hospitality of my ship. Anything you want, ask the steward." As he went out, he paused in the doorway. "I think I should tell you, captain, that we have a young lady on board—a Miss Taggart. She's Captain Taggart's daughter. She flew out to Peter Port yesterday, and when she heard that survivors had come ashore on the coast of France, she came with us." He paused and then came back a few steps into the saloon. "She doesn't know her father is dead. She's hoping he's among the survivors." Again a slight hesitation. "I presume you notified the owners?"

"Of course."

"I see. Well, it's a pity they didn't see fit to inform his next of kin." He said it angrily. "I'll have my steward bring her to you." And then in a softer tone, "Break it to her gently, man. She's a nice wee thing and she obviously adored her father." He left then, and a silence descended on the room. Patch was eating with the concentration of a man shoveling energy back into his body. There was nothing relaxed about him.

"Well, what did he die of?" I asked him.

He looked up at me. "Drink," he said, and resumed his eating.

"Good heavens!" I said. "You can't tell her that!"

"No, of course not," he said impatiently. "I'll just tell her he died of heart failure. That was probably the medical cause anyway."

"She'll want to know details."

"Well, she can't have them."

I thought he was being callous, and got up and went over to the porthole. The engines had been slowed. We were coming into St.-Malo. I stood there, looking at the buildings that had replaced those the Germans had destroyed behind the fortress walls, wondering about this man with whom I had shared so many desperate hours.

"Is it true?" I asked. "About your ordering the crew to take to the boats."

He looked up at me quickly, his face livid.

"Of course, it isn't."

"But if it isn't true ——"

"What's truth got to do with it?" He stared at me angrily. "The rats panicked, and now they're saying I ordered them to abandon ship, because they've got to cover themselves somehow. They'll cling together. You'll see. When it comes to the formal inquiry"—he gave a little shrug of his shoulders— "I've been through it all before. They'll fix me—if they can."

TO BE CONTINUED

"Well, according to your map reading, here we are on the palm-fringed shores of Sylvan Lake."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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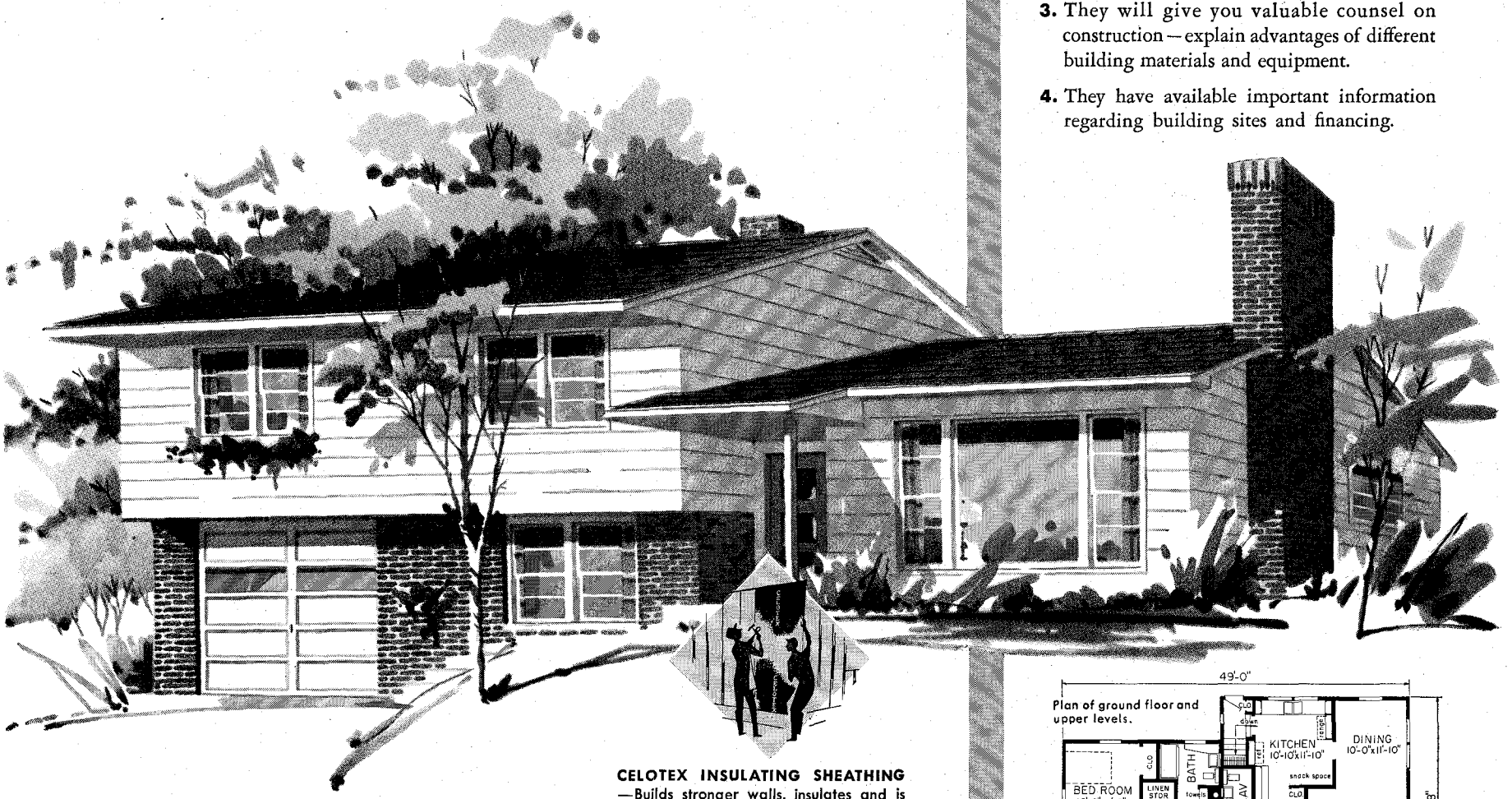

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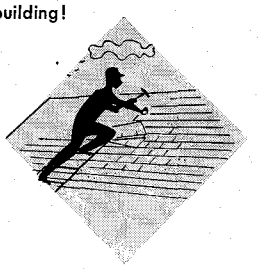

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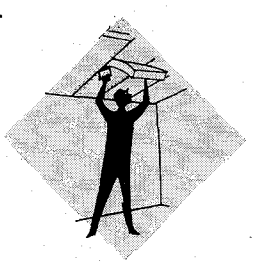

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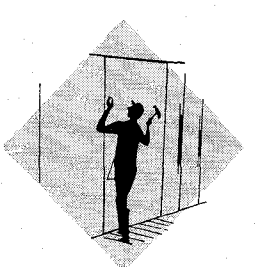

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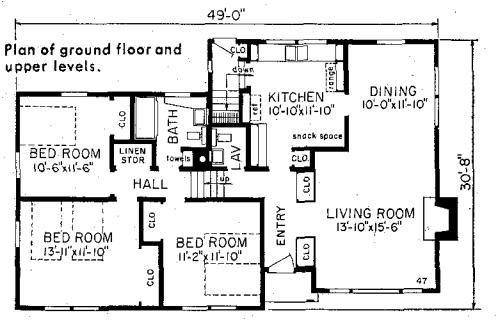

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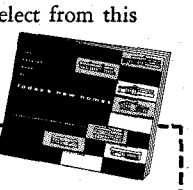

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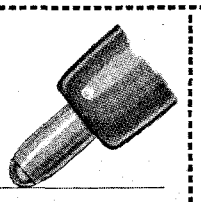

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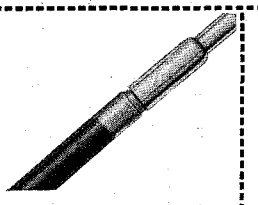

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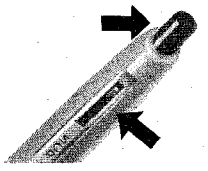

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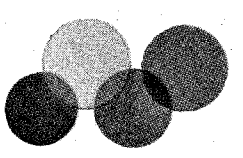

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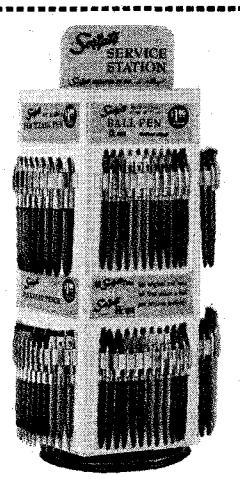

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Good Field, Terrific Hit

(Continued from Page 36)

hitter, Banks has become a superbargain who would bring many times his original price on the player market.

Owner Wrigley, the proprietor of a chewing-gum empire, doesn't need the money. His long-suffering Cubs do need the home runs and the shortstop. Along with other deficiencies, they went without a top shortstop for fifteen years after trading Jurges to the New York Giants at the conclusion of the 1938 season.

"A fellow asked if we'd be interested in three hundred thousand dollars for Banks," relates Wid C. Matthews, who handles player personnel for Wrigley. "Of course, we weren't. Then he mentioned five hundred thousand. I told him there was no price tag on the boy, because he isn't for sale."

Both the offer and the refusal are understandable in the light of what Ernie Banks accomplished last year, during his second full season. He was the starting shortstop for the National League in the All-Star Game in July, and he made The Sporting News All-Star Team at the end of the year. He was a strong third in the Most Valuable Player vote, headed only by the Dodgers' Roy Campanella and Duke Snider. Logically enough, he also was chosen in an Associated Press poll as the National League's Sophomore of the Year.

It wasn't just the home runs that brought Banks all these awards, although he broke a couple of single-season records in that department—most grand slams, with five, and most homers by a shortstop. He was not an all-or-nothing swinger. He had a total of 176 hits—almost half of them for extra bases—and a respectable batting average of .295. He was one of the runs-batted-in leaders, with 117. And he led the league's shortstops in the fielding averages too.

If any attribute is missing from Banks' catalogue of baseball virtues, it is that of take-charge guy. He is not the holler type. His seemingly effortless style of play and his expressionless demeanor convey an impression almost of indifference. Banks rarely shows any emotion on the ball field—or off it, for that matter. "Even after hitting a home run," says manager Stan Hack, "he comes back to the dugout with his head down as if he'd done something wrong."

Hack can recall only two occasions last season when Ernie's underlying intensity broke through the surface. The first was when Ronnie Kline, of Pittsburgh, hit Banks in the face with a pitched ball. Banks went down and the Cubs rushed out to the plate. Hack helped Ernie to his feet and asked him how he felt.

"I'm all right," Banks said. "You're not going to take me out."

Later in the year a pulled side muscle forced him out of a game in the seventh inning—the first time he had been out of the line-up since breaking into it at the tag end of 1953. Hack suggested that Banks take a few days off. The youth burst into tears. He didn't miss another inning—or let slip another display of feeling—the rest of the year.

Banks' shyness and reserve are common enough among young athletes of humble background who suddenly find themselves in the big time. When I first met him in the Cubs' locker room, he spoke barely above a whisper. Later, in a Chicago Loop hotel, he began to talk quite freely, mostly about baseball rather than about himself. His clothes, well tailored and quiet, matched his subdued personality. Later still, in his own apartment, he relaxed even more. He shed most of his reticence as we browsed through scrapbooks—which his wife keeps—and looked at pictures of his family.

Ernie is one of eleven children, eight of whom still live with his parents in Dallas. The pictures recalled the depression days of his early childhood. Ernie now makes his home in Chicago, but the family ties are still strong. He sends money to them regularly and telephones his mother two or three times a week. She has never seen him play, but his father, Eddie Banks, came north last May as Ernie's guest. He saw his son hit a bases-loaded home run—the first of the record-breaking five—off Russ Meyer, then with Brooklyn.

Among the Wrigley Field faithful, Banks already rivals the great Cubs of the past in popularity. In a wintertime newspaper poll, Cub fans voted him their favorite player by a five-to-one margin. Little of this seems to stem from the fact that Banks was the first Negro to play for the Cubs. Rather, it is a natural response to his long-ball hitting and his double-play artistry, the latter performed in collaboration with Negro second baseman Gene Baker, who made the Cubs' line-up just a few days after Ernie's own debut. The Banks-Baker combination has acquired the nickname of "Bingo-Bango."

Last September a group of fans proposed to stage an Ernie Banks Day at Wrigley Field. This was a rare honor for a youngster, but Banks' reaction was even more unusual. "I don't want a 'day,'" he told them. "I've been up here only two years. I don't think I deserve it. I don't want a 'day' until I've proved myself a big-leaguer."

One day last July, Ernie was in the on-deck circle waiting to hit against the St. Louis Cardinals when the announcement came over the loud-speaker that Banks had won the National League shortstop assignment in the nationwide balloting for the All-Star Game.

"That made me feel real good," Banks recalls. "I said a little prayer right there. I wanted to repay all those fans who voted for me."

Then he hit the ball over the left-field wall, 351 feet away. This one was his twenty-second of the season, which tied Glenn Wright's league record for home runs hit by a shortstop. Later, Ernie followed through with No. 23 to whip the Cardinals in the eleventh inning.

How does Banks manage to wallop all those homers despite his lack of bulk? A key part of the answer is given by Mel Ott, now a radio sports commentator, who proved in his own day that you don't have to be a Goliath to be a long-ball hitter. Many people forget that Ott, who hit 511 home runs with the New York Giants, never weighed more than 180 pounds. In talking about Banks, Ott sums up, "He hits 'em with his wrists."

Lew Fonseca, a former batting champion himself, who heads the motion-picture bureau of the two major leagues, gives the fullest and most interesting analysis of Ernie's success. He prefaces it by calling attention to a significant change that has been taking place in the style of bats.

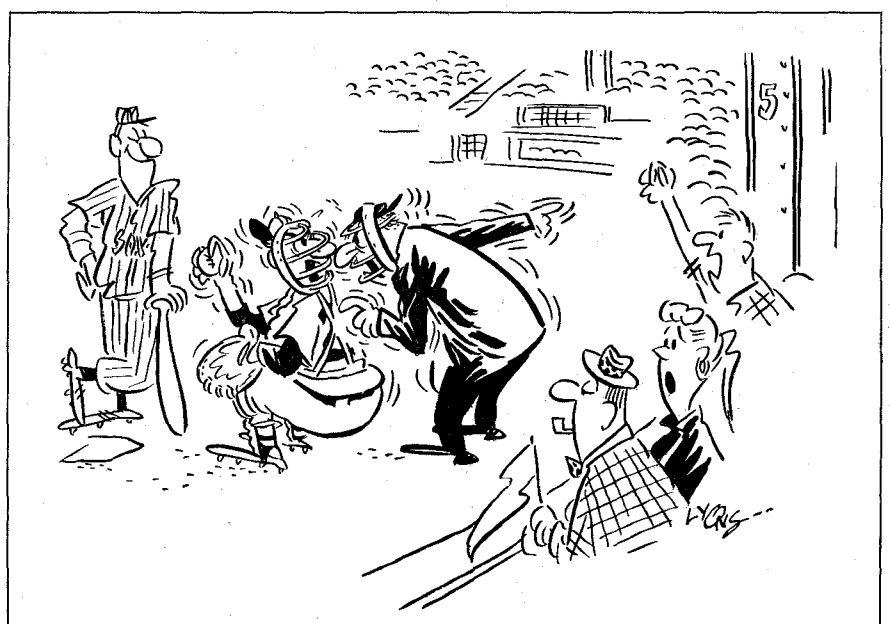
"When I broke in," Fonseca says, "somebody handed me a bat that weighed thirty-eight ounces. You were a sissy in those days if you didn't use a big bat. Ruth used a forty-eight-ounce bat for years. But Banks switched from a thirty-four-ounce to a thirty-one-ounce bat late in the 1954 season and stayed with it all last summer. It's as light as a cane to him.

"Our movies show how he does the damage with his wrists and forearms. The fast ball of the average pitcher travels at about seventy-five miles per hour. The exceptional fast ball will make ninety to a hundred miles per hour. Now this may sound improbable, but a bat swung by a hitter of Banks' type actually gains on the ball before impact. The bat at impact is traveling faster than the ball.

"When the home runs pile up you invariably hear talk of the lively ball. In my book it's the lively bat—the long, light stick with the thin handle. It has whip in it, and the ball, when met solidly, travels like a shot. Many of Banks' long blows start off like line drives. He seldom hits a towering home run. The level swing and the incredible wrist action do the trick."

The person least impressed by Ernie's exploits appears to be Banks himself. He has not "gone Hollywood." He and his wife live quietly in a five-room apartment on Chicago's South Side, attend a nearby Methodist church, bowl occasionally in the off season and go to the movies. He doesn't smoke or drink, not even coffee. Nor does his wife, whom he met at a softball game during junior-high days.

Although Banks doesn't boast or strut, neither does he indulge in false modesty. As gratifying as the 1955 season was to him, he feels that "I can do better when I learn the strike zone. It'll probably take me a few years to do that. Right now I'm swinging at too many bad pitches." The pitchers don't regard him as a bad-ball hitter, but they do tempt him occasionally on pitches just wide of the plate.



"I can see why they muzzle those two!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The veteran Clarence (Pants) Rowland, executive vice-president of the Cubs, who has seen every major-league standout since 1910, thinks Banks may qualify as the greatest hitting shortstop since the late Honus Wagner, universally rated as the best of all time. Wagner had a remarkable batting average of .329 for his twenty-one major-league seasons, but, hitting in the dead-ball era, collected a total of only 101 home runs. Rowland believes that Wagner today would have been a power hitter like Banks.

A young shortstop, hard-hitting or otherwise, must establish himself over a period of years before he can be considered the equal of any of a dozen great ones, from Wagner to today's fading stars, Pee Wee Reese and Phil Rizzuto. In between came Everett Scott, Travis Jackson, Arky Vaughan, Marty Marion, Lou Boudreau, Joe Cronin, Luke Appling, Vern Stephens, the aforementioned Jurges and Wright and others. Few of them ever approached the slugging feats of Banks, who hit only one fewer homers last year than the seven other National League shortstops combined—and more than all eight of the American League shortstops.

Until Banks came along, the biggest power-hitting exception was Vern Stephens, who set the previous home-run record for shortstops with thirty-nine in 1949. All together, Stephens had 244 homers in thirteen years.

Of the others who have been named, Joe Cronin was a strong clutch batter, but he averaged only ten homers a season and never hit more than twenty-four in a single year. Nobody else did that well. Arky Vaughan had a fancy .319 average over a sixteen-year period, but only ninety-three homers. Down at the bottom are Phil Rizzuto, with a mere thirty-eight in twelve years, and Jurges, with forty-three in sixteen seasons.

Home runs aside, Ernie's manager, Stan Hack—who could be a mite prejudiced—unequivocally declares that Banks already is the best shortstop in the league, and adds, "He'll get better."

Hack has a point. Banks never played high-school or college baseball, never spent a day in the organized minors. He knew few of the fine points when he came to the Cubs in September of 1953. In thirty-two months thereafter his salary jumped from about $1800 a year with the Kansas City Monarchs to an estimated $27,500 for 1956, the latter figure being about three times his 1955 salary.

This is an appropriate reward for the man Chicago is counting on to lead the Cubs back to the top. They used to be steady contenders, but for the past nine years the club has floundered in the second division. They squeezed out a wartime pennant with a patchwork team in 1945, then went into a decline. During the gloomy 1953 season—a year when the Cubs committed 111 errors in their first eighty games—a wag suggested a new slogan, "On the floor by '54." Attendance dropped from a postwar high of 1,237,792 in 1948 to a low of 748,183 in 1954.

Last year an early-season spurt and Banks' performance began bringing the fans back. Attendance increased 127,377 at home and 67,644 on the road. Banks remained a big box-office draw even after the Cubs finally sank into sixth place.

In his days in Negro ball, nobody suspected Banks' full potential, including Tom Baird, the long-time operator of the Kansas City Monarchs, among whose alumni have been Jackie Robinson and Satchel Paige. Baird, who recently sold the Monarchs, says, "We considered Banks a good prospect, but we didn't realize he would come along as he has."

No less surprised were such clubs as the Yankees, (*Continued on Page 107*)

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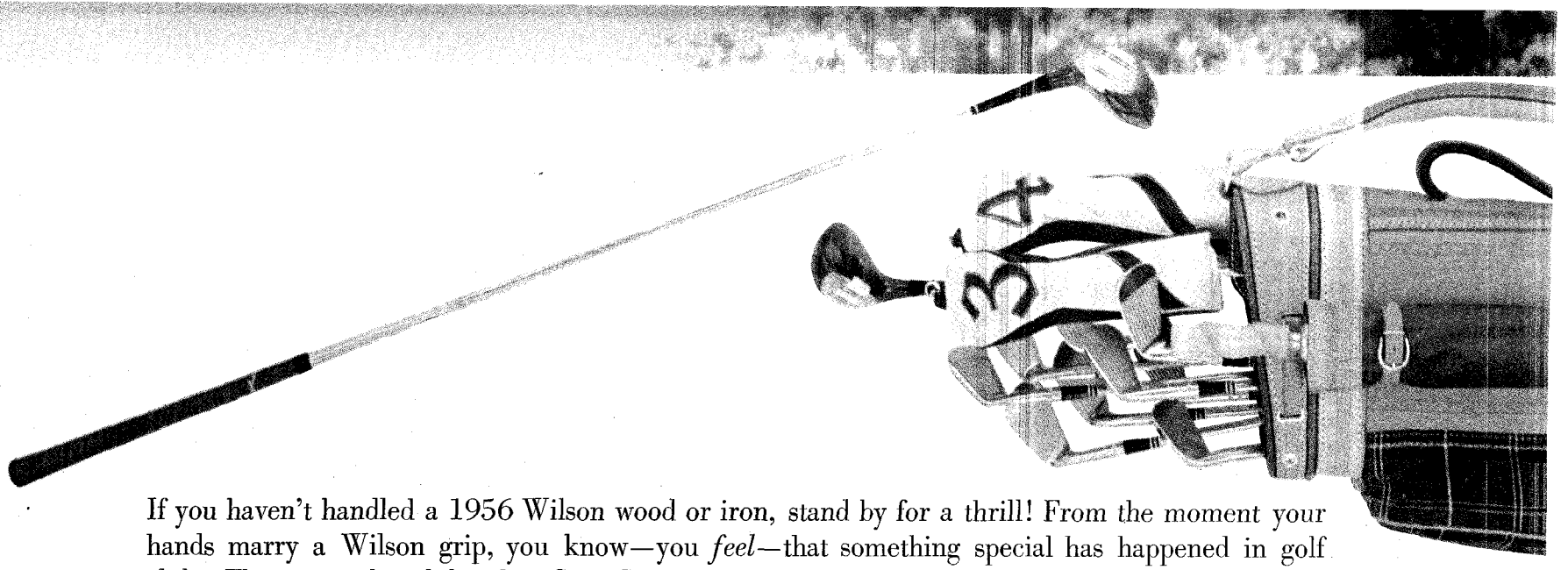

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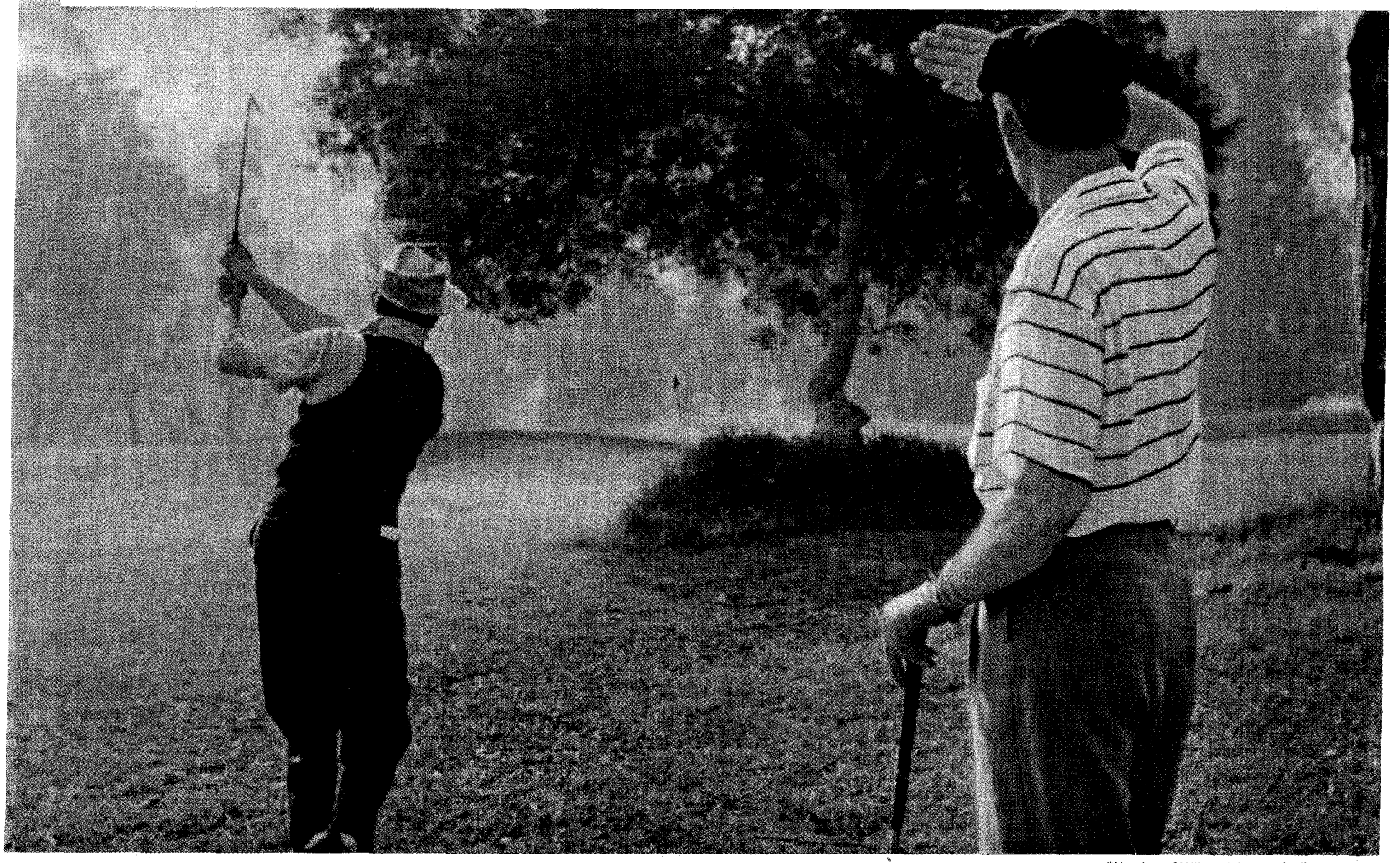
The day you hit a "Sam Snead" shot

Saturday afternoon. Your regular weekly foursome playing its regular weekly grudge match. For once you were even after 17 holes, but now your tee shot on 18 has caught light rough.

You're 140 yards out. A tree blocks your line of fire, and a too-familiar trap guards the green front. You finger your brand new Wilson clubs, ask yourself "What would Sam Snead do?" You know the answer, so you haul out a 7-iron . . . and go for broke!

The ball whisks over the tree top, good all the way, hits and sticks 2 feet from the pin. Amidst the howls, your partner announces, "Have your fares ready, boys. This is the end of the line!"



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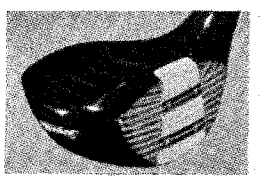

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The Wilson name is part of the game

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(*Continued from Page 105*) White Sox and Dodgers. Fresco Thompson, the Dodgers' farm director, corresponded with Banks in the Army. Ernie played countless games in the then Yankee-owned park in Kansas City, many others in the White Sox's Comiskey Park, and also barnstormed with Don Newcombe, Larry Doby, Jackie Robinson and other big-leaguers. None of them perceived Banks' tremendous talent.

It was sheerest coincidence, in midseason of 1953, that put the Cubs on Banks' trail down in Georgia. It began there because a fellow named Tom Gordon, business manager of the Macon team in the South Atlantic League, was looking for an outfielder.

"Vedie Himsl—he scouts for the Cubs—told me the Monarchs, who were playing in our territory, had a boy I might be interested in," Gordon recalls. "The Monarchs got rained out in our town, so I drove down to Columbus, Georgia, the next night to see about that outfielder. There wasn't an outfielder I wanted, but the shortstop caught my eye.

"He was batting, and I remember I had this stop watch in my hand. I usually carried one. Out of idle curiosity I clocked the boy going down to first. It was just over four seconds; not bad when you consider he was running out a pop fly to short. Anyway, that got me interested in him. Funny thing, sometimes you have to see a boy two or three weeks to check him on all angles. That night this shortstop did it all. He came in on slow rollers, had to go 'in the hole,' covered near the left-field foul line, and made the double play. He made it all look so easy. Then, late in the game, he hit a curve ball over a sixty-foot fence that was three hundred and sixty feet from home plate. That was enough for me."

Gordon, who now operates a drive-in restaurant in Macon, telephoned Wid Matthews in Chicago the next morning. Paid for the call himself too. "I told Wid I thought Banks was good enough to play for the Cubs right then," Gordon relates.

Matthews, picking up the story from there, concedes that he considered Gordon a bit optimistic. "I got out my file on the Monarchs. We had no record of a Banks. I thought there was some mistake. But in this business you never know. So I telephoned Ray Hayworth, our scout down in High Point, North Carolina, and told him to pick up the Monarchs. No, I didn't tell him what Gordon said, didn't even tell him why I wanted him to trail the team."

Three games convinced Hayworth. Excerpts from his report on Banks follow: "Fielding is from good to outstanding, moves well to his right and left and can cover a lot of ground. . . . Running speed is good and he appears to use good judgment as a base runner. . . . Rate average as hitter now with chance to become real good hitter in the future. Buck O'Neil, manager of the Monarchs, stated this boy has good habits and is an aggressive type that likes to play the game. . . . In my opinion this boy has very good chance to step in and play major leagues now and would recommend making deal for him."

Matthews dispatched two other scouts, Vedie Himsl and the late Jimmy Payton, to take a look. Their comments jibed with Hayworth's. Still Matthews wasn't convinced. He borrowed coach Ray Blades from Phil Cavarretta, then manager of the Cubs, for a few days.

"Ray is very conservative," Wid explains. "I wanted to get his opinion before going any further."

Blades, a former big-league player and manager, confirmed the scouting reports. "You wouldn't believe it if I told you," said Blades. "Go see him yourself and you'll feel better."

Matthews watched Banks for the first time in Comiskey Park, figuratively under the noses of White Sox executives. Wid tried to talk business with Baird after that game.

"I'm not ready," said Baird. "I'll let you know when I am."

In early September, a week before the Monarchs' season was ending, Baird sent Matthews a telegram suggesting a meeting at the Conrad Hilton Hotel. When they met, Baird opened negotiations by asking Matthews to make him an offer.

"I've never had any luck dealing that way," Matthews countered. "Let's trade tonight. I'd like to walk out of here with Banks and Bill Dickey"—a young pitcher now in the Cubs' farm system—"or leave the field to somebody else. Tell you what I'll do. You put a price on the two boys. I'll take it or leave it within five seconds, and that'll be the end of our negotiations."

Baird mused over that proposal a moment or two, then agreed. Finally he said he wanted $20,000 for the two—$15,000 for Banks, $5000 for Dickey.

"That's a deal," said Matthews, with four seconds to spare. He now admits the Cubs would have gone higher, possibly to $30,000, for the pair.

Banks knew nothing of the negotiations. He remembered later, "The very night the deal was made, me and Dickey—we roomed together—was playing records and talking about the future, wondering if we'd ever get a chance in organized ball. That traveling and knocking around gets pretty rough after a while."

Banks says he felt like celebrating when he got the news, but that had to wait. He called his wife, then his father in Dallas. "I thought he was going to cry," Banks recalls. "He said to me, 'I hope you can make it, and I know you can.'"

Banks joined the Cubs on September fourteenth. He drew a locker near Hank Sauer and uniform No. 14. Ill at ease at first, Ernie relaxed a bit when he learned he wasn't the only Negro on the roster. The club had just called up Gene Baker from Los Angeles, where he had been a star shortstop for four years. The Pirates' Bobby Bragan, at that time managing Hollywood, had called Baker "the best shortstop I ever saw, and that includes Pee Wee Reese."

Neither rookie had ever played anywhere but shortstop. Baker had the bad luck to check in with a pulled muscle in his side. While Baker was idle, Banks took infield and batting practice with the reserves. On the fourth day Manager Cavarretta told him, "You're in there today." In his undemonstrative way, Banks says that this moment meant more to him than all the home runs, awards and cheers that have come since.

His debut was less than a smashing success. Ernie went hitless in three tries and made one error in a 16-to-4 loss to St. Louis. Three games later Banks hit his first home run, off the Cards' Gerry Staley. He also collected a triple and a single. Banks hasn't missed a game since—318 in all.

After watching Ernie in just ten games back there at the end of 1953, the Cubs traded shortstop Roy Smalley to Milwaukee and sent Baker to the Caribbean for winter-league play at second base. Baker, who is five years older than Banks, accepted the inevitable in good spirit. He is now one of the best second basemen in the league. His experience and savvy have been invaluable to Banks. Off the field a warm friendship has developed between the pair. Quick to credit Baker for much of his rapid development on the field, Banks calls Gene "Smart Top" or "High Pockets."

Baker likes to remind Banks of the latter's most embarrassing moment. It came in St. Louis. The Cardinals had a runner on third, two men out and Rip Repulski at the plate. The Cub infield was drawn in. Repulski hit a sharp grounder to Banks, who, somehow thinking of a double-play situation, snapped up the ball and whipped it to second. Luckily Baker was in the vicinity. He took the throw and relayed to first in time to retire Repulski—a "double play" that doesn't show on the books.

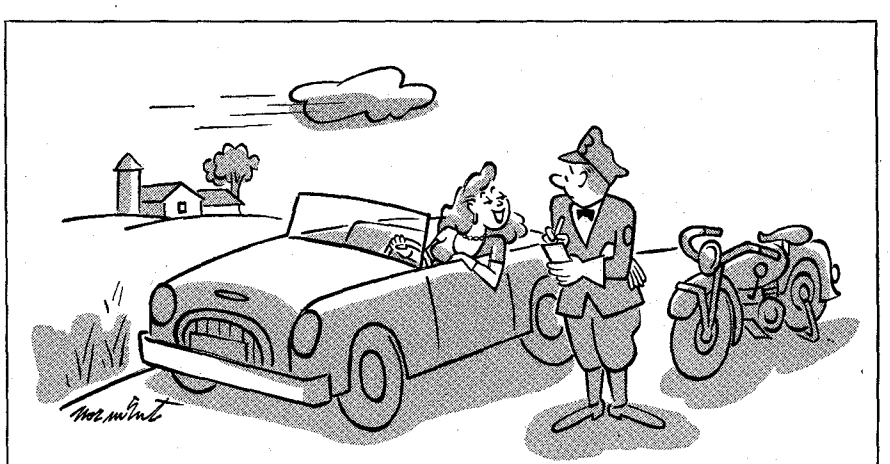
"When I came up I had an awful lot to learn," Banks admits now. "The cutoff plays, who covers on what, playing the hitter—lots of things. You have to know a lot more to play up here."

Ernie's first full season in 1954, while not so spectacular as 1955, was still good enough—nineteen home runs and .275 average—to cause writers to ask Banks the next spring whether he was worried about the sophomore jinx. Ernie shrugged this off—rightly, as it turned out—as "just a superstition."

As a boy Ernie didn't go in for regulation baseball. He preferred its counterpart, softball, and such other sports as football, basketball and swimming. Ernie's lack of baseball interest nettled his father, who had been a semipro pitcher with the Dallas Black Giants, Houston Buffaloes, and teams in Tulsa, Oklahoma City and his native town of Marshall, Texas.

"My father tried everything," says Ernie. "We didn't have much money, but I can remember him buying me a finger mitt. Cost two dollars and ninety-eight cents. Sometimes he'd give me a nickel or dime to play catch with him."

Advancing age finally side-lined his father. As pop's income, baseball and otherwise, dwindled, the family grew larger. Mrs. Banks worked for a time as a bank janitress, while the father tried cotton picking, then construction work and finally WPA. "That WPA was mighty good for us poor people," he now recalls.



"Can't we settle this out of court?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In 1940, when Ernie was nine, his father became a janitor at the Texas Wholesale Grocery Corporation. He's still there.

Maybe it's just nostalgia, but Mrs. Banks remembers Ernie as an almost model boy. She says he never "prowled" at night, and was "regular" at Sunday school and church. He liked to stretch out on top of his bed and read for hours. He was an average student in school.

Ernie told me how he used to shine shoes on the street, mow lawns and, at home, cut wood, wash dishes and help take care of the younger children. His father can't remember the boy ever shining shoes or cutting grass, but recalls that Ernie had a brief fling at cotton picking. "Ernie never learned how," he adds. "The only work he ever did"—Father Banks doesn't consider baseball work—"was at a hotel. Ernie was to carry out garbage, but the cans were too heavy. After three days he quit, and didn't even go back to collect his money."

The coaches at Booker T. Washington High School in Dallas quickly spotted Ernie as a natural athlete. He starred at end on the football team, averaged fifteen to twenty points a game in basketball, high-jumped six feet, and broad-jumped nineteen feet. The Harlem Globetrotters gave him a basketball tryout, "but I never heard from them again," he says.

Baseball reclaimed him, so to speak, when one Bill Blair spotted Ernie playing softball in 1948 at the age of seventeen. With his parents' approval, Banks signed with Blair's Amarillo Colts, a ham-and-egg summertime baseball troupe that toured Texas, New Mexico, Kansas and Oklahoma. "On a good night we'd get seven or eight dollars apiece," says Banks. During his second year with the Colts, Billy (Dizzy) Dismukes signed him for the Kansas City Monarchs. He reported to the club in 1950 after graduating from high school.

Banks began a two-year Army hitch in March, 1951. He capsules it quickly, "They took me in a private and sent me back the same way." However, he did play considerable baseball in Europe in 1952. His first stop when he got back in civilian life was at the home of his Dallas fiancée, Mollye Louise Ector. They were married on April 6, 1953, which has proved to be an unfortunate choice of dates for the bride.

"Comes too close to opening day, I guess," says his wife good-naturedly. "Ernie never remembers our anniversary."

Now that Ernie is a headliner, his father dreams of stardom for other members of the clan. The Cubs seem to have the same hope. In February they signed Ernie's brother, Benjamin, a twenty-two-year-old infielder just released from the Army, to a contract with their Class C farm team at Lafayette, Louisiana. Meanwhile, Papa Banks works with the younger boys. He manages a juvenile team whose most potent battery is Sammy Banks, thirteen, pitcher, and Eddie Lee Banks, fifteen, catcher.

"You can't start too early," the father says. "I taught Ernie how to catch the ball right, how to trap it and get rid of it. But those home runs was more than I expected. I guess he just knows how to use his wrists."

Banks, like all young sluggers, cannot escape the inevitable comparison with the great Babe Ruth, whose record of sixty home runs has now endured for twenty-nine years. Even Ernie's proud father unwittingly increases the pressure, employing a tenuous combination of numbers.

"My wife was forty-four last year," he explains. "Ernie hit forty-four home runs, one for each year. I hope Ernie can do the same for me; I'll be sixty-one this year."

THE END

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Formosa is Like a Volcano

(Continued from Page 31)

fifty miles north of us called the Matsus and this group of ours called Quemoy, in the local dialect. This island, Big Quemoy, is the largest of the southern group, and a few hundred yards from us is Little Quemoy. As you will soon see for yourselves, these islands command the approaches to Amoy harbor, while the Matsus do the same for the port of Foochow. These ports will be the starting points for any Red Chinese invasion of Formosa."

Then General Yin became more solemn as he reached the climax of his briefing. "Now you know how important these islands are," he declared slowly. "They protect Formosa from invasion. If these islands fall, then Formosa will fall. And if Formosa falls, then eventually the United States will fall." It was as simple as that to this Chinese infantry commander, who had never visited any foreign country. Clearly, he expected us to share his belief that the destiny of the United States itself rests upon the fate of Quemoy and Matsu. His was the kind of simple faith which silences even skeptical correspondents, and none of us attempted to challenge his conclusion.

During the next two days we wandered over the island, watching soldiers and fishermen and farmers patiently going about their daily tasks amid the hazards of sporadic gunfire, as they have done for more than six years. These island groups became world-famous after 1949 only because the Chinese Reds, while sweeping over most of China, failed to conquer them. They were obstinately defended and fortified by Gen. Chiang Kai-shek's government, which sought refuge in Formosa, a little more than 100 miles across the strait.

To anyone who has visited war zones it is a never-failing surprise to observe how coolly plain people, such as fishermen and their wives and children, behave in places where they are likely to get hit at any time by some errant artillery shell. The fisher families of Quemoy have endured more hardships and dangers than most of the soldiers on the island because these civilians never get rotated. One village we visited had been almost destroyed by an unusually heavy bombardment only two days before. But all of the villagers were still there digging among the ruins or beginning to repair their mud-brick houses. None of them had asked to be evacuated. Apparently it never occurred to them to flee their ancestral homes merely because their island had become a battleground. There are 44,000 of these fisherfolk on Big Quemoy alone.

As I gradually absorbed impressions of this highly publicized outpost, I began to wonder whether General Yin's conception of Chinese-American relations was as naïve as it had seemed at first. Perhaps it was closer to the truth than some of the soothing interpretations which I had been given by a number of so-called policy makers, American and European, during my journey to Quemoy from Washington, by way of the United Nations headquarters in New York, Japan and Formosa. Because the more I saw of these fortified islets, the men who guard them and the fisher families who mingle in friendly fashion with the soldiers, the more I became convinced that a rather prolonged fight could be put up to hold these islands, even if the nearby Chinese Reds made an all-out attack. And if these defenders fought on for several weeks or months, how long would the United States be able to hold aloof under the full glare of the world-wide publicity which the struggle would get? A little more than a year ago Congress gave President Eisenhower a blank check to do whatever he thought best about helping to defend these islands. That move was just one step in a long series of events through which these stony and uninviting bits of the earth's surface were assigned what may turn out to be a very important role in American history and world politics.

A few days later in Taipei, the capital of Formosa, I talked for the first time in twenty-two years with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, the president of the only Chinese government the United States recognizes. During my last previous talk with General Chiang in Shanghai in 1934, he was the undisputed master of most of China, and ever since then he has been involved in some kind of war. Unlike Quemoy's General Yin, Generalissimo Chiang is one of the world's most sophisticated soldier-statesmen, having

... ...

Local Boy

By Richard Armour

In my home town I'm still
a boy—
A fact I should, but don't,
enjoy.
For as I lose my teeth and
hair,
I'd like to gain respect. But
there
I'm still a callow youth, a
pup. . . .
Though I grow old, I can't
grow up.

... ...

acquired a broad knowledge of world affairs the hard way. But when I asked him about the offshore islands he seemed to share the simple faith of his island commander that they could and must be held. He solemnly assured me that he would never give the order for his garrisons to withdraw voluntarily from these island groups, as he did about a year ago in the case of a more distant group of islets, the Tachens. He added that, although he had hoped at one time to hold the Tachens, he never at any time committed himself publicly or privately to fight for them uncompromisingly, as he has done about Quemoy and Matsu. American diplomats in Taipei said the record confirms the general's assertion.

In Washington and at U.N. headquarters in New York nowadays one gets the impression that the Chinese civil war was concluded, for all practical purposes, seven years ago—that the Chiang regime is no longer a major factor in world affairs. Last December, when General Chiang insisted upon using his veto in the U.N. Security Council despite President Eisenhower's appeal to him not to do so, this was interpreted as one of the final defiant gestures of an expiring group of exiles. But I have concluded, after careful study of Formosa and its outlying islands, that it would be dangerously deceptive for Americans to underestimate the vigor of the Chiang regime. The fact is that last December's Chinese veto in the U.N., far from weakening the resolve of General Chiang and his associates, greatly strengthened their determination to make equally independent and firm decisions in future about a number of controversial issues, including the offshore islands. The experienced Chinese diplomats who warned the generalissimo against using his veto lost very considerable face when the reaction proved to be unexpectedly mild.

In other words, the Formosa regime is in a mood to take greater gambles today than it has been for some years. This means that American involvement with the Formosa government also has become a greater gamble for us—a gamble, it appears, we cannot avoid playing out to the end. This being the situation, a number of compromise solutions have been suggested, including the so-called Two Chinas project which originated in London, and which I discussed with General Chiang.

According to this proposal, some arrangement would be devised by which both Red China and the Formosa regime could be represented in the United Nations and recognized by most of the non-Soviet governments. Advocates of this proposal argue that the latent Chinese civil war could thus be liquidated and General Chiang's regime could be guaranteed a safe existence in Formosa, which is a very beautiful semitropical island where life can be made quite comfortable for some people. On the surface, this proposal sounds appealing. It would enable Americans to satisfy themselves that they had not double-crossed a loyal wartime ally, while at the same time we could escape today's very real hazards of another war in the Far East.

However, there are at least two good reasons why this proposal will not work. The first reason is that General Chiang is unalterably opposed to it. He and his American-educated wife know full well that the Two Chinas project has made a great hit with many members of the United Nations, and that some American policy makers now believe that the U.N. General Assembly will vote to seat Red China after the American elections next November. This is considered a procedural matter, since it merely determines which government actually represents China, and therefore it has been ruled that the veto in the Security Council does not apply. Only a two-thirds vote in the Assembly is necessary, according to this interpretation. Because so many U.N. members like this solution—including Britain, Canada and so-called neutral nations as well as the Soviet bloc—some American delegates at the U.N. are doubtful whether we can postpone a vote on this question beyond next November. They therefore have been considering various compromises, including the Two Chinas proposal.

General Chiang declared most positively that his government never will accept the Two Chinas solution or anything resembling it. He said his government will withdraw from the United Nations immediately if Red China is represented in that organization in any form whatever. He said no kind of pressure from Washington or elsewhere can induce him to change his mind on this point. His attitude is based not only upon questions of principle but also upon more practical grounds.

So far as principle is concerned, General Chiang has more reason than most statesmen to know that principle is not always the decisive factor in world politics. But he also has more practical reasons for refusing to consider any Two Chinas compromise. He has a hard-headed appreciation of the economic facts of life on Formosa—facts which some American policy makers appear to have overlooked. The notion has become popular around United Nations headquarters that the generalissimo can, if he wishes, settle down to a peaceful and prosperous existence in beautiful Formosa, with his millions of faithful followers. That notion is a myth. One question which I asked almost everybody I met in Formosa, Chinese and American, military and civilian, was this: "Can this productive island, which the Japanese administered profitably for half a century, be made to support its present Chinese population on a tolerable scale if and when its abnormally swollen armed forces have been reduced to purely defensive garrisons?"

That question can be answered confidently because of exhaustive surveys recently completed by American as well as Chinese economists. The answer is: "No, Formosa standing alone cannot be made self-supporting even if and when the Chiang regime abandons its hopes to re-establish itself on the mainland." That is true because the Japanese made Formosa a going concern only after they fitted it into a far-flung and well-knit empire and because, prior to 1945, its population was never more than about half what it is today. Since the war's end Formosa's population not only has practically doubled but is still increasing at the rate of 350,000 annually. The island is running up a yearly deficit of approximately $100,000,000—altogether apart from the cost of the refugee central government with its 600,000 soldiers, sailors and airmen. That deficit is more likely to grow than to diminish because almost every natural and artificial means to stimulate Formosa's production has already been applied.

Today's deficit fairly represents what the economic picture of the island probably would be if and when the Chiang regime abandoned its present ambitious objectives. It does not take into account the disproportionate costs of the present military establishment which have been paid almost entirely by the United States Government since 1951. Altogether Washington has poured more than a billion and a half dollars into Formosa since the end of World War II and our present subsidies total about $300,000,000 annually—two thirds purely military, one third economic with military overtones. So it cannot be emphasized too strongly that Formosa can almost certainly never be made prosperous enough to support its present or future population unless the island is heavily subsidized by the United States forever or is administered as part of a larger nation—as it was by Japan and could be by either the United States or a united China.

This is the compelling reason why Chiang Kai-shek and his associates cannot tolerate the proposal for Two Chinas. It has become clear to them, as it has to most American experts, that the pretty picture drawn by some observers of a kind of charming Chinese Garden of Eden, in a Formosa which has been neutralized, simply will not bear scrutiny. The lovely island, with its towering mountains and green valleys, is more likely, under such conditions, to become a slum for most of its inhabitants because its rapidly increasing population is not welcome anywhere else in the world except in Red China. The shrewd Red rulers in Peking are well aware of this explosive situation, and are constantly urging General Chiang's supporters in Formosa to "come home."

Speaking to a recent meeting of the Chinese Communist Party's Central Committee in Peking, Prime Minister Chou En-lai made a bolder bid than ever before to the Chinese on Formosa. His invitation to Chiang's soldiers received a great deal less public notice than it deserved. Here is what he said:

"The people of our country, both on the mainland (Continued on Page 110)

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THIS IS JOSEPH HARTNETT, Atlantic dealer in Philadelphia, who has just won highest honors in the annual "Retailer of the Year" awards presented by Brand Names Foundation, Inc. In competition with thousands of service station dealers, in all parts of the United States, Mr. Hartnett placed first. He received his special award at a dinner in the Waldorf-Astoria in New York City, April 18.

BEHIND THIS BRAND NAME: A SPECIAL BRAND OF SERVICE

The man you see here is the symbol of a policy . . . *give the motoring public high-quality products and topnotch service at a reasonable price.*

Quality of products springs from the integrity, research and business principles of a company.

Quality of service comes from the character, ability and the interest of the man at the pump.

He's the key man in *keeping your car on the go.*

He does tough, dirty, outdoor jobs in the meanest kind of weather. He keeps long hours for your convenience. He looks for any sign of trouble in your car and acts promptly to save you major repair bills.

He's an able, independent person with the energy and courage to run his own business. To him, better service is the *only* foundation on which he can build the success of this business.

The tools he uses, the stock and equipment he has, the knowledge he gains through training and experience, the confidence he inspires, the loyal customers he makes—these are only a few of the ingredients of the *special brand of Atlantic service.*

The pride The Atlantic Refining Company takes in the outstanding achievement of *one* of our dealers is matched by our pride in the daily achievements of those Atlantic dealers from New England to Florida who offer service to their customers in this same interested way.

That's why it is a basic policy of this company to do everything possible for the dealer to make a fair return on his investment. So that he can continue to serve the public better . . . *to make cars run safer, more efficiently and at a reasonable cost to you.* **The Atlantic Refining Company, incorporated 1870. Producer, manufacturer and marketer of quality petroleum products.**

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(*Continued from Page 108*) and in Taiwan (Formosa), have a common patriotic duty—that is, to strive for the liberation of Taiwan by peaceful means, in addition to preparing actively for its liberation by means of war if necessary. The Communist Party has twice before co-operated with the Kuomintang (General Chiang's party), and during the periods of co-operation the Communists and the Kuomintang fought shoulder to shoulder against (Japanese) imperialism. Among the Kuomintang military personnel there must now be many who want to return peacefully to the Chinese mainland. I therefore proclaim on behalf of the Chinese people and the Chinese government that all those who want to come to the mainland to visit their relatives and friends may do so; all those who want to tour the mainland may come also; all those who want to take the road to peaceful liberation of Taiwan, no matter who they may be or how serious their past crimes were, will be treated leniently by the Chinese people without questioning their past. All those who perform meritorious services in the peaceful liberation of Taiwan will be duly rewarded by the Chinese people in accordance with the degree of their merits."

It already has become clear that Chou En-lai's offer was not just a meaningless gesture. From Hong Kong, where more than 2,000,000 Chinese are more or less free to come and go as they please, a considerable number accepted Chou's invitation. They went back to their homes in China and returned to Hong Kong with reports that conditions there are not so bad as they had feared. Some of them have been convinced that the Reds mean what they say this time, and are prepared to grant a real political amnesty to most of those who fought against them in the civil wars.

If most Americans failed to notice Chou En-lai's invitation, the powers that be in Formosa certainly gave it close attention. The great majority of the 2,000,000 Chinese who have come to Formosa from the mainland since 1949 are decidedly homesick. Almost all of them came here expecting to go back to China sooner or later, and the majority still do. Their devotion to the Chiang government is chiefly based upon such hopes.

Early in 1950, just before the Korean war broke out, the morale of Chiang's followers dropped almost to the vanishing point. At that time Chiang's deputy chief of the general staff, Gen. Wu Shieh, almost brought off a *coup d'état*, supported by a considerable number of professional army officers and bureaucrats. None of those conspirators were communists or even procommunists. But they were accustomed to making deals with their enemies, as Chinese factions have repeatedly done—and at that time these Chinese were convinced that Chiang's days were numbered. The Chiang government initiated very vigorous countermeasures to discourage further conspiracies, including executions. But the chief reason why Formosa's morale shot up in 1950 was the renewed hopes, inspired by the outbreak of war in Korea, that the generalissimo and his supporters could get home again with American help.

Inevitably, the Chiang regime's stock will rise and fall in exact accord with the shifts and turns in United States policy, because few Chinese in Formosa believe that their government stands the slightest chance of returning to the mainland—or even of survival in its present form—without continued massive American support. So many parts of the world have claimed American attention and assistance since the war that most Americans probably have not followed very closely the abrupt and erratic ups and downs of American policy toward Formosa. The Chinese here have had the sensation of riding on a very tricky roller coaster as Washington has veered from one extreme to another toward their government.

On the day I called on the very able Foreign Minister, George Yeh, he was upset because he had just learned from news dispatches some things about the American talks with Red Chinese in Geneva which the State Department had neglected to tell him. "You Americans call us the government of China," said Mr. Yeh indignantly, "and yet your State Department tells us nothing about talks which directly affect China." When I asked him about Quemoy and Matsu, he said, "That's another example of how your Government keeps us guessing. Washington has changed its attitude toward these islands so often that whenever I appear before our cabinet now, the ministers ask me, 'Well, what does Washington think about the islands today?'"

Secretary of State John Foster Dulles has deliberately adopted a policy of "keeping the communists guessing," especially in the Far East. Whatever effect this policy may have on the communists, it undoubtedly keeps our allies on For-

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An income-tax blank is like a girdle; if you fill either with the wrong figure you get pinched.

FLOYD R. MILLER

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mosa guessing. For more than six years now both the Truman and Eisenhower administrations have based their Formosa policy on one very desirable objective—namely, to avoid, if possible, war with Red China and/or the Soviet bloc. The Truman Administration hoped to accomplish this by neutralizing Formosa, assigning our 7th Fleet to prevent hostilities between Formosa and the Chinese mainland. That policy failed to a degree when the Red Chinese intervened in the Korean war. So the Eisenhower Administration "unleashed" Chiang Kai-shek in 1952. Not until the Red Chinese had thrown most of their best troops into Korea did Washington decide, in 1951, to help Formosa rearm.

Ever since then some American officials have encouraged General Chiang to believe that we will help him return to the mainland. That has been particularly true of a few military leaders and the Americans known in Formosa as "spooks"—representatives of very hush-hush American agencies. Since the arrival of the first American Military Assistance Advisory Group (MAAG) in 1951, the influx of Americans here has been almost as spectacular as the influx of mainland Chinese in 1949. I was told that the number of Americans in Formosa during the past year has more than doubled, as a result of Senate ratification in March, 1955, of the new and very explicit treaty of mutual assistance between the Formosa regime and the United States. When I asked one American veteran official how many Americans are working in Formosa now, he replied sourly, "Several times too many!" That view is shared by the former American ambassador to France, William C. Bullitt, who spends about half his time in Formosa. Mr. Bullitt told me that the Formosan American community is now larger than the one in Paris in 1939. One interesting example of the influx of Americans is the group of 383 Protestant missionaries, as compared to just two on the island before World War II. The number of Catholic missionaries has increased proportionately, most of them being refugees from the Chinese mainland. Many of these missionaries also hope and plan to return someday.

The great majority of Americans here work for governmental agencies, which seem to multiply every week. Under the new treaty a United States-Taiwan Defense Command has been set up, headed at present by Vice-Admiral Stuart Ingersoll, who also commands the 7th Fleet. The admiral gave me the distinct impression that he is by no means an alarmist about the situation in the Formosa Strait, and, while he will act firmly in any emergency, he does not seem to expect one. The American Embassy in Taipei has had the advantage of being directed for six years, through all the zigs and zags of American-Chinese relations, by the same ambassador, Karl Rankin. Judging by my talks with Mr. Rankin, he has managed to maintain a cool and straightforward American outlook in a very difficult situation. The same is true of Joseph Brent, head of the mission in Taipei of the International Cooperation Administration, which is the latest of the series of agencies administering American foreign economic aid.

If there are too many Americans in Formosa, and if numbers of them seem to be wondering why they are there, the most likely explanation is the rapidly fluctuating policy line in Washington. Sizable groups of Americans were sent to Formosa when Washington policy makers were thinking primarily in terms of helping the Chiang regime return to the mainland. Other large groups were sent here when Washington was thinking primarily in terms of making Formosa self-sufficient. Various American groups and agencies thus started out with very different approaches to the so-called Formosa question, and get tangled up in one another's feet. That is particularly true because the Washington "party line" may take another sudden shift at any moment. The result is that, although there are able and hard-working Americans on the island, some of the best have become discouraged and asked for transfers. Like American communities everywhere, the one in Taipei makes itself very conspicuous, because of its high living standards. There are the usual overflowing commissaries and post exchanges, which provide Americans with what are considered great luxuries by most of the Chinese among whom they live. Undoubtedly many Americans abroad are getting accustomed to comporting themselves in a manner which suggests the conduct of prewar British crown colonists.

Relationships between American official agencies and the Chinese government in Formosa require continuous adjustments. General Chiang's regime has imported from the mainland the original political and economic practices of his revolutionary party, the Kuomintang. Frequently, these practices differ very sharply from American ideas of what is right. It is not easy for American economists to work with a government which leans strongly toward state ownership and operation of almost all industry, especially when American grants are being used to meet the disguised deficits of inefficient Chinese governmental industries. By various devices such as rigging exchange rates, the government discriminates against private industry, and monopolizes, in one form or another, 60 per cent of all industry and trade.

The mounting inflation in Formosa might be avoided by sounder economic practices, American advisers believe. But they usually are unable to convince their Chinese counterparts to take the action they recommend—it might be too unpopular with influential individuals. Last year the money supply increased 37 per cent while production rose barely 2.5 per cent. This inflationary situation is made to order for speculators, and drains capital from useful investments. Interest rates have gone as high as 40 per cent, and there has been the usual rush to get into commodities as a hedge against inflation. When Chinese officials are warned that runaway inflation may come soon unless vigorous countermeasures are taken, they often reply that the only remedy for that is more American economic aid.

It is no wonder, then, that some able Americans here have an uneasy feeling that they may be sitting on top of a smoldering volcano. Such a situation has been created by the combination of General Chiang's ambitions, Red Chinese intrigues, an inflationary economy and uncertainty about whether American policy tomorrow will be the same as it is today. One of the best-informed observers in Taipei told me, "The generalissimo may be confronted sooner or later with a situation in which he will be compelled, regardless of his own judgment, to take a desperate gamble. He was very nearly overthrown by a *coup d'état* engineered by trusted associates in 1950. It is conceivable that he might face the same threat again. Some kind of action against the mainland might be his only way out."

Today the American official line is that the generalissimo is too sensible a man to risk the very existence of his government by trying to land on the mainland without positive assurances of all-out American support. Such support becomes increasingly unlikely unless—on those little islands where Red and Nationalist Chinese guns exchange fire almost every day—something happens which persuades the Peking government that it can win a comparatively cheap victory. That is what happened in Korea in 1950. It could happen again in Quemoy and Matsu.

As I took my leave of General Chiang, I asked him one final question. I told him that his long-range objective was clear to me, but I was not sure about his program for the next few months or years.

He replied promptly and very calmly, "Everything has now been done to prepare for the big push to the mainland. The first phase of our program was completed in March, 1955, when the United States Senate ratified the treaty of mutual assistance which guarantees the safety of this bastion in Formosa and the nearby Pescadores Islands. During the year since then, we have been able, with American help, to reorganize a younger and more aggressive army. So we are now ready, at any suitable moment, to return to the mainland. My intelligence officers assure me that once our troops are landed and firmly established, we can count upon the support of millions of our countrymen who have learned what communism means."

Was that just a politically expedient statement designed to encourage supporters who might be wavering? Was it just wishful thinking? Or does the generalissimo really believe that an opportunity to invade the Chinese mainland may come at any moment?

Some of the generalissimo's closest advisers, American and Chinese, confess that they do not know the answers to those questions, General Chiang always has kept his inmost thoughts very much to himself, and nobody can be completely certain about whether he really expects now to overthrow the communist Chinese regime. THE END

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My Life in Bellevue (Continued from Page 39)

that the call was to Pier 88 at the Hudson River and 48th Street. We sent thirteen doctors and thirteen nurses in a bus we use for disasters. As he got aboard, each doctor was handed a bag containing drugs, hypodermic needles, rubber gloves, instruments, plasma, bandages and sutures—enough to work with until the truck was unpacked. Truck, bus, ambulances and staff form what we call our Catastrophe Unit. When out in full force it is in effect a streamlined field hospital.

First of its kind in the United States, the Catastrophe Unit was organized at Bellevue to cope with sabotage or other wartime disaster in New York. It was officially ready for action on September 9, 1939, and has been in business ever since. We now respond automatically to every five-alarm fire in the city, and to some four-alarm fires as well. Whenever the city plays host to a hero or has a big parade—any time huge crowds gather—our Catastrophe Unit sets up a field hospital at the site beforehand.

On June 19, 1945, when 250,000 people jammed City Hall park to see General Eisenhower's welcome, Bellevue had in the basement of City Hall fifteen doctors, fifteen nurses and forty stretcher bearers. Two ambulances waited at a side door and five others were spotted around the park, and forty persons received medical attention for minor ailments.

Our disaster unit is flexible. It may respond with one ambulance and two doctors or with our whole fleet of ambulances, the big bus and twenty doctors. In theory, we can send out 200 doctors if we must, and still leave more than 200 on duty in the hospital.

Typical of the middling emergencies was a 1951 railroad accident at 56th Street, where the tracks run beneath Park Avenue. The squad sent out comprised five doctors, four nurses and two ambulance attendants. They found twenty-eight injured in the twisted wreckage.

Far more grim was the disaster that occurred on Thanksgiving eve, 1950, when two Long Island trains collided near Richmond Hill, Queens. This was far beyond the area ordinarily covered by Bellevue, but the disaster was so widespread that help was rushed from all five boroughs of New York. There were seventy-eight killed, 300 injured, and hospitals throughout Queens were overflowing.

We sent five doctors and four nurses with the truck; they took over a house, converted it into a field hospital and worked there throughout the night.

The most critically injured group of people we have had at Bellevue since organization of the Catastrophe Unit were brought in on July 28, 1945. On that day a bomber lost in fog crashed into the seventy-eighth and seventy-ninth floors of the 102-story Empire State Building, killing fourteen people and injuring twenty-six. Most of those who were killed were burned to death by flaming gasoline.

The accident brought out fifteen ambulances, twenty-five doctors, twenty-four nurses and thirteen stretcher bearers. Twenty doctors and twenty nurses were ours—the full Catastrophe Unit.

Eight of the injured were taken to Bellevue's Emergency Ward, where all except one eventually recovered. The most dramatic recovery of all was made by Betty Lou Oliver, a twenty-year-old elevator operator whose car plunged eighty floors when the bomber struck.

Betty Lou was a slightly built girl with a heart-shaped face and big dimples. When the bomber hit, she had just shut the doors of her car at the eightieth floor—she had no passengers. Suddenly a piece of metal tore through the elevator roof. The car plummeted downward, out of control. Seconds later it crashed through the case of its shaft and embedded itself in a subbasement.

To everyone's astonishment, Betty Lou was alive and conscious when she was pulled out. Then she lapsed into shock. Her pulse was so weak that it was hard to tell whether she was dead or alive. She had a broken spine, concussion of the brain, a broken kneecap, several other fractures and multiple burns and abrasions.

The half-dozen doctors who gathered at her bedside in the Emergency Ward ignored her injuries at first to concentrate on trying to bring her out of shock. For profound shock resulting from injury can lead to irreversible circulatory failure and death, unless it is treated quickly. This treatment took several hours. By coincidence, we had at Bellevue a special team of doctors assigned here by the Rockefeller Foundation to study shock cases and their treatment. They were summoned when Betty Lou came in.

The treatment for profound traumatic shock is more complex than treatment for shock resulting from burns. We think that when traumatic shock occurs the blood that normally circulates in the head is withdrawn, and becomes concentrated in the abdominal region. What we try to do is to disseminate the blood; it can't be allowed to remain pooled.

First, we give infusions of dextrose or plasma to increase the volume of blood in the body. Then we elevate the foot of the bed so blood will flow more freely toward the brain. And then we apply warm blankets and hot-water bottles, and support the action of the heart with doses of adrenaline and caffeine. And then we pray.

In Betty Lou's case, our prayers—and the treatment given—paid off. But it was several weeks before we could take her off the critical list. In November, about sixteen weeks after her arrival, Betty Lou was fitted with braces for her injured spine and legs, and taught how to walk.

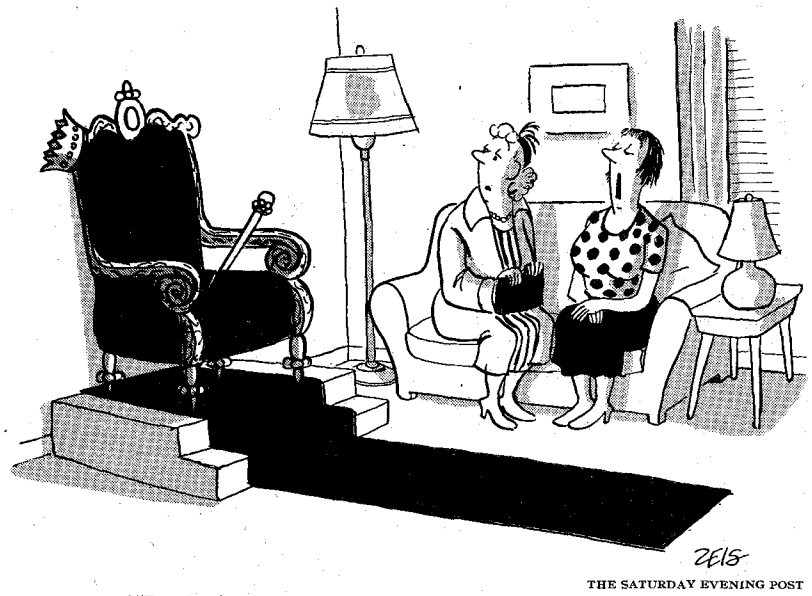
Several Bellevue nurses still correspond with Betty Lou, so the story of her cure can be brought up to date. Today, she is a healthy, happy housewife in Fort Smith, Arkansas, with three robust children. Her husband, a torpedoman during World War II, is now a successful salesman. Betty Lou discarded her crutches a month after leaving Bellevue; after eight months she no longer (*Continued on Page 113*)

Planning to buy a power mower? Be *sure* to see Savage. *Better built* to give years of *better service* at *lower cost,* Savage power mowers take the labor out of lawn care . . . make the toughest mowing job a simple chore. Precision-engineered by Savage Arms Corporation, long famous for gunsmith craftsmanship, these power mowers — rotary and reel type — have earned a time-tested reputation for matchless performance, ease of handling and dependability

See the complete Savage line (including hand mowers and lawn sweepers) at your nearest dealer. For free, illustrated booklet, write: Savage Arms Corporation, Lawn Mower Division, 77 Broadway, Chicopee Falls, Mass., U.S.A.

Savage Rotary Type
Gives a clean cut, even through tall weeds or matted grass! 5 models, including a self-propelled. Gasoline or electric powered. 18" & 20" cut. Adjustable cutting heights. "Sta-Temp" hardened blade stays sharper longer. Rope or retrievable starter.

Savage Reel Type
For that smooth "golf-green" look! 2 models, 18" & 21" cut. Fingertip controls. Sealed Timken bearings. Enclosed chain drive. "Sta-Temp" blades double-riveted to cutter heads for extra strength. Rope or retrievable starter.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Fred always says 'A man's home is his castle.'"

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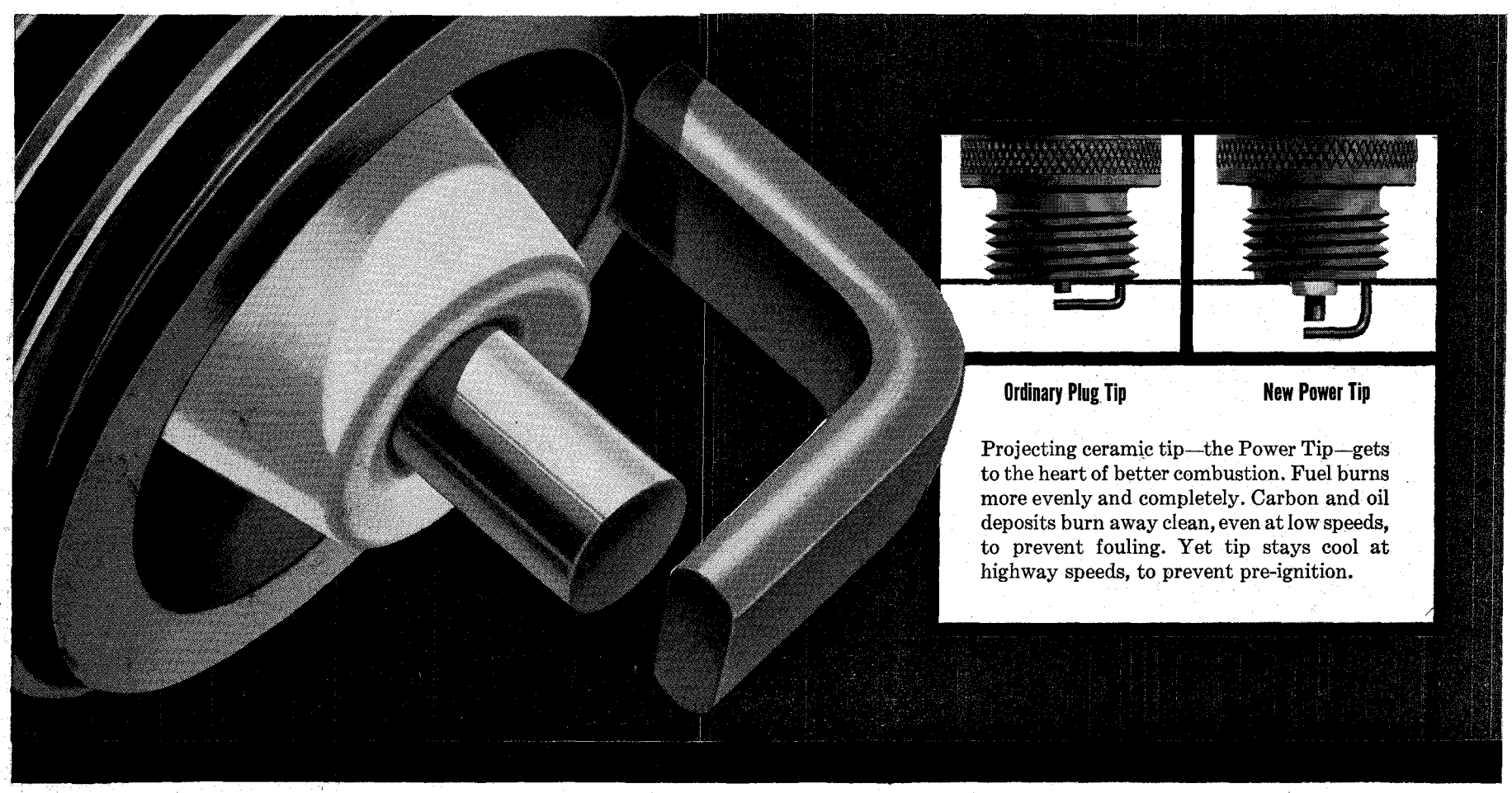
Some spark plugs are designed for low speeds, some spark plugs are designed for high speeds, but . . .

Only new POWER TIP "fires up" your engine at all speeds!



Ordinary Plug Tip — New Power Tip

Projecting ceramic tip—the Power Tip—gets to the heart of better combustion. Fuel burns more evenly and completely. Carbon and oil deposits burn away clean, even at low speeds, to prevent fouling. Yet tip stays cool at highway speeds, to prevent pre-ignition.

It's here—the new Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug with Power Tip . . . only spark plug Ignition-Engineered for today's engines and today's driving!

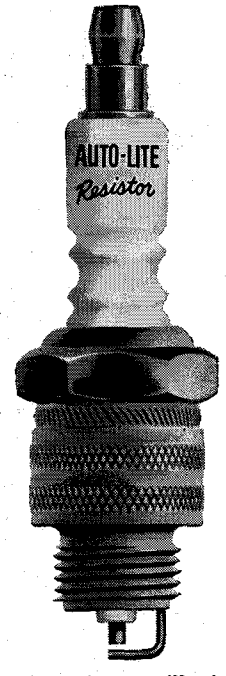
Up till now there has not been a spark plug that is satisfactory for both city driving and highway driving. "Hot" plugs, designed for city driving, cause power-wasting pre-ignition on the highway. "Cold" plugs, designed for highway driving, become badly fouled at slow city speeds—eventually sacrifice performance at all driving speeds.

Revolutionary Power Tip is "hot" at low speeds—"cool" at high speeds! The Power Tip gets hot faster at low speeds to fight fouling. It's "in the thick" of combustion so deposits burn away clean. At high speeds, the protruding ceramic tip takes full advantage of the cooling action of intake gases to keep cool. It eliminates pre-ignition, safeguards power and performance at highway speeds.

No guesswork here! New Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug with Power Tip test-proved in 17 different makes! Every single test bore out the fact that here is the *only plug that will operate with complete satisfaction at all speeds in overhead-valve engines.*

"Fire Up" your engine with the Power Tip

Test-proved on all these makes of cars with overhead-valve engines using 14 mm. plugs: Buick • Cadillac • Chevrolet • Chrysler • De Soto • Dodge • Ford • Hudson Imperial • Lincoln • Mercury • Nash • Oldsmobile • Packard • Plymouth • Pontiac Studebaker • Check your Auto-Lite dealer for correct applications.



AUTO-LITE RESISTOR SPARK PLUG WITH POWER TIP

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(*Continued from Page 111*) needed the back brace. Her only reminder of that fateful day is a twinge of rheumatism in one ankle, and of that she had been forewarned by the Bellevue surgeons who put her back together, piece by piece.

Not all of our emergency cases come in by ambulance. It was a walk-in case at Bellevue that launched one of the most frightening episodes in modern medical history. The action began quietly enough at 12:30 P.M. on March 5, 1947, when a middle-aged man entered the Admitting Office. Miss Celia Dowd, the nurse in charge, saw that the stranger was flushed and glassy-eyed.

"I feel very sick," the man said. He added that he and his wife had just arrived from Texas by bus. For the past few days he had been suffering pains in his neck, headache, loss of appetite and general lassitude. His name was Eugene La Bar, he said, and he was an exporter in Mexico, en route to Maine for a holiday.

Miss Dowd wrote down what he told her and unlimbered her thermometer. At that point the young doctor who was on duty in the Admitting Office returned from lunch. He looked at Miss Dowd's notes (temperature 102 degrees), questioned La Bar briefly and asked him to unbutton his shirt. On La Bar's chest and arms was a strange-looking rash in large red patches. There was nothing on the rest of his body. "I've never seen anything like this," the doctor remarked to Miss Dowd. She hadn't either.

Three older doctors who happened to be passing the office were called in. All studied the rash with fascination, but with no dawning of recognition. A little before two P.M., La Bar and his puzzling rash were put to bed on a dermatological ward. He spent three days there. A visiting dermatologist who saw him fleetingly suspected smallpox. This seemed highly implausible, but the case was assumed to be a contagious one. So La Bar was transferred to Willard Parker Hospital, which then served as the city institution for contagious diseases. Willard Parker was closed recently because contagious diseases have dropped off since the advent of "miracle" drugs.

At Willard Parker other leading skin specialists examined La Bar. By now his fever had risen to 105 degrees, and his body was covered by a rash consisting of under-the-skin hemorrhages resembling the symptoms of Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Once again smallpox was suggested as a remote possibility, but this idea was quickly dismissed. La Bar died within five days of his first appearance at Bellevue. Although nobody knew it until almost a month later, he had already passed along his interesting rash to three other people, who in turn were to infect eight more.

It was smallpox, all right. By the time this was known, New York City was on the verge of a panic that was to result in the vaccination of 6,000,000 people in a little over three weeks.

Why had so many doctors missed the diagnosis? The answer is simple: smallpox cases are extremely rare, now that vaccination has become common in civilized countries. Few of our younger American doctors have ever seen a case. When I saw La Bar I had never knowingly encountered the disease myself.

And in La Bar's case, the rash didn't look at all like the textbook version of smallpox. However, there were good reasons to suspect not only Rocky Mountain spotted fever but a number of other disorders. Drug poisoning, for instance: Mrs. La Bar told the doctors that her husband had been taking large doses of phenobarbital, codeine and other drugs to relieve his headaches and other pains. Another possibility, which was recorded after autopsy as the cause of death, was a severe skin infection known as erythema multiforme. This was listed as having resulted in bronchopneumonia, the immediate death dealer. Bronchial complications can be a result of smallpox. La Bar's body was cremated at his widow's request. She then left for Maine, where she had just inherited a house.

La Bar died at Willard Parker on March tenth—Bellevue did not know of this until later—and there the matter rested. Not quite three weeks later a man named Ismael Acosta, employed at Bellevue as a porter, was admitted to our skin ward as a patient. He was suffering from a mild skin eruption. It looked like the beginning of chicken pox, so he was sent to Willard Parker. There, on March twenty-eighth, his case was tentatively diagnosed as smallpox. This time the rash matched the textbook. Acosta was not the only one who had the symptoms. A twenty-two-month-old baby girl in Willard Parker was also thought to have smallpox. And two days later, a two-and-a-half-year-old boy on one of the Willard Parker wards had the rash.

By this time the city Health Department had been notified of Acosta's case and the baby girl's. The only positive way of identifying smallpox virus is by complicated laboratory tests of material taken from the patient's lesions. Such material, taken from Acosta and the baby, was flown to the Army Medical School laboratory in Washington.

In the meantime the Health Department checked the victims' case histories, and discovered that all three had been confined to Willard Parker from February twenty-seventh to March thirteenth—Acosta with mumps, the baby with croup, the older boy with whooping cough. None had ever been vaccinated. Doctors at Willard Parker then looked up all the 200 likely cases that had been on their wards during the questioned period, and came across the likeliest of all, that of Eugene La Bar. Material from his lesions, which had been kept for study at the hospital laboratory, was sent to Washington for examination. Meanwhile, everyone at Willard Parker was vaccinated, and the hospital was closed to visitors.

It was important to establish definitely that La Bar had smallpox, for only then could health officials start tracking down the people with whom he had been in contact, and try to protect them by vaccination. Smallpox is considered by some authorities to be the most contagious of all communicable diseases. It is nearly always disfiguring, and in its worst form—black, or hemorrhagic smallpox—it is deadly. Positive immunity can be obtained only through vaccination, which provides protection for at least one year, and perhaps as long as seven years. But once smallpox has got a foothold, it must run its course; no medical cure is known.

Two thousand persons died of smallpox in New York City in 1875. The last big outbreak in New York was in 1901, when 720 died. Since then the threat of an epidemic had seemed slight—that is, until the panic of 1947.

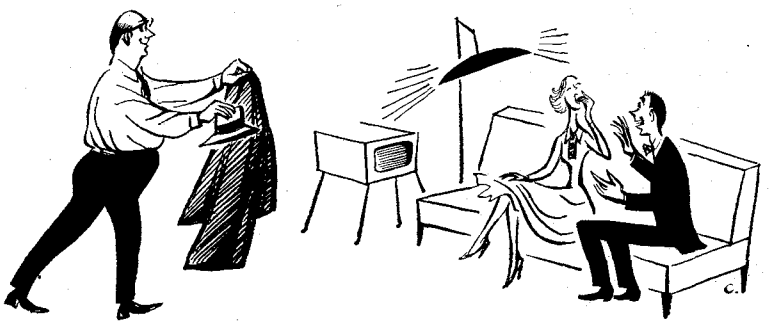
On April fourth the Health Department heard from Washington that La Bar had died of smallpox. The Army laboratory also confirmed that the Bellevue porter and the baby had smallpox. It was then that the city was mobilized to combat the virus.

The Health Department announced the smallpox cases to the press, asking that everyone not vaccinated within the past year be vaccinated at once. Health officials in Maine were put on the track of Mrs. La Bar. When they found her, they learned that La Bar had exposed quite a few people. He had not come directly to Bellevue from the bus terminal, but had spent five days in a Manhattan hotel, where he tried to doctor himself.

Virtually everyone who had been in contact with La Bar and the new victims was tracked down and vaccinated. The route of La Bar's bus was traced, and towns that it had passed through were warned to vaccinate their residents. At Bellevue we closed our skin ward to any unvaccinated visitor, and began the gigantic job of vaccinating every patient, staff member and employee of the hospital, in addition to the thousands who began to swamp our clinic.

For several days a staff of sixty doctors and sixty nurses vaccinated close to 19,000 persons every twenty-four hours. On the first day, people began lining up outside Bellevue at dawn. We scratched arms around the clock.

We were closely watching everyone on our skin ward who had been there the



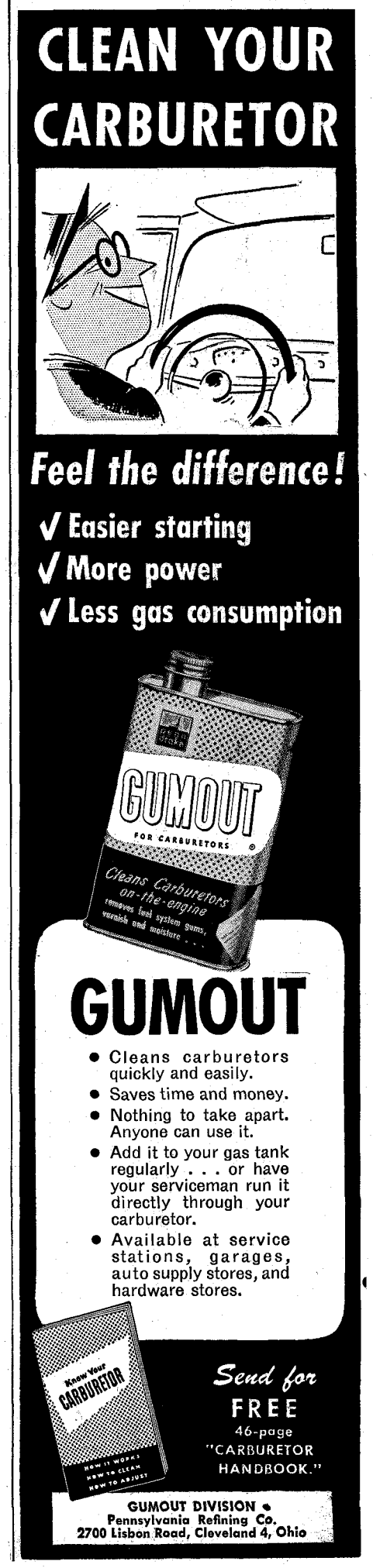
The Perfect Squelch

Mary turned off the television at 10:30 P.M. as a gentle hint to her visitor. But he explained he didn't have to work the next day, and talked on and on about himself until midnight. Mary, a kindergarten teacher, was thinking unhappily about facing a roomful of noisy five-year-olds at 8:45 A.M. without adequate sleep, when her father came to her rescue. Handing the young man his hat and coat, her father remarked good-naturedly, "We're all working people who have to get up early. You'd better run along."

At the door, the young man whispered in a carrying tone, "Say, your old man really is a crank, isn't he?"

"Sometimes it's handy to have a crank around," Mary replied sweetly. "Especially when people aren't equipped with a self-starter."

Winifred Bryan Horner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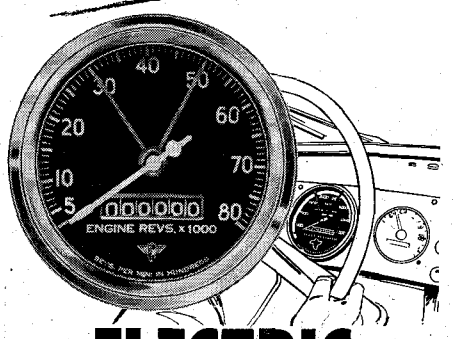

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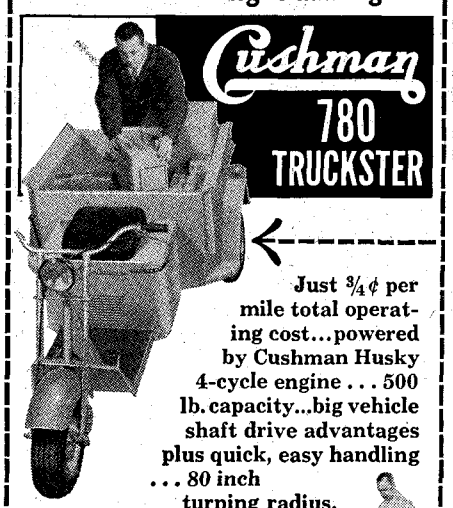

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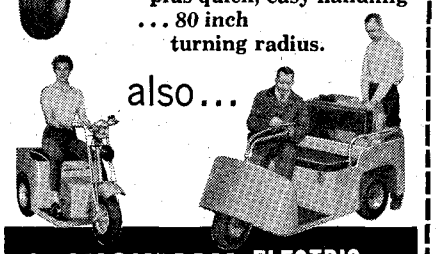

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same time as La Bar and Acosta. On April tenth we detected the symptoms of the disease in a man who had been undergoing treatment for syphilis; on April eleventh the telltale rash appeared on a man suffering from lymphoblastoma, a disease characterized at times by skin manifestations; and on April thirteenth still another skin patient presented smallpox symptoms. All were promptly transferred to Willard Parker.

Even before we discovered these cases, however, another smallpox victim, Acosta's wife, arrived at Willard Parker. When her death was announced six days later, a renewed surge of panic drove many laggards to clinics and health centers for vaccination.

One of the strange by-products of these tense weeks was a woman who dressed herself in a nurse's uniform and hied herself to a restaurant in upper Manhattan, where she proceeded to "vaccinate" about 500 persons with water. An interested passer-by, who knew that only doctors were permitted to give vaccinations, called a policeman. The lady was brought in to our Psychiatric Pavilion for observation.

On May second, with about 6,000,000 New Yorkers vaccinated, the danger of epidemic was over. It was estimated later that at the time of La Bar's death only a fourth of New York's nearly 8,000,000 citizens had any degree of immunity to smallpox. Statistics from other epidemics indicated that without good luck and quick action by city health officials, 28,820 New Yorkers would have contracted the disease; and 1154 of them would have died.

Millions of dollars would have been spent in fighting the contagion, the port of New York would have been quarantined and hospitals would have been filled to overflowing. As it was, the outbreak was held down to twelve cases, of whom two died. The total cost to the city was a little over $800,000.

Needless to say, La Bar's name will not soon be forgotten. He might go down in Bellevue history as our most famous patient, except for one man, an alcohol-ravaged tenant of a Bowery hotel, who was carried into the hospital on January 10, 1864, bleeding and unconscious. There was nothing to distinguish him from the many other down-and-outers so often brought to Bellevue from the shabby rooms and alleyways of New York's slums. The policeman who accompanied him said that the man had fainted in his room and fallen across a china washbowl, breaking the bowl and severely cutting his neck and face.

On the ward at Bellevue he clung feebly to life for three days. He was only thirty-eight, but looked years older. Doctors and patients came to stare at the pitiful, wasted figure; for this was Stephen Foster, author of songs that Americans had been singing for a decade—My Old Kentucky Home, Old Black Joe, Oh! Susanna.

Unhappily married, Foster had taken to drink, squandered his money, and finally, ill and impoverished, had drifted to the Bowery. In his pocket when he entered Bellevue was a purse containing thirty-eight cents and a scrap of paper on which he had written, "dear friends and gentle hearts." The words were thought to have been intended as the title or opening line of a new song.

In 1952, the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers presented Bellevue with a plaque to commemorate Foster's death. Even before the presentation, Foster fans had been making pilgrimages to the hospital. Most ardent of all was a retired real-estate man from Memphis, Tennessee. For twenty years—up to the year of his death—he came annually to New York and stood outside of Bellevue's gates for a few moments on the morning of January thirteenth, the anniversary of Foster's death.

Like many of the emergency cases of that time, Foster was brought to Bellevue in a horse-drawn police van. The prototype of the modern-day hospital ambulance was not originated until 1869. It was a Bellevue man, Dr. Edward B. Dalton, who designed it, a canvas-covered, horse-drawn wagon with a removable section of floor to use as a stretcher.

In bygone years, our ambulances were manned by interns. Now we send specially trained attendants on most of the 15,000 calls we get every year. The attendants do a good job; they are carefully screened men and women, mature, quick-witted and in robust health. We put them through a training program similar to that given medical corpsmen in the Army. They can give first aid in virtually any type of emergency. However, their aim is not to treat the patient, but to bring him in.

Using attendants rather than interns on our ambulances cuts down on nuisance calls. We used to get calls from people who had headaches, or indigestion, or wanted nose drops for a cold. Once, the "patient" turned out to be a cat. But in recent years the word has spread that attendants can't dispense medication. In fact, they carry nothing more potent than aromatic spirits of ammonia, castor oil—to drop in burned eyes—and sodium bicarbonate—to wash poison out of a victim's stomach.

Also in the ambulance are blankets, bandages, splints, tourniquets, an oxygen inhalator, mouth gags and "airways." A mouth gag is a block of soft wood used to keep an epileptic's teeth apart during a fit, so he won't bite his tongue. An airway is a metal tube to be placed over an unconscious person's tongue to prevent him from swallowing it.

A corps of fifteen attendants, four of them women, has been serving on Bellevue ambulances since 1941—except for a brief interruption in December, 1948. A week earlier a Bellevue ambulance attendant answering a call at a hotel in the East Twenties had found a young woman apparently dead on her bed. He couldn't detect a pulse beat. An empty box of sleeping pills on a bedside table suggested suicide. The attendant called the Medical Examiner's Office, reported the woman "D.O.A." (dead on arrival), and notified the police. A policeman arrived to guard the body pending the arrival of a representative of the Medical Examiner's Office, which investigates deaths from suspicious causes.

The attendant returned to Bellevue. In the meantime the patrolman thought he saw the woman stir. He felt her wrist and detected a feeble pulse. He held a mirror before her mouth; it clouded over. The policeman applied artificial respiration for half an hour, until the woman groaned. She was taken to a nearby hospital, where she eventually recovered.

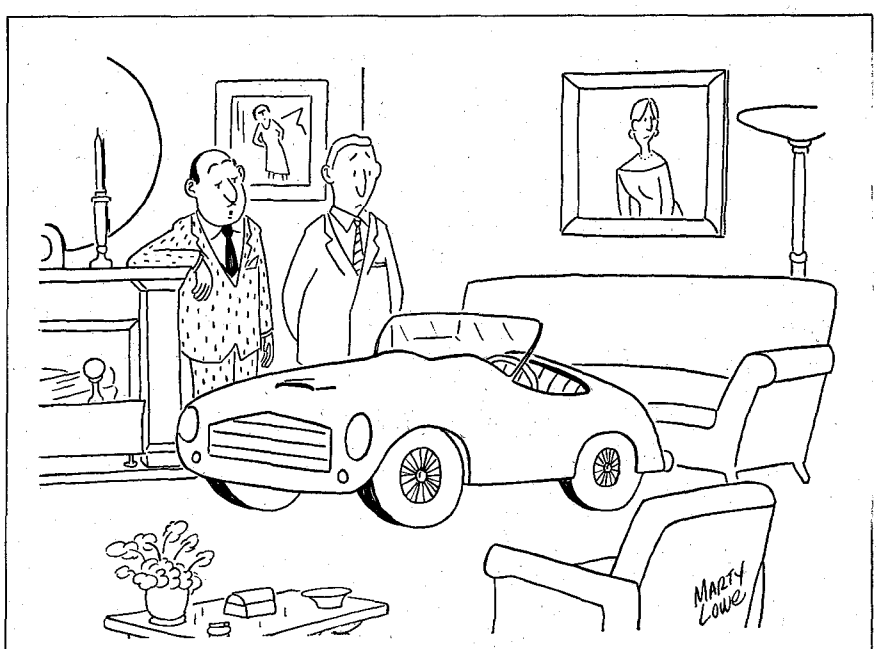
Front-page newspaper stories launched civic outcries. Actually, the attendant was blameless. He could not be reprimanded, for doctors have made the same mistake. A person can be so far gone that it can be extremely difficult to detect a sign of life. Still, all city hospitals were obliged to put our much-needed interns on ambulance duty. But after a cooling-off period, the attendants were put back, with the firm injunction to bring a patient into the hospital when there is even a whisper of doubt as to his condition. (Only a doctor may now report a person "D.O.A.") I might add that most cities and towns in this country don't even use attendants; they use policemen to bring in patients.

Our ambulance drivers are as carefully chosen as the attendants, and occasionally they give aid beyond the nature of their calling. I recall an incident that occurred shortly after I first came to Bellevue twenty-six years ago, in which a driver figured as the hero.

A three-year-old girl had slipped a thick iron washer on one of her fingers. It wouldn't come off. Her mother took her to Harlem Hospital, where doctors advised trying a jeweler. The local jeweler couldn't cut through the washer without cutting the child's swollen finger. A neighborhood druggist suggested putting on a rubber cap to bring down the swelling. But the swelling grew worse.

The washer had been on the girl's finger two days when her worried mother brought the child to Bellevue. A doctor took one look at the finger, and sent for the gas company's emergency crew. When this crew had broken an assortment of saws on the washer, the doctor sent for the police emergency squad. I don't know what his next move would have been, for in the meantime one of our ambulance drivers came forward with pliers of a peculiar type—I think they are called chain spreaders. He quieted the hysterical child by telling her stories, all the while tackling the washer with his pliers. When the iron ring snapped, the driver was Bellevue's man of the hour.

This is the second of five articles by Doctor Cutolo. The third will appear next week. —The Editor



"I just can't bear to leave it out all night."

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The Man Who Walked Alone

(Continued from Page 41)

than Mike, who had a cheerful talent for getting into trouble. Not that that bothered Joe—nothing bothered Joe. In the last four years he'd skidded out of a dozen scrapes by the skin of his teeth, and he'd never learn. A good kid, though.

So Mike thought as he sat on a corner of a table and lighted a cigarette and squinted through the smoke. Mike had put aside the bars of a temporary second lieutenant to come here to West Point and, when he'd been Joe's age, he'd already become accustomed to seeing men die violently. Not that he ever mentioned that to Joe—or to anyone else.

"You never learn, do you?" he asked casually now.

Joe was shrugging himself into his dress coat with its plain black braid. Taking a few hasty swipes at his yellow hair, he gave Mike a bright grin through the mirror.

"The cynical Mr. Dowd will now favor us with a lecture on blind dates," he said, unmoved. "A short lecture, if you please, Mr. Dowd. My public is waiting for me."

"Your public's probably fat and has got two heads," Mike retorted, grinning crookedly.

"Then we'll make a threesome of it, Mr. Dowd," Joe grunted, then sobered. "You seein' Chris this afternoon, Mike?"

"Maybe," Mike said noncommittally. "Why?"

"I'm sticking my neck out, I guess," Joe said. "I got to do it. Is something wrong between you and Chris, Mike?"

"Such as?" Mike asked, his voice suddenly hard.

Color crept up into Joe's face, but his voice was stubborn. "I may as well lay it on the line. Things have been different between you and Chris since Julia Matheney has been driving up here in that red Jaguar to see you. What does it add up to, Mike?"

"Should it add up to something?" Mike asked softly.

The stubbornness spread to Joe's mouth. "Chris is a good guy. I don't want to see her hurt—by anybody, Mike."

He ought to be mad at the kid, Mike thought abstractedly. He ought to go around the table and clip Joe one on the chin and tell him to mind his own business. Tell him that Mike Dowd alone was the custodian of Mike Dowd's destiny and that anyone who stood in the way of it could expect to get run over. But he didn't.

"Suppose you leave it between Chris and me," he said instead.

Joe stared back without answering for a moment. Funny that he and Chris were so unlike, Mike thought as the silence lengthened. Chris was leggy, with corn-colored hair always blowing in the wind. She had impish little crinkles about her eyes when she laughed, and a grave directness in her look when she was serious. A good guy, Chris.

Joe said awkwardly then, "Forget that I opened my big mouth, Mike. It's just that —— Aw, skip it! See you later."

He went on out and, after he'd gone, Mike held his half-smoked cigarette up, looked at it curiously, as though he were seeing it for the first time; then he crushed it out angrily. Presently he changed into dress uniform and went out into the Saturday afternoon and took the path which climbed to the hills. Not time yet to meet Chris at their accustomed place, but he wanted to think.

The black dog had suddenly come to ride him now and he'd left West Point to go across ten thousand miles of land and water to Korea again. To a bleak hill where all of this had started.

They'd been on the hill since last night, and there weren't many of them left, Mike was thinking somberly as he shivered in his thin summer gear. Cold wind whistled through the scrub, and snow had fallen this morning. It made more stark the grim peaks of Korea which stood like grisly sentinels around them.

Thirteen, not counting Mike. Sam Durkin, the platoon sergeant, was still left; and Pfc. Alemore, the BAR man; and Hendry Shakespeare, who claimed to be a full-blooded Siwash and the best salmon catcher that ever came out of Willapa Bay. Kim Pak, the little ROK; and nine more. Plus Mike Dowd, the black Irishman, who was going on twenty, but who had the bars of a battlefield promotion on him because you grew up fast in those days after the Chinese had hit down from the Yalu through the snows of the dying year.

The platoon had been cut off and had drifted back here to the hill. God alone knew where the rest of the outfit was, Mike thought bitterly as he lay in his hole and felt the first flakes of a new snow brush cold against his face. It didn't matter. The rest of the outfit couldn't help them now; nobody could help them now. If they got out of this they'd do it by their own blood and their own sweat.

That realization had been soaking into Mike Dowd for two days now and, in accepting it, he had left his youth behind and had become an old man. The orientation people had used to fill you with a big

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hurrah about everybody being a part of a huge, happy team. Well, that was just dandy until you found yourself on top of a snowy hill and you knew that you, and you alone, were carrying the ball now. Carrying it for yourself and for the thirteen men that you had left.

Well, they'd make their own bid tonight and either they'd get clear or they'd go down the drain. That was the way it was. But if he ever did get out of this mess, Mike Dowd would be smart enough not to fall for a lot of sentimental slush again.

Sgt. Sam Durkin crawled through the scrub and slid down beside Mike, and for a little while neither said anything as they looked down the slope. Snow-covered mounds were scattered here and there, for the rest of the platoon had not taken its killing without a price. But the Chinks would come again tonight, and if the last of the platoon was still here, then it would never leave.

"What's the answer, Mike?" Sam Durkin asked softly.

"Is there an answer?" Mike retorted in a bitter voice.

Sam Durkin spat. "I wouldn't know. All I know is that something got fouled up bad and we're the guys that are buying it."

Sam Durkin was ten years older than Mike—a sardonic man who had fought in Germany. In the last month he and Mike had got to be friends. Now Mike turned his head to look at the other with a tired slowness—as though he'd never seen Sam Durkin before.

"Why'd you come back in the Army, Sam?" he asked.

Durkin spat again. "Couldn't get along with my wife," he said. "Why'd you come? You ain't got any wife."

Mike tried to think of an answer to that as he lay there with the fresh snow settling on his outthrust carbine. He wanted to find the answer. It suddenly seemed vastly important that he do so.

And, in the end, he said only, "I'm black Irish, Sam. My great-grandfather came from Antrim in the old country, and I guess we've always been in some war or other. When I enlisted I didn't know what I was looking for, but I do now!"

"What?" Sam asked incuriously.

"The world served up on a platter," he told Sam, his voice harsh. "I'm going to see that I get it, Sam! One way or another!"

"Yeah," Sam grunted, and looked back down the mounded slope again, then asked, "So what do we do now?"

"Start running back as soon as it gets dark," Mike told him between his teeth. "How much ammo left?"

"Dozen rounds per man," Sam answered, his tone saying that he didn't care much now. "Twenty for the BAR."

"Not much," Mike grunted.

"No, not much," Sam Durkin agreed. "I wish now I'd stayed with my old woman. She wasn't so bad."

They got out that night—off the hill in the darkness and the snow just before the screaming attack came in. Sam Durkin and Hendry Shakespeare, the Siwash Indian from Washington, didn't make it. The rest of them were challenged by an American patrol just before dawn and stumbled—most of them wearing wounds—into an American outpost, and the war was over for Mike Dowd. He had a bullet through his chest.

It was while he was in the hospital that Mike had time really to think, and his bitterness confirmed the beliefs that had come to him lying beside Sam Durkin on the hill. The world gave a man nothing except that which he wrested from it—no matter how—and Mike Dowd intended to be guided by that axiom from now on.

That night he'd sworn that, if he got through, he'd take care of Mike Dowd henceforth, and he'd meant it. Meant it even when he'd gone back to get Alemore, his BAR man, who'd taken a bullet through his knee. It hadn't occurred to Mike that that was inconsistent with his decision that Mike Dowd came first and to hell with the rest. Alemore belonged to him and he took care of his own. That was all.

He'd plotted it all out lying in the hospital. Soldiering was the thing he knew best, and he'd make soldiering pay off for him. West Point was the answer to that. West Point would buy him the opportunities that he wanted and, when those opportunities came, Mike Dowd meant to grab them. So he had come here, and everything had been easy as long as he had hewed to the line he had drawn and had given no thought to where the chips might fall. He'd done just that for three years.

Taken care not to let himself be blinded by a lot of sentimental nonsense, because he knew better. Maybe the "Duty, Honor, Country" routine was all right for kids like Joe Hancock. Not for Mike Dowd. He'd acquired his values in a harder school.

It had been Chris who'd come along to disturb that philosophy for the first time. For three years Mike had been vaguely aware of her as Joe's kid sister—a leggy Army brat living in Highland Falls, where Colonel Hancock had settled when the Army had retired him for wounds received in two wars. Then, a year ago, Chris had come home from school and somehow she wasn't Joe's kid sister any longer. She had grown into a woman, and the foundation of sand on which Mike had built had begun to erode away. It had taken Julia Matheney to restore it, but she had done that task well. A smart woman.

He'd met her a month ago—a casual meeting at a Saturday-night hop in

"Here comes the guy who made all this possible."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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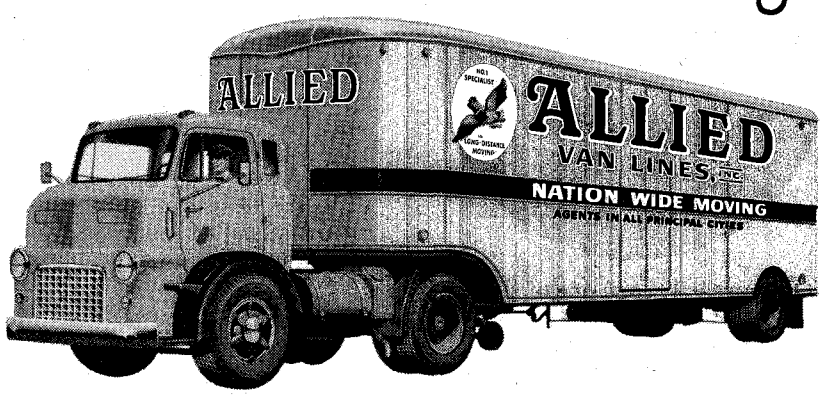

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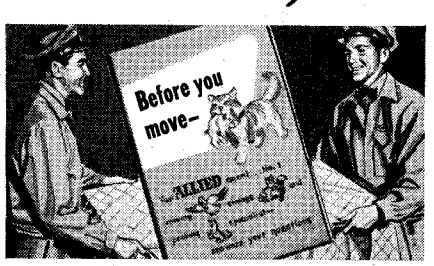

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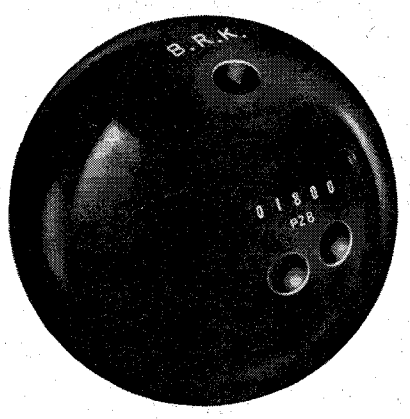

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Cullum Hall. The thing would probably have ended there had Julia gone on back to Detroit where she belonged, but Julia hadn't. She'd stayed on at the hotel and, in the month past, she and Mike had seen a lot of each other.

He wasn't in love with Julia, Mike thought without illusion. There was none of that breathless, warm feeling that he knew when he was with Chris. But that didn't matter. Love bought you mighty little in this world when you spelled it out in black and white.

Last Sunday Julia had done that. They'd gone to a secluded spot overlooking the Hudson, and Mike had lighted twin cigarettes and passed one across to her; he eased his long frame against the rocks and watched her out of the corners of his eyes. A beautiful woman, and J. P. Matheney's daughter. J. P. Matheney was an industrial titan, and he owned all of the money in the world. Mike knew that as Julia smiled lazily at him now.

"You're a beautiful louse, Mike," she murmured. "It's going to be a shame to snatch you out of that uniform and put you in civilian clothes. Dad'll have to give you at least a vice-presidency."

The words had irritated Mike a little. "I don't snatch so easy," he'd said shortly. "Maybe I'd rather be a soldier."

Julia had given him her lazy smile again. "Don't let's us be silly, darling," she had said. "Can you picture me as a second lieutenant's wife? Unh-uh, my black Irish friend. Not Julia."

A fresh thread of resentment ran through Mike, but he stifled it. He meant to wear no man's collar, but he didn't need to make an issue of that now. Marrying Julia Matheney would buy him another step up and he didn't intend to throw the chance away.

Julia had stamped her cigarette out with a swift, decisive gesture, and the green lights in her eyes had been possessive as she had turned to look at him. Julia was like himself, Mike thought. She knew what she wanted. Together they'd go a long way.

"Dad's coming next Saturday, Mike," she said evenly. "He'll make you a proposition then—a very good one."

"Why should he?" Mike demanded.

For a moment, Julia had stared back at him, her look openly calculating. Then she had smiled suddenly, putting off her brittle, self-sufficient armor as she reached out to touch his wrist.

"Because I want him to, darling," she had murmured. "Isn't that reason enough? For both of us?"

They hadn't talked any more about it as they had gone back up Flirtation Walk—as Mike had kissed her beneath the traditional rock—but he had known that he'd received an ultimatum. On Saturday he'd meet Julia's father and the die would be cast. Well, he was going into it with his eyes open.

He was thinking of that now, the black dog riding heavy on his shoulders, as he took the trail that led to Fort Putnam and started his climb. Once he paused to look back down to where West Point lay spread below. The plain, emerald with its carpet of new grass; Battle Monument rearing its slim shaft through the trees. For a fleeting moment an unaccustomed warmth ran through him; and through his mind drifted some of the things that he had put away from himself during the almost four years since he had come here.

Things like men's voices singing The Corps in the solemn aisles of the chapel down there; the clean "boom" of the evening gun and the sound of the horns singing in the sunset as the band trooped the line at parade. Benny Havens and the gray shades who formed their lines in that moment as twilight becomes night—Grant and Lee and Black Jack Pershing. All of those others.

But dark, lowering clouds were forming over the river now, and they brought his own black mood back, so that he shrugged angrily and turned back to the trail again. The things that he had been thinking were for romantic kids like Joe Hancock. They weren't for people like Mike Dowd, who'd left their illusions—with their youth—on a bleak Korean hill. That was what he had to tell Chris.

He took a faint trail angling to the right which would lead him to the spot which he and Chris considered their own. One of old Rufus Putnam's redoubts, its ancient stones scratched with the initials of cadets long gone from here, guarded the little glade which looked across a steep escarpment to the plains below. Chris was already there, he saw, sitting with her legs curled beneath her and her back against a tree. She turned to give him her fleeting smile.

"I'm glad that you've come, Mike," she said and Mike reddened a little, as he knew what she meant. They hadn't met here since Julia Matheney had come. "There's really not much use trying to fool ourselves any longer, is there?"

Mike gave her a startled look as he slid down beside her and reached for cigarettes while he considered his answer. Chris had put her finger so surely on everything—but that was like Chris. Honest and direct and with West Point's scorn for equivocation.

"That's the way you feel, Chris?" he asked finally.

She gave him her slow smile again. "Don't act so surprised, Mike," she answered and her tone told him nothing. "And don't act as though you ought to make an honest woman out of me. I've known for a long time that it would probably end this way."

Mike scowled through the smoke of his cigarette as he looked past her to a corner of the redoubt. Someone had carved a bold, flamboyant "J.W.S." there, and he wondered idly who "J.W.S." was. Not that it mattered. The massed clouds were blacker above the Hudson now and, below, the treetops tossed in fitful gusts of wind.

"Do you mean Julia?" he asked slowly at last.

Chris shook her head as she reached for a twig and began to break it into small pieces. She had beautiful fingers, Mike thought. Strong and tapered and capable; there was a reality to them that was missing from Julia's carefully manicured hands. And just what did that have to do with anything?

"Not just Julia, Mike," Chris told him now. "If it hadn't been Julia, it would have been someone else. No, the reason I knew there could never be anything real between you and me lies in you. It is something that I can't reach. Nobody can reach it, I think. Perhaps not even you."

"I don't like riddles Chris," Mike said bluntly.

Chris didn't answer that for a moment as she turned her thoughtful eyes back to the plain spread below and shadowed now by the clouds. Then she looked down at the remnant of the twig in her fingers; tossed it away and gestured toward the panorama in front of them.

"What does all of that down there mean to you, Mike? Anything at all? Anything besides a place to sleep and a place to study and a place to get your bars as a second lieutenant?"

"I don't know," Mike said shortly. "Maybe I've never thought about it. Should it mean something?"

"It should mean a great deal," Chris told him gravely. Then her eyes were suddenly hot and angry. "It should mean all the things that you've never learned! That you refuse to know! I've hoped that you'd finally discover those things, but I know now that you never will, and do you know why? Because you have no capacity for giving, Mike. Because you don't know what service means. In another month they'll give you a diploma, but you won't be a West Pointer, because you still won't know the first thing about what West Point means!"

Mike wanted to grin at her; shrug her words off carelessly, as he had shrugged such things off in the past. But he couldn't do it this time, somehow. There was a scorn—and a hurt—in Chris' words that bit into him, and he took refuge from it in anger.

"Is this a fight talk, Chris?" he asked. "Because, if it is, I've heard better ones."

She didn't try to disguise the storminess in her eyes now. "It's no fight talk, Mike," she said between her teeth. "It's just plain good-by. But remember this: You've chosen to walk alone. One of these days you will regret that, but you'll know then that it's too late to do one thing about it!"

She got to her feet with an easy twist of her lithe body (*Continued on Page 120*)

What's Going On Here?

It is Thursday, September 14, 1752, and an agitated crowd has gathered outside Benjamin Franklin's printing shop in Philadelphia. They are disturbed at reading news of a British decree which disrupts their lives. It affects rentals, banking, ship sailings, even religious services. Many denounce this as a "tyranny" of the Parliament. Eventually, however, all will agree that it is beneficial. What has happened?

Richard L. Lehman

(Answer on page 121)

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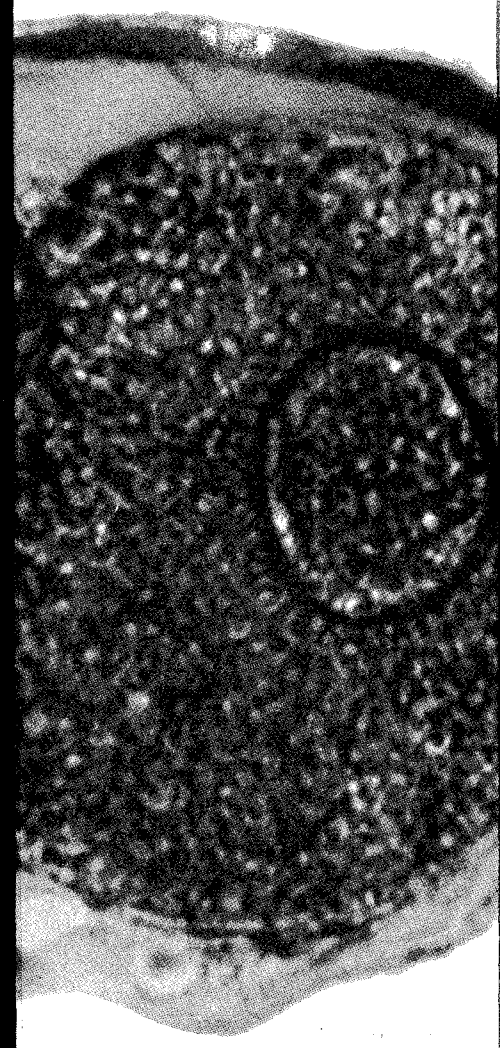
to 3,000,000,000,000

No one has been able to count them. Yet, the human infant at birth is estimated to consist of three trillion cells. Even more remarkable: they all started with just one. While not everything about this amazing cell development is known, it is certain that all cell-building elements must be available to nourish growing tissues.



Vitamins and minerals must be supplied by the mother to convert proteins, carbohydrates and fats into living cells. If the quality of her food intake cannot fill the increased nutritional needs, the demands of the unborn baby can be met only by the mother's reserves. This is why it is important to reinforce the diet during pregnancy with vitamin-mineral supplements designed for that purpose.

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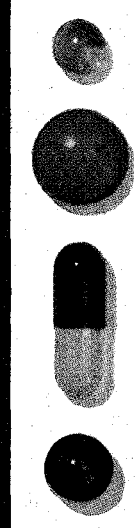

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(*Continued from Page 118*) and stood looking down at Mike for a moment longer; moved away as he came up to reach a hand toward her.

"Wait a minute, Chris."

She shook her head. "There's nothing to wait for, Mike. Perhaps you can't help being the way you are—I know what happened in Korea. But West Point men fought in Korea, too, and they didn't come back believing the world owed them a debt. They served because to serve was the highest accolade that could be given them. It was the heritage which West Point had bestowed on them. No, I'm not angry, Mike. I'm just sorry—about you and about everything."

She wheeled then and was gone, her skirt making a bright splash as she rounded the redoubt that old Rufus Putnam had built here. Again Mike's eyes picked out those initials scratched in the rock. "J.W.S." They meant nothing. The squall, which had been hanging over the Hudson, broke with sudden fury into a slat of rain and wind gusts which whitened the water where the river made its bend. Then the squall was gone as swiftly as it had come and the sun began to break through the clouds as Mike went slowly along the trail.

The charge of quarters met Mike in the hall as the latter went back to his room. Mike's face had settled into its dark, expressionless mold which gave no indication of the things seething inside him. Unfamiliar things that rode him with a hard spur.

"Telephone message for you, Mike," the CQ said, grinning. "From the doll with the snazzy Jaguar, no less. She says that her 'fatheh' is at the hotel and wants to see you right away."

Mike nodded curtly, said, "Thanks," and went on.

So there it was. The ultimatum. Because he had no doubt that when Mr. J. P. Matheney said, "Come right away," he meant just that.

For a moment Mike hesitated at the foot of the stairs, and then Ed Nelson, the cadet who had asked Joe to go on the blind date, burst through the front door. Ed's eyes showed that there was something wrong and Mike felt his nerves tighten in the old familiar way as he sensed that trouble lay ahead.

"What is it, Ed?" he asked in a flat voice.

Relief came into Ed Nelson's face as he saw Mike there. "Boy, am I glad to see you! I think Joe's in trouble, Mike!"

"What kind of trouble?"

"We took our dates down by the river and somebody had left a canoe tied up there," Ed said, trying to get his breath. "That dizzy blonde of Joe's dared him to take her out on the river, and the meathead did it. They went out of sight around the point. Then that storm blew up and they haven't come back. Something's happened."

"Go on," Mike said harshly.

Ed Nelson shook his head. "They probably capsized in the squall, and are drifting up around the point somewhere. It'll put Joe into an awful sling, but I'd better call the guardhouse and get them to send a boat. It's better than the two of them drowning."

Mike said shortly, "Wait a minute, Ed."

He stood for a moment with a hand on the stair post, looking at Ed Nelson, but not seeing him, while he weighed this in his mind. Joe had gone off limits—a serious offense, and the brass would have no mercy on Joe if they found out. They might kick him out; at best they'd probably suspend him for a year and turn him back to the next class. But maybe there was a chance—a slim one, but no slimmer than Mike Dowd had taken before.

"I'd better call," Ed Nelson said in a worried voice.

Mike straightened. "Stay here, Ed. If Joe doesn't show up by five go ahead and phone. Not before."

Nelson's face was sober. "What are you going to do, Mike?"

"Go after them," Mike answered flatly.

"On the river?"

"That's right. Keep your mouth shut, Ed."

He went up the steps, three at a time, and into his room. Ripped off his dress uniform to climb into slacks and a sweater. His mind was clear and cold now, and he knew what he meant to do.

Funny, he thought. You didn't have to make a decision about this any more than you'd had to make a decision about going back for Alemore, your BAR man, when he'd taken a bullet through his knee. For a split second he remembered J. P. Matheney waiting at the hotel—dismissed that as being of no consequence.

Ed Nelson was still standing in the lower hall as Mike went down, and Ed's homely face was sober. "Mike," he said urgently, "there's not a chance in a thousand that you can get away with this. You'll just be going off limits, too, and cutting your own throat without doing Joe any good. Better let me call the guardhouse."

Ed Nelson didn't yet know the things that Mike Dowd had learned the hard way, Mike thought. When the chips were down you took that one chance—in a thousand or in a million. You didn't let Joe go down the drain any more than you'd let Pfc. Alemore stay back on the

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hill to be dragged off to a commie PW camp.

"Take it easy, Ed," he said, and there was a quality in his voice that the other hadn't heard before. Ed Nelson couldn't know that this was the Mike Dowd who'd led thirteen men off a Korean hill—not the Mike Dowd who'd moved indifferently through West Point. "No sweat, soldier. I'll be back."

He turned abruptly and went down the stairs to Pop Zundel's tiny office in the basement. Pop was there, and Mike breathed easier as he stood in the doorway. He needed Pop.

"Give me the keys to your car and the boat, Pop," he said in a flat, toneless voice. "And don't ask questions."

"Nary a question," Pop grunted warily. Pop had been a noncom in the Army for a long time before he'd retired to take this job. He'd seen young officers before who'd looked the way Mike Dowd looked now, and you didn't cross 'em when they looked like that.

Pop's ancient sedan took Mike out of the post and down the hill to where Pop's yawl was tied up. He'd taken his step across the line, Mike knew as he piled out. The things that he was doing were enough to make him "Civilian Dowd" before another week was out, but the heck with that. You did what had to be done.

The yawl's engine sputtered and wheezed, and he was glad that he'd learned about boats when he'd been a kid in Maryland. It was a half hour later when he found Joe and his halt-hysterical date clinging to the rocks beyond the point while they tried frantically to bail out their half-submerged canoe. Mike got them aboard and took the canoe in tow. Fifteen minutes was all that it took to land them back where they'd started out from. Mike spoke for the first time then.

"Keep your mouth shut about this," he said, tight-lipped, to Joe. "You've committed no breach of honor. Just get back and nobody'll be the wiser. That's an order."

"Listen, Mike ——" Joe began, but Mike cut him off with that flat, impersonal stare, and his voice carried the same rasp that had been in it as they'd gone down that hill in Korea. "Get going, Joe!"

He headed Pop Zundel's ancient boat out into the river again and turned south toward where he'd left the car. Funny, he was thinking, that he had bothered to care whether or not a point of honor had been involved. *You're Mike Dowd and you don't believe in such things. Remember? Or maybe you do, Mike. Maybe you do.* He didn't hurry going back. Little use to hurry now; and besides, he'd learned long ago that it didn't pay to hurry. Not in the Army.

Sunday came and, after chapel, Mike climbed back to the little glade by the redoubt. He hadn't been reported yet for that business of yesterday, but it was just a question of time, he knew. A dozen officers had seen him drive back onto the post in Pop's battered old sedan, but this afternoon was still his to do with as he pleased, and a curious lightness ran through him. A feeling that, despite anything that might come tomorrow, everything was all right now.

He'd called the hotel. Mr. J. P. Matheney and his daughter had checked out, he'd been told. Mike shrugged as he thought of that. Julia didn't forgive people who flouted her ultimatums, but Julia was a smart gal. She'd get along. He dismissed her from his mind and, for a brief and unconcerned moment, allowed himself to contemplate what probably lay ahead.

Joe Hancock wouldn't keep quiet, of course, because Joe wasn't the kind who would let someone else shoulder the blame for him. A good kid. Crazy, though, because the mere fact that he had gone to Joe's aid would do nothing to mitigate the crimes of Mike Dowd. It'd just mean that two would be punished instead of one. Maybe, if their luck was in, the brass would just turn them back for a year. Suspend them—such things had happened before.

Mike grinned faintly as he climbed. Well, if that happened, he and Joe would still be roommates. And Chris ——

She was there where he'd found her yesterday, standing with a hand against a tree and her corn-colored hair blowing a little in the wind. A good guy, Chris. She gave him her slow and easy smile.

"Hello, Mike," she said softly. "I thought you'd come."

Then, suddenly, she was in his arms and everything was all right. That hill in Korea was a million miles away and nothing but a straight, sure road lay ahead. A road marked with bills and baby clothes to be washed and a thousand worries, perhaps, but a good road just the same. Because Chris would be with him.

"Do you know why you did it, Mike?" Chris asked presently, after they'd seated themselves where they could see the plain below. "Can you tell me?"

Mike shook his head. "I guess it's just because you know that you've got to look after your own, Chris."

"Yes," Chris told him in a soft voice. "That's the answer. And you look after your own because you're a soldier, Mike. I was beginning to be afraid that you had forgotten that, and it's important that you don't forget, because there are so few of you. Just a little band—the old pros. But a very noble band, darling."

Somehow, Mike liked the sound of that. He fitted his lips carefully to the words. "Old pros."

"Yes, Mike. Look." Chris pointed to the redoubt stone where someone whose initials were "J.W.S." had once scratched them there. And now Mike saw another set of initials, smaller than the first, that he hadn't noticed before. "Do you see?"

The initials were "D.D.E." and Chris turned back to smile slowly and proudly at him now.

"You march in good company when you march with the old pros, Mike," she said. "The same light leads you now that once led them."

"A good road," Mike murmured under his breath. "We'll march it together from now on, Chris." THE END

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 118)

Eleven days have been dropped from the calendar as Great Britain and her colonies change from the Julian to the Gregorian system. The crowd is upset because yesterday was Wednesday, September 2; today is Thursday, September 14. The eleven intervening dates were simply omitted. Decreed in 1750, the changeover came in 1752, "Year of the Long Sleep." It took effect on a Thursday, the weekly publication date of Franklin's Gazette.

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I Love You, Mama Girl

(Continued from Page 51)

"Will you please drive us to Coney Island, Leroy?" Mama Girl said. "And please don't hurry, because we want to look at everything on the way."

"Yes, ma'am," Leroy said, and away we went.

It was after four when we got to Coney Island. We were still there at seven o'clock, and we still had a dollar each to spend, so just for the fun of it we decided to go to the shooting gallery and spend twenty-five cents each and shoot at the tin ducks moving across the water. The man at the shooting gallery told us how to hold a rifle, how to aim, how to press the trigger, and then we took turns shooting.

We still had seventy-five cents each, but we decided to keep it in case we wanted to stop on the way home and buy something. We left Coney Island and went back to the car, and there was Leroy sitting behind the wheel reading a book.

When Leroy let us out at the Julien he asked Mama Girl if she'd like him to be ready very early in the morning, in case we wanted to go somewhere far. Mama Girl thought a moment, and then she said, "Not tomorrow, Leroy. Perhaps the day after. If you'll come at ten tomorrow morning, I think that'll be soon enough."

We went upstairs with our picnic basket and looked out our window. We laughed because summer lightning was flashing and making quick purple light, and we were there, and then we heard the clap of thunder, and we were in New York, and soft rain began to fall and we were all right. The soft rain made New York and the night smell sweet. It made everybody in the world seem to be all right at last. Mama Girl turned off the light. We stood in the dark at the window and watched and listened.

Then the telephone rang, and everything changed. It was Gladys Dubarry, and from the way Mama Girl talked to her, Gladys was in trouble. They talked almost a whole hour.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"She had a fight with her husband," Mama Girl said, "and he struck her. She wants to call the police. She says she didn't know she married a crazy man. She says he's threatened to kill her. She's afraid to stay in the same house with him. She wanted to come here to spend the night, but of course I told her she couldn't. I just don't know what to do for her. He's not the kind of man to strike his wife. He probably shoved her. She's hysterical and needs sedatives, she says, but she hasn't got any more and he won't give her any more because he says she doesn't need any—all she needs is a spanking. She wants me to take a taxi and go there."

"Are you?"

"Of course not. Marriage is something a woman works out alone—or doesn't. Besides, we're on holiday. All I want to do is soak in a tub and go to bed. How about you?"

"Me too. I feel sorry for her, though."

We bathed and went to bed. I was almost asleep when Mama Girl sat up suddenly, grabbed the telephone and gave the hotel operator Gladys' number. She waited a long time, but there was no answer. She got out of bed and lighted a cigarette. She asked the hotel operator to try the number again, but again there was no answer.

"What shall I do, Frog?"

"I don't know, Mama Girl."

She finished one cigarette and then lighted another. She got her clothes out of the closet and began to get dressed quickly, and then she took everything off again and put them away.

"No," she said. "It's none of my business. I'm in New York to work, that's all. I just can't afford to think about anything but the play. The hardest work of all is just beginning. Gladys and Hobart will just have to fight it out alone, the same as everybody else."

She shut off the light and got back in bed, but she wasn't relaxed at all. I wasn't either. I couldn't be. I listened to the rain, but it didn't make me feel good any more. I wanted to say something that would help Mama Girl to relax, but I couldn't think of anything.

"All I can say," Mama Girl said, "is heaven help the married, especially Gladys and Hobart. They need help. They need a lot of it. They need more than any other husband and wife in the world."

"Yes," I said. "Heaven help them. But why do *they* need more?"

"Because she's still got to be Gladys Dubarry, rich girl, and as long as she goes on being Gladys Dubarry, rich girl, beautiful girl, society girl, gossip-column girl and all the rest of it, there just *isn't* a marriage."

"Is Hobart going to kill Gladys?"

"Of course not. My friends don't kill each other. *Somebody* does, though, because it's in all the newspapers, all the books, all the plays—and it breaks the heart, because it's no good, it's not necessary. It's better for the poor marriage to end than for the poor husband and the poor wife and the poor children to be killed by each other. There's nothing more important than the family, but there's nothing more dangerous and difficult either. Are you asleep, Frog?"

"Almost, Mama Girl. Don't feel bad."

Mama Girl didn't say anything for a long time and I almost fell asleep, and then she said, "All four of us have still got each other."

I don't know if she said anything more, because I fell asleep.

When I woke up, I knew it was early in the morning. Everything is different when it's early in the morning. Mama Girl smelled warm, asleep, and deep inside the smell of perfume and herself. I tried not to stir, so she wouldn't wake up, but when I turned very slowly, there she was with her eyes wide open, smiling.

"I've been awake since six o'clock," she said. "I woke up at six sharp—without a telephone buzz. It's almost seven now."

"Are you going back to sleep?"

"Oh, no."

"I'm not going back either."

"I thought we'd have breakfast up here, like rich people. All right?"

"Oh, yes."

"I'll ask Room Service to fix us a picnic lunch, too, and they can bring it up when they bring breakfast."

"We still have a lot of things in the basket Mike sent us. Let's eat *them* all up."

"All right. Where shall we go?"

"Anywhere *you* want to go, Mama Girl. It's your turn today."

"All right. Then, we'll drive across the George Washington Bridge to Jersey, and then through all the towns over there."

"Which ones?"

"Well, Paterson, and Union City, and Rahway, and maybe six or seven others."

"Are they beautiful cities?"

"Oh, no."

"Then, why do we want to see them?"

"Oh, they're part of my past, and I haven't seen them in a long time. We'll have fun looking at streets and places I used to know."

Mama Girl got out of bed and brought everything out of the picnic basket.

"Oh, yes," she said. "We've got plenty here for today. I'm going to have a very sensible breakfast, and I want you to too. Prunes. Oatmeal. Boiled eggs. Toast. Hot cocoa."

"Ugh. Can't we have something else?"

"Prunes and oatmeal are very good for us."

"We haven't had them before. Why do we have to have them now?"

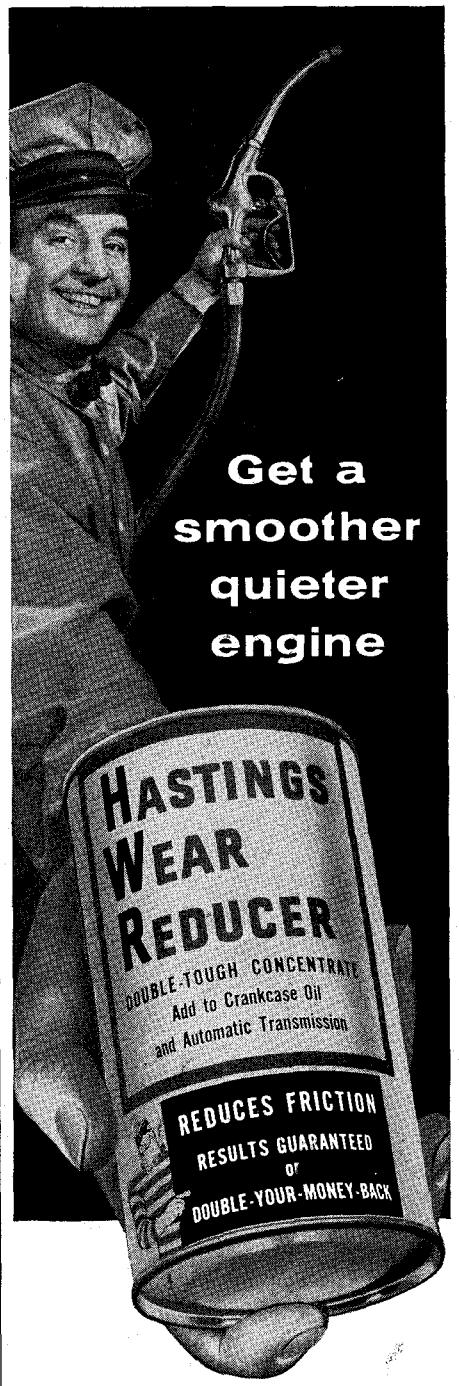
"Because we're going to Jersey, and that's what I used to eat when I was there. It'll be fun. This'll be our Jersey day. All right?"

"Sure, Mama Girl. I hate prunes and oatmeal, but I'll gobble them up."

"I hate them, too," Mama Girl said, "but I'm sure they'll be delicious after twenty-five years."

"Missed you, Al. How was Miami?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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"Why?"

"Because I'm happy now."

"Weren't you happy then?"

"Oh, no, Frog."

Mama Girl telephoned Room Service and ordered breakfast. She asked the order girl to have the waiter bring the morning papers with breakfast.

"I'm almost afraid to look at them," she said.

"Why?"

"I just hope poor Gladys and poor Hobart haven't got themselves splashed all over the front pages."

When breakfast came, Mama Girl took the Mirror and turned the pages quickly, and then put it aside and sat down.

"Thank God," she said. "There's nothing in the Mirror, and if there's nothing in the Mirror, there's nothing in any of the papers, so let's just eat our Jersey breakfast."

We started with the prunes of course, and they weren't *too* bad. They were kind of good, even. It was nice getting the stone away from the mushy part and tasting the stone a moment before putting it back in the spoon. We poured sugar and cream over the oatmeal, and it wasn't bad either.

"Oh, how I hated them both," Mama Girl said, "but not any more. They're just food now. Do you hate them, Frog?"

"Oh, no. I'm not crazy about them, but I don't hate them either."

The whole holiday was fun. We drove in Jersey, and the next day in Westchester and Connecticut, and the day after that all over Long Island. For four days we talked and talked. About everything, I mean, and everything was always the play. And every day we had a picnic.

Monday morning the phone rang at six, and we got up and went to work. At eight o'clock Miss Cranshaw telephoned and asked us to walk with her to Mike's office, so we did.

Everybody was seated around the big table Mike McClatchey had moved out from the wall to the center of the room.

"I'm glad we're all here, and early," Mike said, "because I think it would be a good idea for us to hear the tape recording Oscar Bailey has made of the music. We'll begin to read immediately afterwards."

Mike nodded to Oscar, and Oscar said, "I've spoken to the composer on the telephone about the music and the instruments in the band, which are piano, violin, trumpet, drums, banjo, oboe, electric organ, xylophone and various toy instruments. Some of the instruments were indicated by the composer, and some we agreed upon in our talk."

Oscar started the tape recorder, and we began to hear the music played by musical instruments in a band instead of or the piano alone. When the music ended, everybody applauded, and Mike McClatchey put his arm around Oscar and said, "Thanks, Oscar. I think it's the best music of its kind I've ever heard."

Mike introduced everybody quickly and then he asked Emerson Tully to say a few words.

Emerson said, "This is a play. So far it's a play in manuscript. We are now going to turn it into a play on the stage. Our first performance before an audience in a theater will take place at the Forrest Theater in Philadelphia two or three weeks from today or tomorrow, depending on the kind of luck we have and other technical matters. Let's read it, then."

Everybody was seated, including a short, heavy man named Joe Trapp, who was the set and costume designer, and everybody had a copy of the play.

Emerson said, "I'll read the descriptions and business." After looking at his watch, he began to read. The time was half past nine.

It was my turn to read next. Everybody was very quiet, and I think I read better than I had ever read before, but of course I knew my lines by heart.

The next to read was an old man, the grandfather of the little girl. He had a deep voice and a nice way of speaking. After him it was the turn of a girl named Agnes Hogan.

After her it was Mama Girl's turn, and she read very well, but I knew she was scared, because I had heard her read the same lines much better many times.

Little by little, the whole play was read. For a minute nobody said anything, and then everybody began to speak at once—especially the ones who hadn't read the play before.

Mike said, "Thank you very much, ladies and gentlemen. If you'll be back here in an hour and a half, at two, we'll read it again."

Everybody got up to go, so Mama Girl and I did, too, but Mike said, "I want you to stay."

"I was hopeless," Mama Girl whispered to Mike. She looked very unhappy.

Mike just smiled at her.

"Twink, how do you think it went?"

"Fine," I said.

"O.K.," Mike said.

He pressed a button and Helen Gomez came in.

"We'll have some food now, Helen, please," Mike said.

Helen pushed in a cart with food on it and everybody took sandwiches and coffee, but nobody stopped talking.

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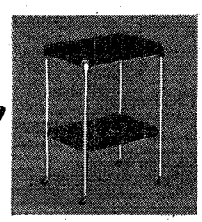

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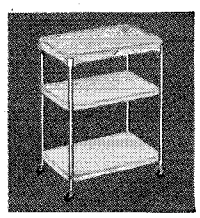

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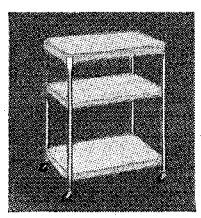

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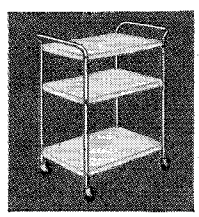

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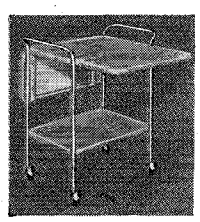

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When I was alone with Mama Girl at the window looking down at New York and the East River, I said, "You were wonderful, Mama Girl."

"I wasn't relaxed," Mama Girl said. "I've got to find out how to be relaxed."

"Don't care so much," I said. "How can you be relaxed if you care so much?"

Mama Girl took my hand and whispered, "You're my pal, Frog. You're the best friend I have in the whole world. I'll be relaxed next time, you wait and see."

Everybody came back about half an hour ahead of time, because they were all so excited about the play, so Mike said, "Well, as long as we're all here, let's read it again, straight through."

"Standing," Oscar said.

So we took places and read it again. This time Mama Girl was relaxed, and everybody noticed how much better she was. The others were better too.

It was almost five when we were finished. Mike asked everybody to stay and have coffee and get acquainted, so we all sat and talked.

When it was time to go, the man who played the part of the little girl's grandfather said, "Mr. McClatchey, you've got a lovely play, and I'm proud to be in it."

"It's an honor to *have* you in it, Mr. Mungo," Mike said. "In the old days of the Palace, when I was a kid, you were my favorite song-and-dance man, but I never thought I'd have the honor of having you in one of my plays."

"Thank you," Mr. Mungo said softly. And then he smiled and nodded to everybody and went out.

Miss Cranshaw and Mike McClatchey looked at each other.

"He was the greatest," Kate said.

"He's not so bad right now," Mike said.

On the way home in a taxi, Mama Girl said, "Well, Frog, we're on our way."

"Yes."

"I was scared all day, but I loved it just the same, and I'm not scared any more."

We just sat then, and looked at the people in the streets. I was scared, but I didn't say so, because it's contagious. I liked being in the play, I liked Mama Girl being in it, I liked my father's music being in it, but I was scared just the same. And I didn't even know what I was scared of.

The whole week was work and sleep, and gone before I knew it. Saturday night I slept at Miss Cranshaw's while Mama Girl went to a party Mike McClatchey gave for some people called backers. Miss Cranshaw didn't go because she hates parties. She said backers are people who have money to invest in plays.

I was allowed to stay up until almost ten. When I woke up, Miss Cranshaw was already up. We had breakfast together, and then she said I could run along to the Park.

"If you'd like to go to church with me, be back at half past ten and we'll go," she said.

I walked by 2109, but I didn't stop or knock, because I knew Mama Girl was in there fast asleep.

I had fun in the Park, and then I went back to Miss Cranshaw's. Mama Girl was there, and that was a big surprise.

"I just couldn't have fun at the party," she said, "so I came home early and went to bed."

"*You* couldn't have fun at a party?" I said.

"No, I couldn't," Mama Girl said, and then, to Miss Cranshaw, she said, "I hope Mike isn't upset with me for leaving early."

"Why should he be?" Miss Cranshaw said.

"Well, he'd asked all those people to the party, and I think he expected me to read for them."

"Not at all. I wouldn't have you read for them, and Mike knows it."

"Well, Emerson tried to describe the play, and Oscar sat at the piano and played some of the music. Does Mike *have* to have backers?"

"Yes, he does. Ordinarily, he would have given the party long before he had gone into production, but I think I know why he gave it afterwards this time."

"Why?"

"Because unless he'd already gone into production, they'd have been afraid to put money into the play. That's the kind of play it is."

"Suppose they *don't* put money in it?"

"The play won't be produced."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's not raining out—I fell over the birdbath."

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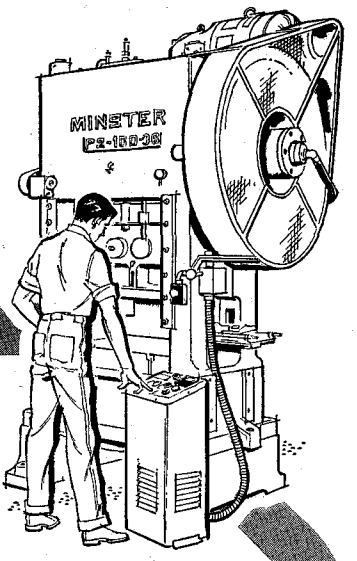

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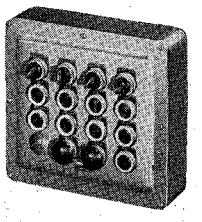

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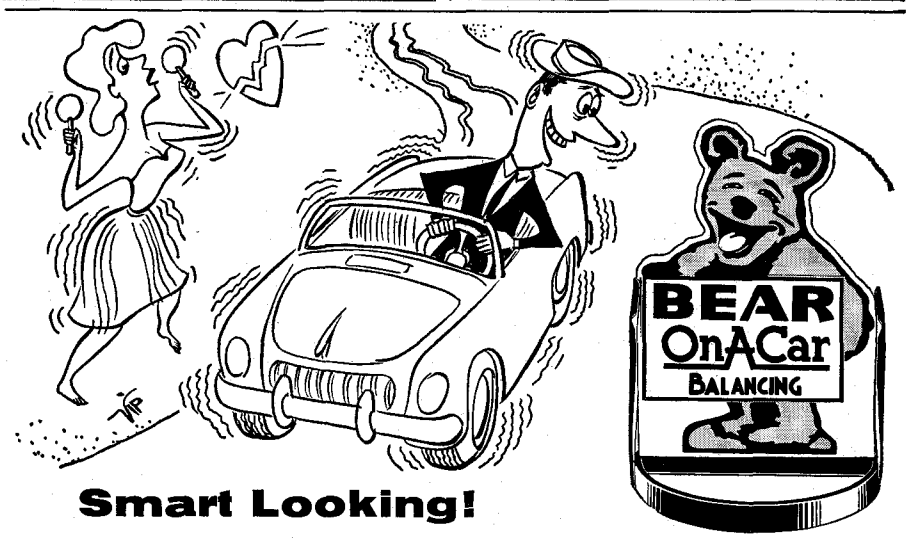

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"Oh, no!" Mama Girl said. "Now, I *am* worried. Hasn't Mike got enough money to produce it without backers?"

"I'm afraid not," Miss Cranshaw said. "But don't worry; they'll put their money into the play all right."

"But suppose they *don't?*"

"That's the theater, and the part I've always hated."

"But what about all your hard work? What about Emerson's, and Mike's, and mine, and Frog's, and everybody's?"

"In the theater," Miss Cranshaw said, "we always believe a play will be produced, *in spite of everything.*"

"I'm worried," Mama Girl said. "I didn't like the looks of those people. I'm sure they are going to think twice before putting money into the play."

"Well, Twink and I are going to church," Miss Cranshaw said. "Perhaps you'd better come along."

"Yes, I think I'd *better*," Mama Girl said. "I'll pray for the backers to put money into the play."

"Don't you dare," Miss Cranshaw said. "Just come and sit and study the theater. You'll see *real* theater at the church."

"I'm worried," Mama Girl said.

"You must discipline yourself *not* to be worried," Miss Cranshaw said. "We have got to believe the play *will* be adequately backed, effectively produced and performed. In the meantime, we have got to go about our business. Now, settle this matter in your heart once and for all. It's silly to worry."

"All right," Mama Girl said. "I won't worry any more."

We walked down Fifth Avenue to 57th, up 57th to Broadway, down Broadway, and there I saw the church. We went in and watched the play in there. It was a soft play, and very gentle, and a little sad, but sad in a way that didn't hurt. The whole inside of the church was the stage, and it was big. It was so big nobody in there could be bigger than he ought to be or bigger than he really is. Everybody there was *in* the play, but the play was much bigger than anybody. It was even bigger than everybody put together. The play wasn't even the things the people said or did. It was the way the things there made everybody think and feel and remember, and these things were all soft and kind and gentle, not angry and swift and hard and loud. I felt at home in there. I liked being in there. There are a lot of famous actors in the theater, but in the church it's different. There isn't any actor. It's *all* the play—made out of sorrow and love and gladness—but no pride. Nobody needs to feel proud in a church.

We were there a long time, but I liked it. I liked every minute of it, and I think Mama Girl did too. She became relaxed and sad. I guess that's the word for it, but it wasn't *sad* sad, it was another sad. I don't think it was glad sad, either, but it was some kind of sad. A kind of sad that's better than any kind of glad, I guess. Nobody can be sad that way very long, I guess. Just an hour or two once in a while—when you go to church. The minute you leave there you go back to feeling the way you always do.

Monday morning we were all at Mike McClatchey's before nine, ready to go back to work. Mr. Trapp was showing Mike a model of the set for the play. It was one place that could be made into six or seven places by turning something around. Emerson Tully was watching the way the model worked, and Oscar Bailey too. But nobody seemed happy about it, or about anything, so I knew something was wrong. Mr. Trapp marked the floor of Mike's office so that it would be like the set for the beginning of the play.

Then we went to work, with Emerson telling us where to stand and what to do as we said our lines. We worked that way until half past twelve, and then everybody in the cast except Mama Girl and me went to lunch.

Kate Cranshaw looked at Mike and said, "All right, Mike. Let's have it."

"We didn't do too well with the backers, I'm afraid," Mike said.

"What are the figures?" Miss Cranshaw said.

"We need about seventy-five thousand dollars," Mike said. "I've put everything I've got in—about seventeen thousand. I've got ten more from as many backers, and pledges for three or four more, but that's all. I've been counting on one or two backers putting in twenty or thirty thousand—for a *group* of investors—but they haven't, and from the looks of things they're not going to."

"What are your plans?"

"We're going to open in Philadelphia—that's for sure."

"And then?"

"We'll see. If the audience reaction is good, if the reviews are good, we're not going to have any trouble raising any amount we care to name."

"If they're bad?"

"I don't know," Mike said. "I've never seen backers so reluctant to gamble. The party was a flop."

"My fault too," Emerson Tully said.

"Not at all," Mike said.

"I don't know how to talk to people like that," Emerson said. "I know I said the wrong things. I said I thought the play was a good play, but I just didn't know if it would be a hit. That was a mistake, Mike. Everybody *heard* me say it too. I thought they'd understand that nobody knows if *any* play is going to be a hit, but I guess it scared them. I'm sorry. Maybe you'd better try again, and I'll stay away."

"No," Mike said. "I invited everybody, and they were there. We've just got to plan for Philadelphia. The skeptics will be there opening night, of course, and if it goes well they'll come forward."

We had lunch in the office, and when the cast came back we rehearsed some more. Everybody knew something was the matter, but they worked hard just the same. When we broke up for the day everybody said good-by kind of softly, not the way it used to be.

When Mama Girl and I got to the Julien, there were some letters for us—one for me from my father, and in the same envelope one from Peter Bolivia Agriculture. My father said Oscar Bailey had sent him the tape recording of the music, but he'd had to look all over for a machine to play it on. At last he'd found a machine and he'd listened to the music, and it was pretty good, but he had written a long letter to Oscar telling him how it could be improved. My brother said he had taught some Paris boys how to play baseball, and one of them, a boy named Jack, pitched real good. I decided to write to both of them right away.

The letter for Mama Girl was in a very big envelope made out of paper that felt like silk and was colored light blue. On the envelope were great big initials in script: G.D.

"Listen to this," Mama Girl said. "'For old times' sake, for the beautiful past, telephone me the minute you get this. It's a matter of life and death, but I can never again humiliate myself by phoning you, because you have made it quite clear that you loathe my doing so. Glad.'"

"Who's Glad?"

"*Gladys,* of course," Mama Girl said. "It's what I used to call her when we were both very little. She's got her nerve sending me such an insulting note."

"Call her."

"Never. I'm mad at her for sure now."

"No, call her."

"Why should I?"

"It's a matter of life and death."

"It's a matter of nothing—the way it *always* is with her. Can I read your letters?"

"Sure," I said. "They both send their love, of course."

We traded letters, and I read the one from Gladys Dubarry. Her handwriting is big, all over a big folded square of fine blue paper, with a thin red line around it. A few words all over the first page, a few all over the second, and her name all over the back.

The telephone rang and Mama Girl talked to Miss Cranshaw, and then she said, "I've got to go down the hall to Miss Cranshaw's. I'll only be a minute."

When she was gone I found some hotel paper and began to write a letter to my father, but I write slowly and I wanted to say so much I couldn't say anything, almost. "My dear father," I wrote. "I love you." And then I stopped.

I went to the telephone and lifted the receiver, but I don't think I knew what I was going to do. I think I really wanted to call my father and talk to him, but I knew I shouldn't do that. When the operator came on the line, I couldn't think of any number except Gladys Dubarry's, so I gave her that number.

The telephone rang only once. People who are waiting for the telephone to ring answer it right away. I've seen Mama Girl do it, but most of the time she lets it ring a few times. I didn't recognize the voice. It seemed old and tired.

"Gladys?"

"Is that you, Frog?"

"Yes, Gladys."

"I'm so glad you called, because I've *got* to talk to your mother."

I didn't know what to say, so I said, "She had to go down the hall a minute. She just got your letter."

"Down the hall?" Gladys said. "Surely you've got a bath in your own room, haven't you?" She sounded like herself now, and that made me feel much better.

"Oh, yes," I said. "She had to visit Miss Cranshaw."

"Who?"

"Kate Cranshaw. The greatest dramatic coach in the world. She's our teacher. She knows everything about acting, and everything else. I love her."

"You love everybody."

"I don't either. I love a few. I don't *know* the others. What's the matter, Gladys?"

"Ho. Ever since we had that fight he won't talk to me."

"Do you *want* him to talk to you?"

"Of course I do. We're married."

"Well, why don't *you* talk to him?"

"I couldn't do *that*. It's too humiliating."

"Anything else?"

"Isn't that enough? I hate everybody, and Ho won't talk to me."

"*I* will."

"Oh, Frog, I *must* talk to your mother."

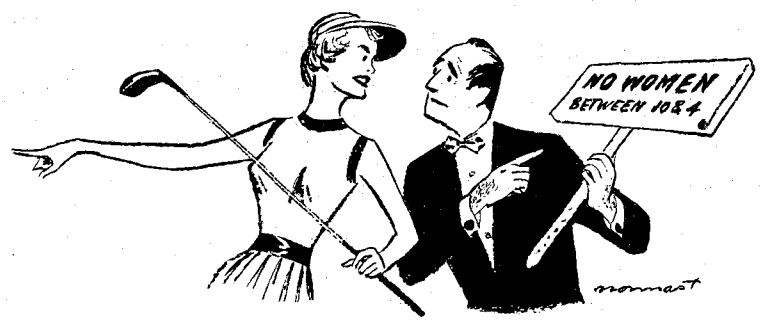
"She's not here."

"Well, when she gets back please be sure she calls me, will you?"

"All right."

I went back to my letter to my father and I wrote, "I miss you. I want to come to Paris." But I knew that was wrong, so I scratched it out. The letter looked bad with the scratches, so I squashed it and threw it in the wastepaper basket. Then I

(*Continued on Page 128*)



You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Eudora, a hard-working blond secretary, loved golf, but could not afford an expensive country club. So she played weekends on the tax-supported municipal course, paying a nominal fee. One sunny Saturday as she was about to tee off, the manager halted her. He informed her she would have to wait until four P.M., as city council had passed a law barring women golfers on weekends between ten and four. Hell having no fury like a woman golfer scorned, Eudora sued.

"I work during the week just like a man, only harder," Eudora argued. "Four o'clock is much too late for me to start golfing. A municipal course should treat men and women alike. As men can play at any hour, the new law discriminates illegally against women."

"You women want all your rights and chivalry too," the city attorney replied. "Actually, women play slower than men and on crowded weekends that slows up things for everybody. The law is a reasonable regulation to keep the gals from poking along and holding up the men."

If you were the judge, would you agree with Eudora?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Eudora lost. The state supreme court ruled that laws may discriminate if there is some reason other than sex, race or creed for doing so. Here, it said, the reason was not the women players' sex but their slowness.

Based upon a 1955 New Hampshire decision.

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(*Continued from Page 126*) began to write a letter to Mama Girl because she was gone too.

"Phone Gladys. Love. Frog."

I put the letter on her pillow. That's where she likes to receive her mail. I looked around 2109, then out the window, then I saw the letter on the pillow and read it. It was short. I read it again. Then I dropped it into the wastepaper basket too.

I wrote a new one. "Gone." I put it on the pillow, and I got ready to hide the minute I heard the key in the door. I was ready for a long time, but I didn't hear anything, and I forgot all about hiding when Mama Girl came back.

She went straight to the letter and read it. "'Gone?'" she said. "What's that mean?"

"Just a little letter," I said.

She dropped it into the basket, and then she saw the others in there. She picked them out and read them to herself.

Then she read one of them out loud, "'My dear father. I love you. I miss you. I want to come to Paris.'"

She didn't even look at me when she said, "Do you *really* want to go to Paris?"

"Oh, no, Mama Girl," I said, because I didn't want her to get worried, but of course I've *always* wanted to go to Paris. Not just to *be* in Paris, but to see my father and my brother.

"Why did you write this, then?"

"I didn't know what else to write."

"'Phone Gladys,'" she read.

"Why don't you?" I said.

"Because I can't be bothered. I've got too much to worry about already. You. Me. The play."

"What's the matter, Mama Girl?"

"Miss Cranshaw got an idea for me in the second act, so I went there and we worked on it. Then we talked about the play and the money, and I'm terribly discouraged. It would be awful if the play closed in Philadelphia."

We were talking when somebody knocked on the door very loudly. This made Mama Girl jump, and she was very angry when she opened the door. It was Gladys Dubarry.

"How dare you knock at my door that way?" Mama Girl said.

"Well," Gladys said, "*there's* a friendly welcome if I ever heard one."

"Oh, what do you want?"

Sometimes Mama Girl can be the rudest person in the whole world. When she is, I get mad at her. "I wish you wouldn't be so rude," I said.

"What do you expect me to be when somebody knocks at my door as if I were a criminal?"

"I didn't mean to frighten you," Gladys said, "but when I got out of the elevator a man who had asked for the twenty-*fifth* floor got out, too, and I got frightened. I ran here—and thank you for opening the door so quickly. He may be out in the hall right now."

"You and your lovers," Mama Girl said. She swung the door open, and went out into the hall. "All right, Miss Irresistible of 1955, come out here and see for yourself. Or should I say *Mrs.* Irresistible?"

"Don't talk to me in that horrible tone of voice, please," Gladys said.

"Come on out," Mama Girl said.

"Will you please come back in and stop being vicious?" Gladys said.

"Well, if you won't come out," Mama Girl said, "you can have the whole place to yourself." She waited a moment, and then she turned and walked away.

"Mama Girl!" I said. But she didn't come back, and I felt very mad at her.

"What's *happened* to your mother, Frog?" Gladys said.

"She's worried about the play. It's her big chance."

"Her big chance! She missed her big chance a long time ago. How she ever got your father to marry her in the first place is something I'll *never* understand."

"You take that back!"

"All right, Frog. I'm sorry. I take it back. And I'm proud of you to stick up for her. Do you forgive me?"

"Yes, but what's the matter with everybody grownup?"

"I don't know. I swear I don't, but it's something terrible. Here I am about to become a mother, and my son's father won't even talk to me. I came to ask your mother to go to him and tell him."

"Tell him what?"

"I'm pregnant."

"What?"

"I'm going to become a mother."

"Since when?"

"Since the night I was married, but I didn't find out until about a week ago. I wasn't sure, of course. Sometimes there are false alarms, so I waited, but it *wasn't* a false alarm. I went to a doctor and he told me."

"Doesn't Ho know?"

"Of course not. We're not speaking. You're the only person I've told, so far. I came to tell your mother, but no, she wouldn't even let me say hello. I'm worried, Frog. I don't know what to do."

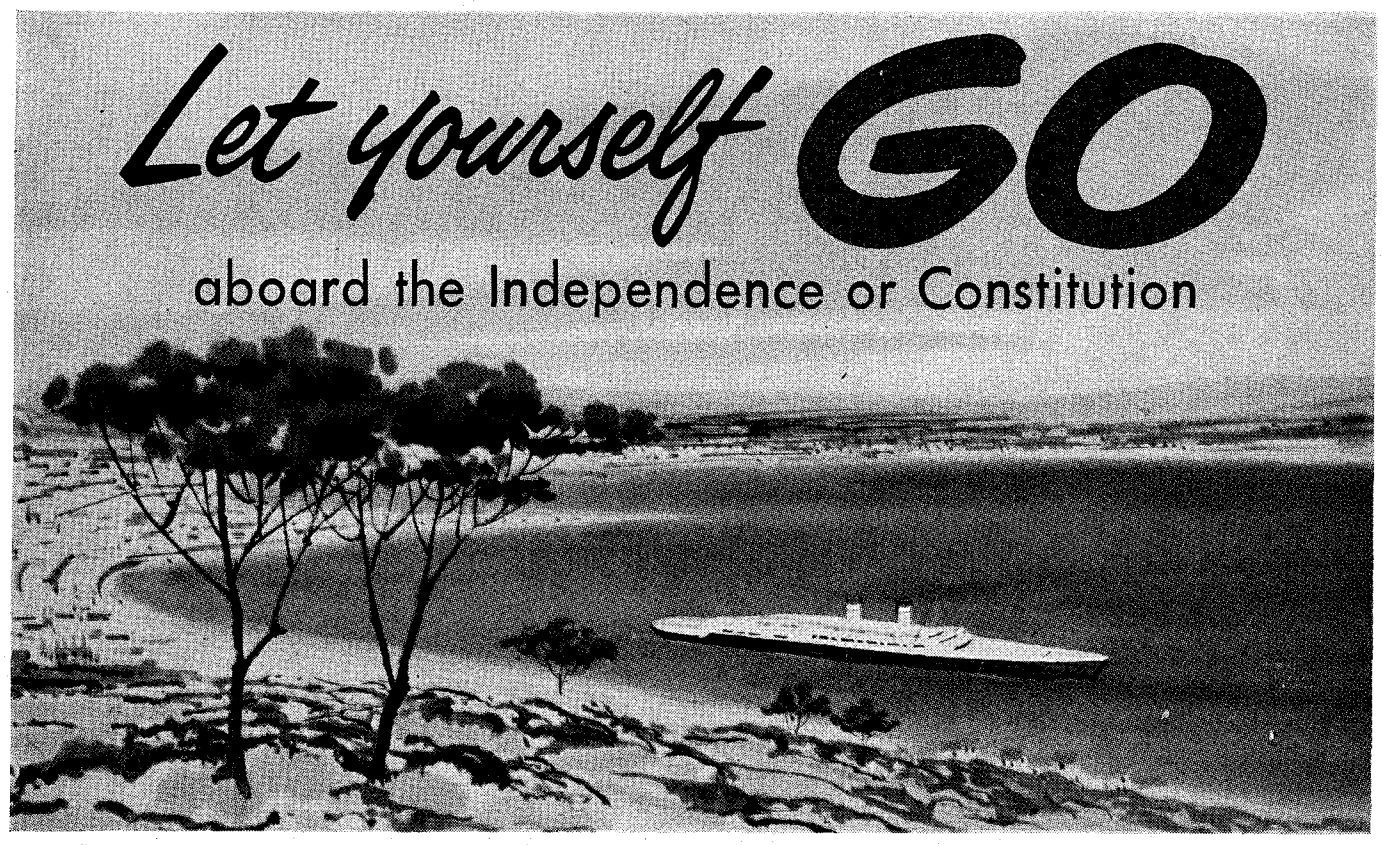
"She's gone back to Miss Cranshaw's, I think."

"Will you call her and tell her I'm sorry and ask her to please come back?"

"You call her."

"I couldn't, Frog. I've been so humiliated."

"No, you haven't. Just call her."



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Gladys asked the operator to ring Miss Cranshaw's phone, but Mama Girl wasn't there. Miss Cranshaw asked us to visit her for tea. Gladys wrote a note and left it on Mama Girl's pillow, and then I took her to Miss Cranshaw's.

"I've heard so much about you," Gladys said.

"But where's your mother, Twink?" Miss Cranshaw said.

"Downstairs," I said. "She's having a cup of coffee, I guess, because she's so worried about the play."

"We all are," Miss Cranshaw said to Gladys.

"Isn't it a good play?" Gladys said.

"It's a wonderful play. We're having trouble raising money to bring it to New York. We've got enough for the tryout in Philadelphia, but that's all."

Miss Cranshaw poured tea, and we began to drink tea and eat cakes and cookies, but I just couldn't enjoy anything, not even the rum cake.

"What's the matter with *you*, Twink?" Miss Cranshaw said.

"I think I want to go to 2109 and take a nap."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"Well, all right, then. We'll both be here if you want us, won't we, Mrs. Tuppence?"

"Yes, I'd like to visit for a while if I may."

"Oh, come now," Miss Cranshaw said. "I'm delighted to have you."

"Really?" Gladys said. She was thrilled.

I went to 2109 and stretched out on the bed. I wished Mama Girl and I were home on Macaroni Lane. I wished I was in Paris with my father and my brother. I wished all four of us were in Paris. I wished grownups weren't always in so much trouble.

I wished I didn't hate being in the play. I hated it. Sometimes I didn't hate it very much. Sometimes I almost liked it, but sometimes I hated it more than anything in the world. I had never wanted to be in a play. I only wanted to be with my father and my mother and my brother and my friends.

I couldn't fall asleep. I tried and tried, but I just couldn't.

I got up and left 2109 and went to the elevators. I went to the coffee shop. I found Mama Girl in a booth drinking coffee and smoking a cigarette. I sat across from her. I smiled and she smiled, and then she reached across the table and held my hand.

"I'm so ashamed," she said. "I don't know what's happened to me. Would you like something?"

"No."

"Please. A dish of ice cream?"

"All right."

Then, instead of going upstairs, we took a walk in the streets. When we got back, it was night and we were tired. We went straight to bed, and I fell asleep. The next day we felt a lot better, and we worked very hard.

Saturday we checked out of 2109 and went on a train to Philadelphia, to the Penn Central Hotel there. Everybody in the play was at that hotel.

Sunday morning we went to the Forrest Theater and rehearsed on the stage. Mr. Trapp's set was there on the stage, but it wasn't quite in working order, but we rehearsed just the same, while the men put the set together and made it work.

Everybody was excited, but at the same time scared too—but most of all happy. I was happy again too. That's what happens when you're in a play. Everything's mixed up. Everybody's worried, but when the time comes to give the first performance, everybody starts feeling happy again.

Monday morning there were six cleaning women in the theater, making it fresh and clean for the first performance. We put on our costumes, and Emerson and Mike and Joe Trapp studied us, and Joe made a few quick changes in some of our costumes, and then Emerson said, "All right, everybody, straight through, as if it were a performance in front of an audience."

We did the play.

Then, Mama Girl and I went out into the sunshine of the early afternoon.

We walked to the hotel and went up and tried to rest. Pretty soon Mama Girl fell asleep, lying on top of one of the beds, and then I fell asleep too.

TO BE CONCLUDED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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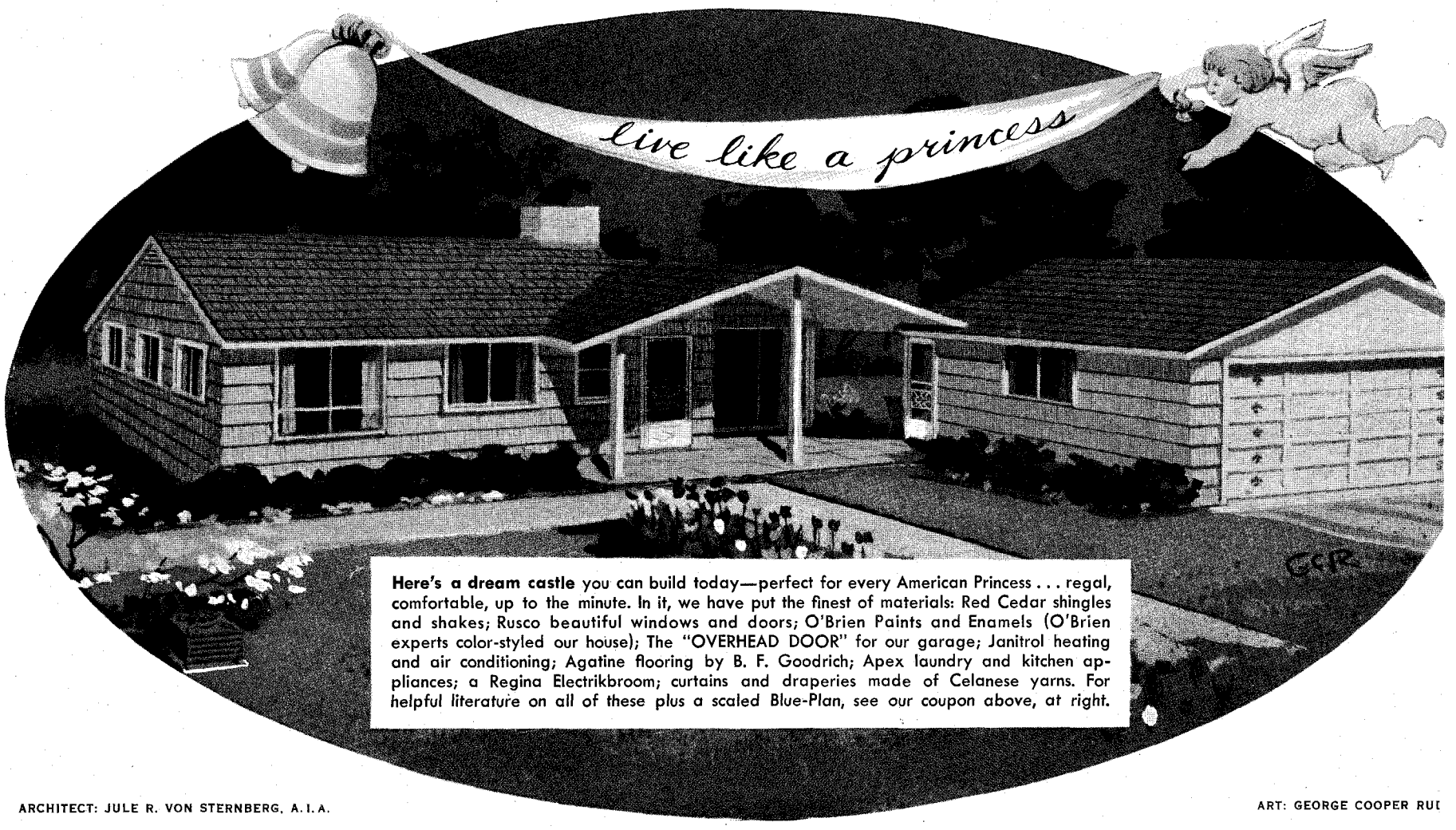

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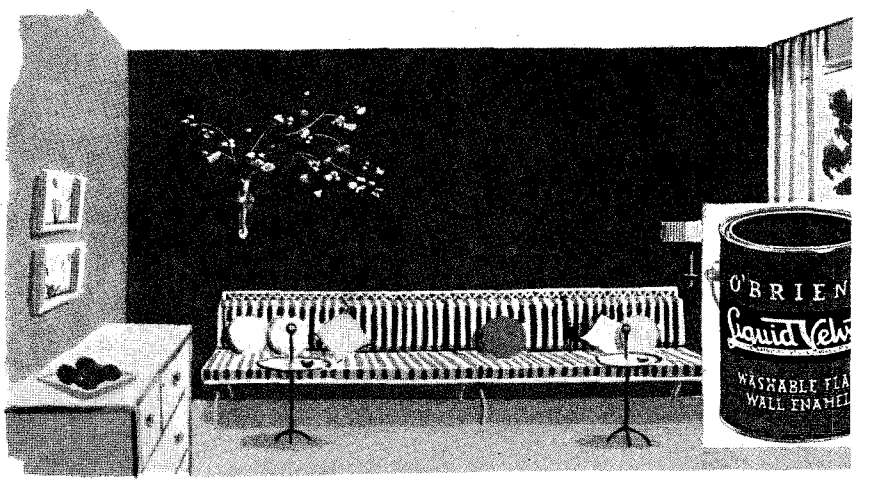

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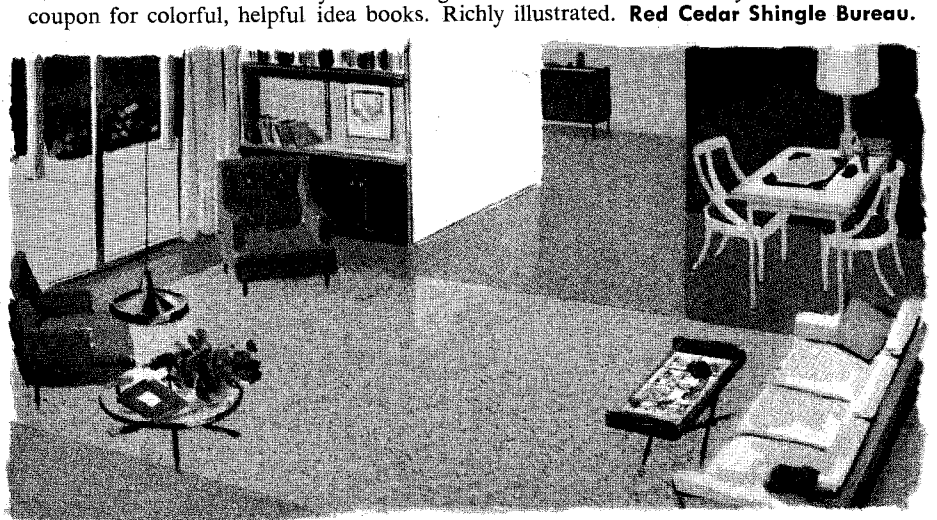

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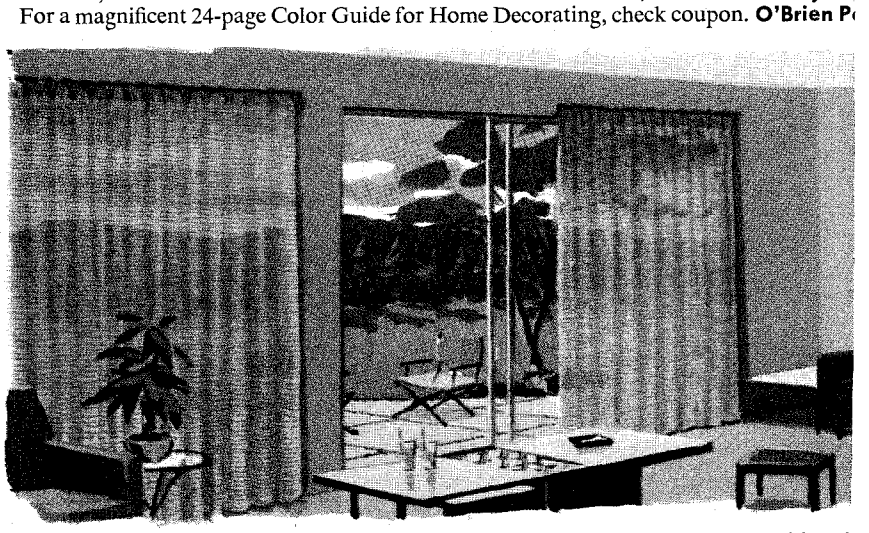

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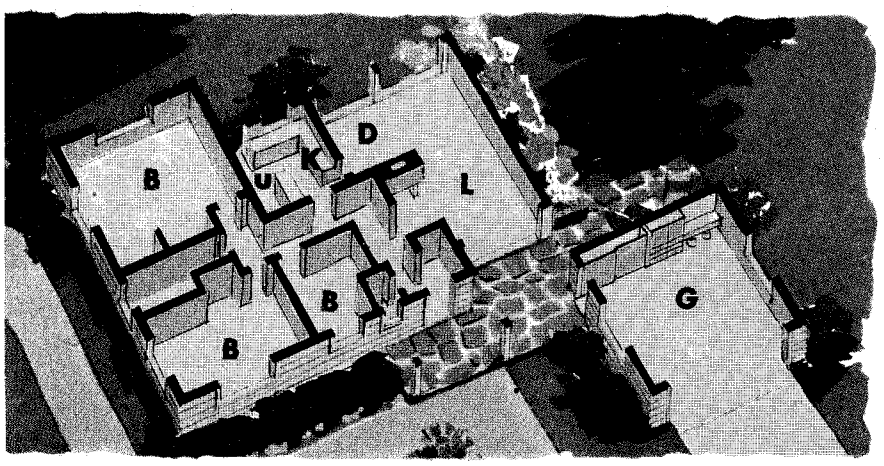

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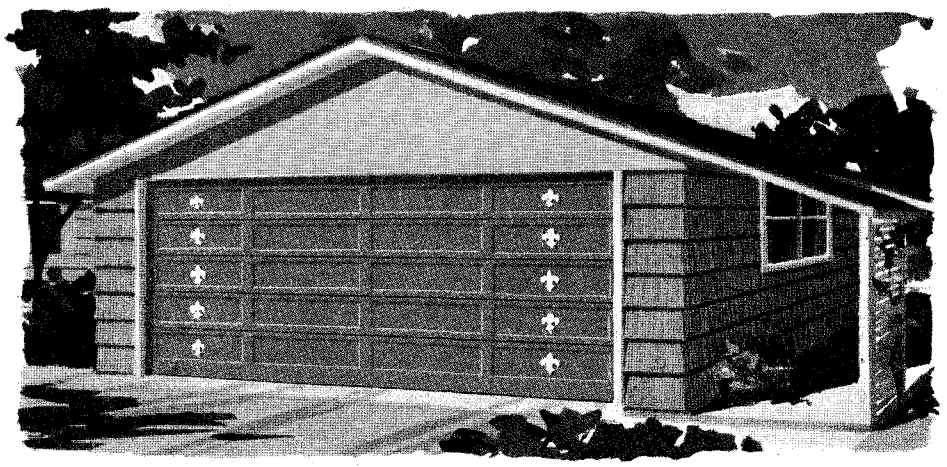

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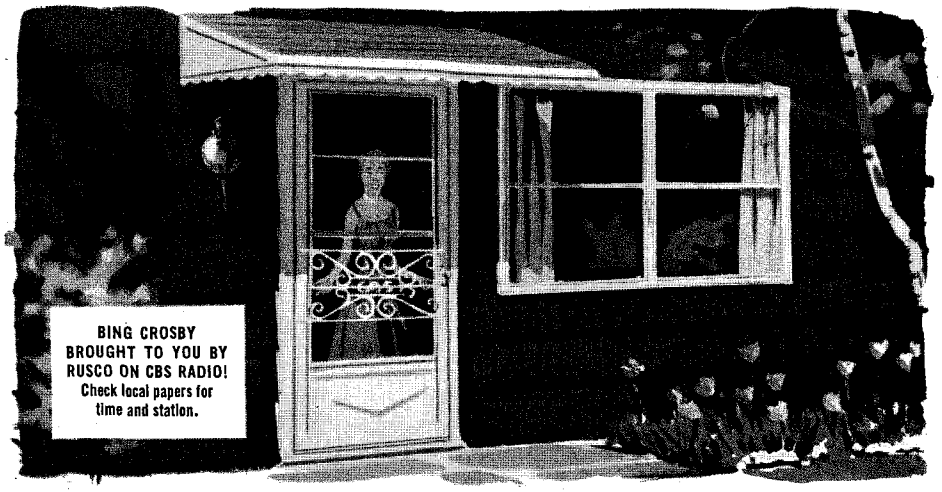

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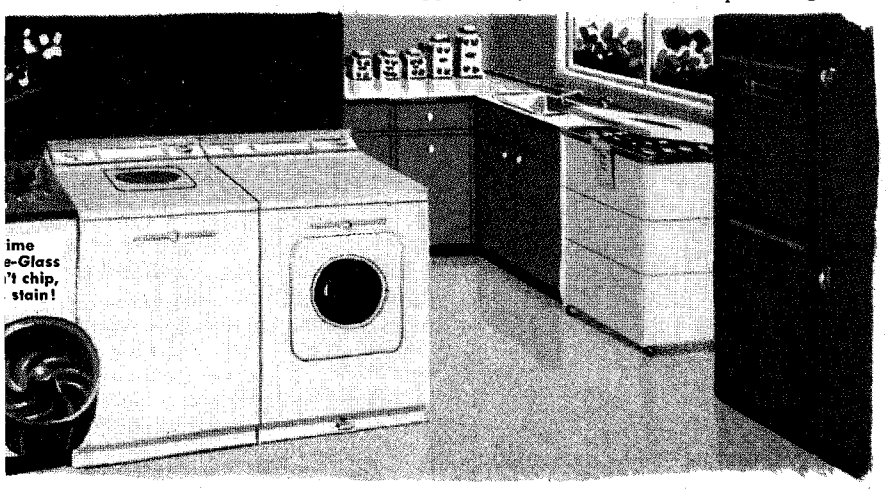

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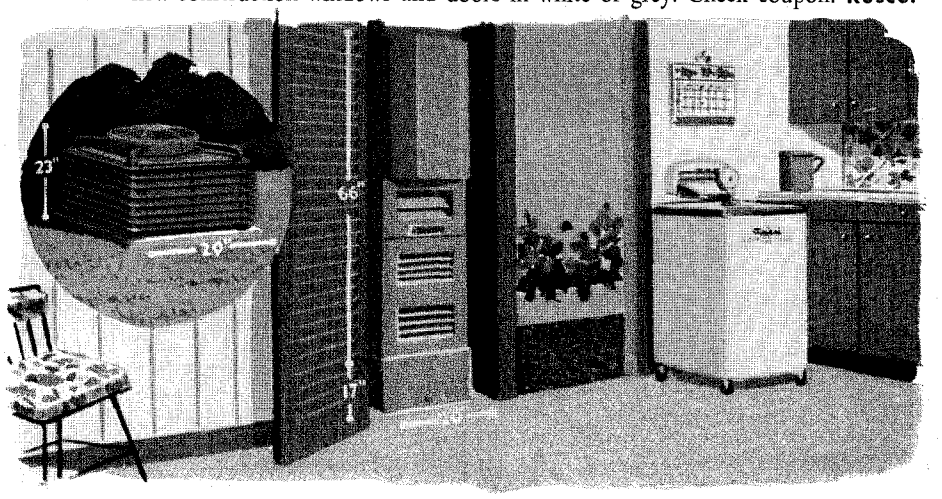

Now don't you wish your house were air-conditioned . . . by a Janitrol Counter-Flow Unit like this? It makes its own comfortable climate, winter *and* summer. See how compact it is . . . takes up no more space than a broom closet. Perfect for the basementless house. And this Janitrol uses *no water!* Heat is removed by a handsome "Pride-O'-Yard" outdoor compressor (see inset). In the Apex view at left, we show an alternate Janitrol water-cooled air-conditioner in utility room . . . fits *anywhere*, upstairs or down . . . Janitrol makes units for any size house or budget. To add liveability and resale value, see coupon. **Janitrol.**

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The Bargain Coast (Continued from Page 34)

shipping center, forty miles north of Barcelona. It ends seventy miles farther north at Port Bou, a fishing port within hailing distance of France. Sprawling between, at short intervals, like clusters of brightly painted toy houses, are some three dozen towns and villages, with populations ranging from a few hundred to a few thousand. The biggest, about twenty miles from Blanes, is San Feliu de Guixols—pronounced, with a hard *G*, "Gee-shols"—whose 10,000 inhabitants draw their livelihood chiefly from sardines, cork and tourism. Minuscule Lloret de Mar, next to Blanes, boasts a seaside motel. Tossa de Mar, five miles distant, was once the quiet hideaway of arty-crafty Bohemians from England, now it has become the noisiest, most bustling of the coast's vacation spots.

Mileage readings on the *Costa Brava* are deceptive. So fearsome is the coast road, with its two-lane, corkscrew turns and its pitted surface, that to drive the seventy miles nonstop would take the better part of a day. Alternative modes of transport are not much swifter. Trains link Barcelona and Gerona, the principal northern city of Catalonia, in two to three hours, but Gerona lies twenty miles inland and its only rail connection with the coast is a narrow-gauge line over which rattletrap cars creep at eight miles an hour, pausing at every sign of habitation en route. Buses meet the Barcelona train and, during the tourist season, travel the entire coast, but they are even slower. It is this shortage of efficient transport that keeps the *Costa Brava* from being even more tourist-jammed than it is.

Motorists can avoid a jolting drive by leaving the coast at Blanes and following the smoother, straighter National Route 11, taking a branch road back to the coast and the village of their choice. But to do so is to miss some of the most majestic scenery on earth. The scenic theme is a palisade of shattered reddish rock and emerald hills flanking almost the entire road. Each twist of the road unfolds a fresh surprise—silvery stands of olive trees succeeding pine-crested peaks, orange and lime groves and terraced vineyards, a plain stretching golden to the horizon, woods dappled with white heather, and, rising starkly from ridges, the contorted silhouettes of thorn-apple trees, dwarf palms or a ruined, medieval watch tower. The farther north, the more rugged the coast until, at remote Cadaqués, sandy beach gives way to rock-walled inlet. Here Salvador Dali, a native Catalan, maintains a summer retreat and captures on his canvases the strange, airless feeling of the *Costa Brava* when the wind called *tramontana* blows down from the mountains.

The climate is temperate, balmy by day during most of the year, cool and breezy by night. Even in August the thermometer seldom climbs above seventy-nine and in January seldom drops below forty-three. The average annual rainfall is about seventeen inches, most of it occurring in April and May, October and November. For almost 300 days of the year the sun shines. People swim as early as April and as late as December.

Some bewitched visitors linger on through their last traveler's check. Some never go home, but settle down in a shell-white cove to write or paint or just to meditate. In seaside villages with melodious names—Calella and Sa Tuna, Puerta de la Selva, Rosas, Aigua Blava, La Escala—British honeymooners, having exhausted their £100 foreign-travel allowance, swap cameras, watches and souvenirs for an extra month's lodging. In Palafrugell (Palace of the Fruits), an eighth-century market town built two miles inland, which still feeds a large segment of the province, a young Oxford graduate has supported himself for a year teaching English in the local public school.

After considering various exotic corners of the world as a permanent base, foot-loose writer Robert Ruark and his wife, Virginia, bought an old villa on the beach near Palamós, modernizing and enlarging it to twelve rooms with ample wall space to hang big-game trophies bagged on African safari. There Ruark completed his novel about Mau Mau, Something of Value, for which Hollywood paid $350,000. "I suppose," Ruark noted in a column, shortly after moving in a year ago, "there'll soon be lots of hotels, and busted bottles on the beach and inflated prices. But right now there is no other similar sight of calm and beauty that I know of in the world." Among the Ruarks' seasonal neighbors, in another remodeled seaside pleasance, are actress Madeleine Carroll and her American husband, Andrew Heiskell, publisher of Life magazine.

The *Costa Brava* is a new Riviera, but a Riviera without tinsel. There are no gambling casinos, no night clubs, no sophisticated entertainment and only one luxury hotel, the Hostal de la Gavina. Nature and the Catalan character—generous, tolerant, gay—are the chief delights. "These Catalan neighbors of mine," Ruark observed, "are courteous to the extreme, and no man considers himself inferior to another."

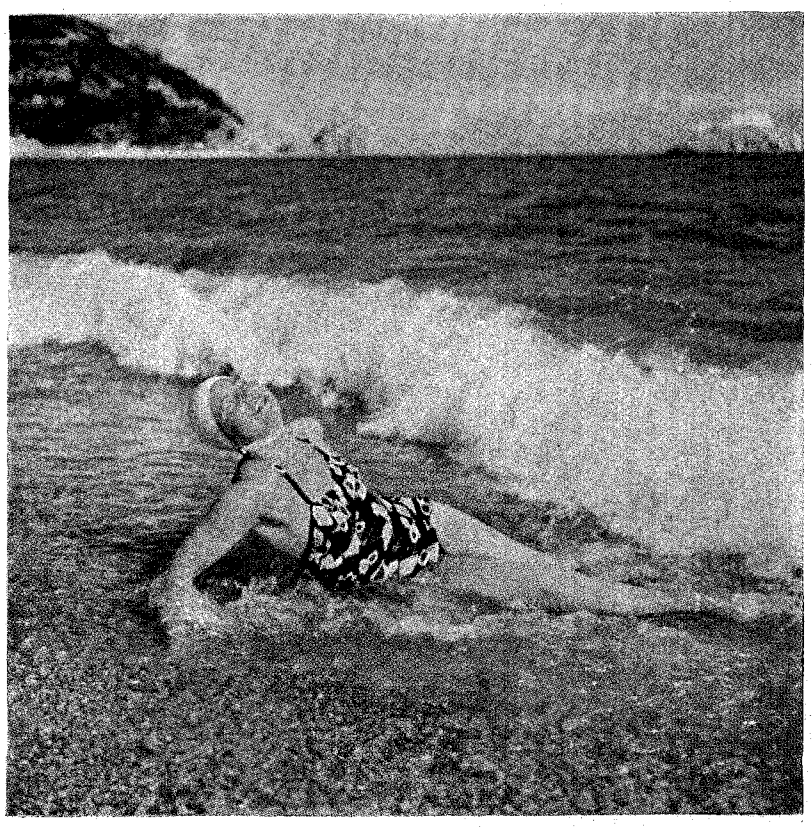
As recently as 1948 few *Costa Brava* villages had electricity or hot water. Romantic foreigners who knew the region in those days deplore modern innovations. "Ah, those candlelit June nights!" they sigh. Roads varied from terrible to impassable. Fishing supported most of the population.

Of the 115 hotels now operating to capacity, most have been constructed or modernized within the last five years. During this period the annual tourist influx has doubled and the amount of foreign currency passing through the local banks has increased 500 per cent, bringing undreamed-of prosperity to whole communities. Out of its 1955 budget the Spanish Ministry of Public Works allocated $800,000 to the improvement of *Costa Brava* roads. The fishing industry is declining, partly because the inshore waters have been depleted to satisfy the tourists' craving for sardines, shrimps, prawns and lobsters, and partly because so many fishermen want to go into the hotel business.

How the *Costa Brava's* tourism evolved is typified by the Frigola-Trilla family and their hotel in Tamariu. A tiny crescent of sand and sparkling white stucco buildings, named after the purple-blossomed tamarind trees, Tamariu stands midway between Barcelona and France. A generation ago it had thirty inhabitants, mostly fisherfolk living in dirt-floor cabins. At night they would fish the bay with nets spread from boat to boat, and kerosene lamps at the prows. To this day a characteristic night vista of the Wild Coast is a patch of sea starred with dancing lights.

Social life centered around the Casa Candida, a ramshackle combination general store and *estaminet*. There the fishermen could buy tackle and store up energy for the long, wakeful nights with a bowl of *cremat*—rum, strong coffee and spices, set aflame before serving. *Cremat* is the favorite cheer of tourists today. Josep Frigola, himself a fisherman in his spare time, ran the Casa Candida with the help of his wife, Leonor, and his daughter, Candida. Weekends, shopkeepers and workers from the cork factory in Palafrugell would come by horse cart to camp out on the beach. Victuals were no problem. They would scrape sea urchins off the rocks, wash them in sea water and spread the pink meat on oil-soaked chunks of bread. From the night's catch of mullet, porgy and mackerel, the Frigolas might brew a communal *suquet*, the racy Catalan version of *bouillabaisse*. If it rained, they let the campers sleep on the floor of the Casa Candida.

The summer of 1928 proved to be a turning point in the Frigola fortunes. A pair of hitchhiking newlyweds from Barcelona begged to be put up for a month. Señora Frigola rearranged her only spare room and set two extra places at the table. What the well-fed, sun-drenched couple told their friends when they got home brought more Barcelonans to Tamariu, clamoring for bed and board. Dipping deeply into their savings, the Frigolas began to expand the Casa Candida. Then, in 1936, a Mrs. Knight wrote from London—how she heard of Tamariu they never learned—inquiring about rates. "The (Continued on Page 134)



Inga Saurmann lolls in the Mediterranean surf. The sun shines 300 days of the year along the balmy coast, and the swimming season runs from April to December.

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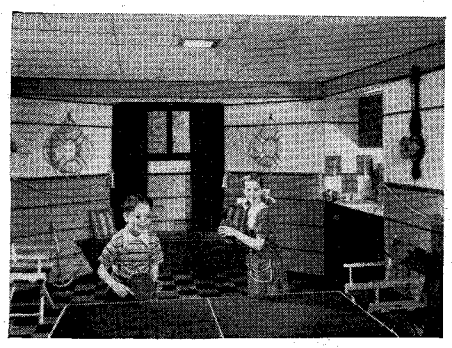

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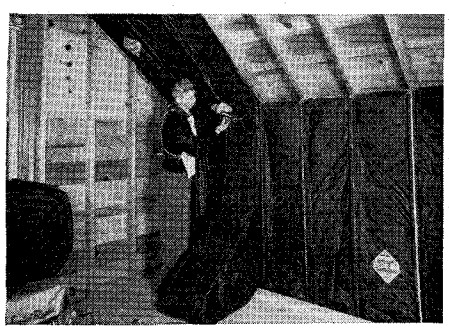

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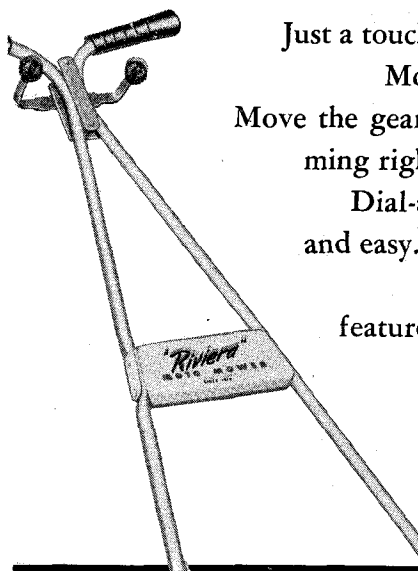

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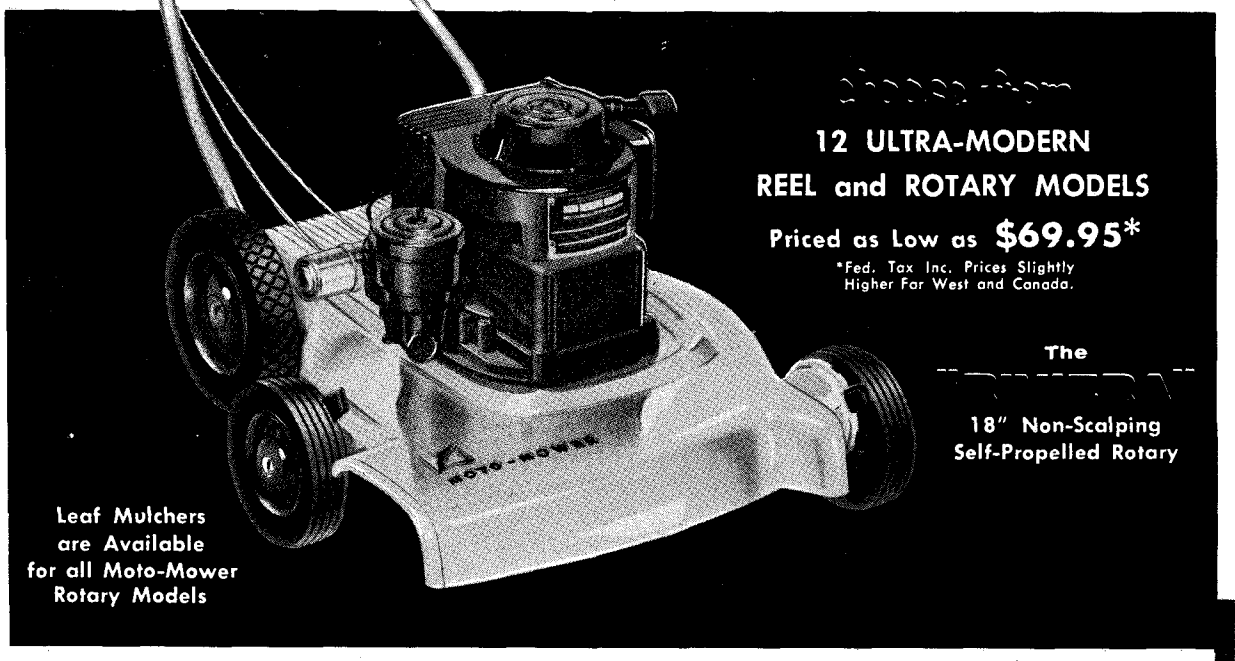

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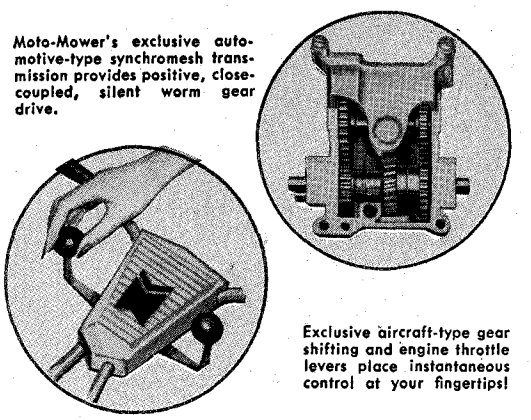

Moto-Mower's exclusive automotive-type synchromesh transmission provides positive, close-coupled, silent worm gear drive.

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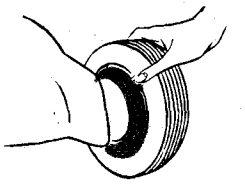
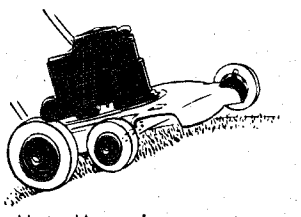


Experts say mowing height should be changed with season, rainfall, type of grass. It's easy with the Dial-a-Matic—just press the Dial-a-Matic lever and change mowing heights instantly.



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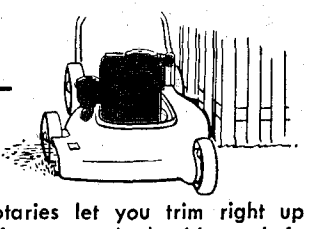
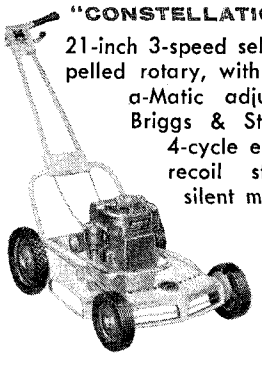
Moto-Mower's new staggered-wheel design lets you mow over terraces, around flower beds, with no danger of cutting into the turf. This new design also provides for even grass distribution.

Close Trimming—Side and Front



Moto-Mower rotaries let you trim right up to trees, shrubs, fences—at both side and front. They save many hours of tedious hand trimming.



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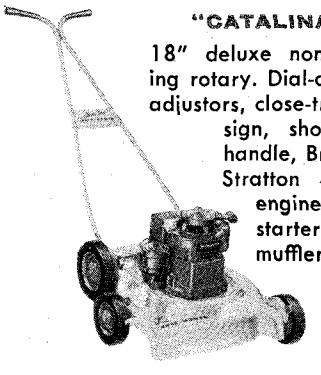
21-inch 3-speed self-propelled rotary, with Dial-a-Matic adjustors. Briggs & Stratton 4-cycle engine, recoil starter, silent muffler.



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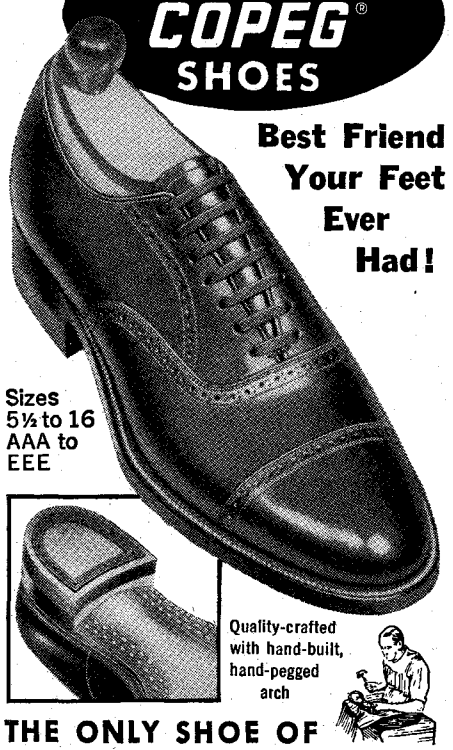

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(*Continued from Page 132*) English," says Candida, "love to discover out-of-the-way spots to rough it in." The Frigolas' first foreign guest, venturesome Mrs. Knight paid an all-inclusive ten pesetas ($1.60) a day. The Hotel Tamariu, as the Frigolas renamed the Casa Candida, was a going concern.

Candida, meanwhile, had married Luis Trilla, a clerk in the Palafrugell cork factory, and upon her father's death he assumed the management of the hotel. The secret of its continued success is a simple one shared by countless *Costa Brava* hotelkeepers. No labor shortage troubles the Trillas, for theirs is an almost 100 per cent family-operated enterprise. Señora Trilla supervises the kitchen, her brother, Pepe—an ardent xenophile, who continually exclaims, in imitation of the British, "Jolly good!" waits on table; children, cousins, aunts and uncles cook, make beds, tend bar.

Josep Frigola would hardly recognize his Casa Candida today. Recommended by the influential Guide Michelin, it has thirty trim rooms, twelve with bath—Trilla installed a hot-water system last year—and heavy competition. Three other hotels—El Hostalillo, the Jano and the Voralmar—and two bars—Bastons' and Père Pat-Xei's (pronounced Pat-shay)—now flourish in Tamariu. With apartments and houses renting at $75 to $200 a month, the village is in a fever of construction. At present it can accommodate about 200 visitors.

The Tamariu mornings belong to Neptune. As the sun rides high, aquatic sightseers in goggles and breathing tubes dot the cove, peering at the rainbow-hued rocks scores of feet below, the seaweed jungles and an occasional octopus. The adventurous, flippered and clutching spear guns, dive for their own fish dinners. Under a pleasant provincial law the public owns the seashore as far as the tide can reach. There are no privately owned beaches. People building on coastal property must provide a throughway.

In the hour before lunch—and a long hour it is, few Spanish restaurants opening earlier than two P.M.—the parched and ravenous bathers gather outside the bars at tables on the hot sand or under rush-covered palanquins to munch prawns and almonds and sip sherry. Père Pat-Xei, a merry old rip, whose enthusiasm for pretty girls remains undimmed at seventy-four, displays a sign in three languages: "Drinks are bad here, but worse elsewhere. Choose the lesser evil."

At meals, foreign culinary prejudices tend to vanish amid the succulence of Catalan specialties like *niu* (cod, potatoes and pigeon swimming in a garlic sauce), *paella* (boiled rice with shellfish), the sweet, spiced sausage called *butifarra*. A widespread libel to the contrary, the olive oil used to cook these dishes in, provided it be of good quality, is tasteless, odorless and easy to digest.

After the standard four courses, washed down by a tart, lusty wine of the country, most diners surrender blissfully to that fine old Spanish custom, the *siesta*, awaking late in the afternoon to the agreeable realization that the day's pleasures have scarcely begun. As the sun drops behind the mountains, mantling the coast with golden shadows, they wander inland, some to shop for such *tipica* as basketwork, embroidery and cork carvings, others to inspect the many cathedrals and ruined citadels of Catalonia.

During the numerous religious *fiestas* the villagers strew their main streets with flowers from curb to curb. As priests and lay dignitaries pass in procession, petals are rained down upon them from windows and balconies. The climax of every *fiesta* is a mass *sardana*, the bouncing, leaping native round dance, whose music once struck Stravinsky as among the most impressive he had ever heard.

Tourists may—and many do—join the whirling *sardana* circle without self-consciousness. For the Catalan does not regard tourists as intrusive oddfish to be laughed at and, if possible, plucked, but rather as honored guests—though he may pity them a little for not being Catalan. Nor do differences of rank and fortune constitute a barrier to social relations. The waiter who serves your dinner, as proud, dignified and independent as any doctor or lawyer, is likely to turn up later that evening in the bar to stand you a drink, teach you the *sardana* and, if you happen to be an unattached female, flirt with you. When Pepe Frigola learned that a young English novelist and his wife, who had spent the previous summer in Tamariu, being unable to find accommodations there again, had gone to Tossa de Mar, he raced after them on his motorcycle. "What's the matter?" he demanded. "Am I no longer your friend?" And he refused to budge until they agreed to share his own little house, free of charge, for the rest of the season.

With the free peseta hovering around forty-two to the dollar, both necessities and luxuries are cheap for the hard-currency tourist in Spain, and nowhere cheaper than in Catalonia. *Costa Brava* regulars bring few new clothes. Palafrugell's jovial little tailor, Juan Sitjas, a spiritual cousin of the Seven Dwarfs, will whip out a man's or woman's stylish suit in a week for thirty-seven dollars. His most popular material is a gabardine named, after President Eisenhower, "Ike-green." Custom-made shoes of top-grade leather run $5.00 to $7.50 a pair.

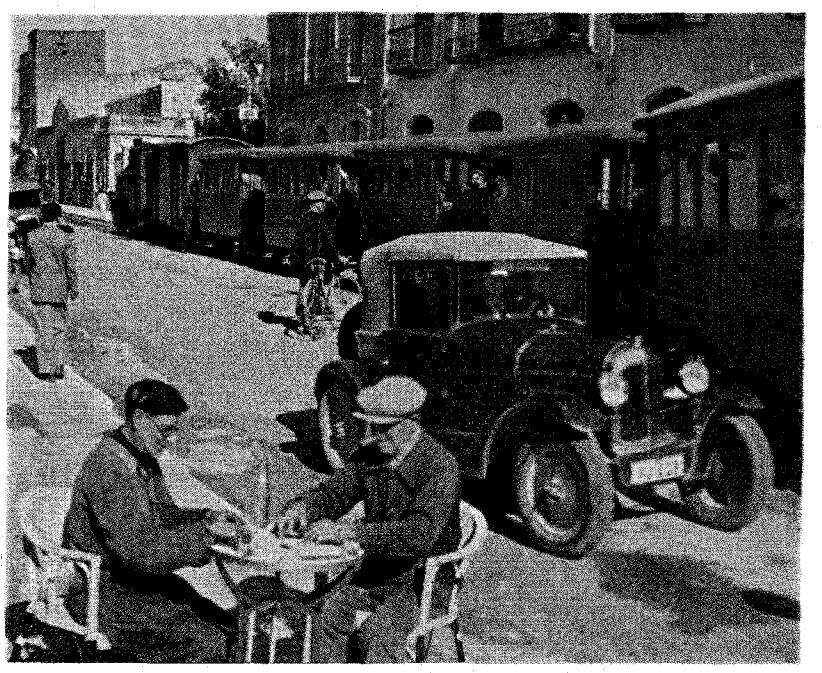
American cigarettes cost no more than they do in the States. Most of them are contraband and thereby escape duties and sales taxes. Smuggling has been a traditional avocation of the *Costa Bravan* ever since the Barbary freebooters infiltrated the population. After spreading their nets at night, fishermen will sail to rendezvous with a fast motor cruiser from Gibraltar or Tangier and take aboard not only cigarettes but drugs, gold and occasionally arms. It is a dangerous game. The omnipresent *Guardia Civil* have been known to shoot smugglers on landing. Usually, however, they let them go, after a severe beating. "This saves the state the expense of a trial," a *Guardia Civil* captain explains, "and restores a productive member of society to his work The memory of the beating normally re strains him from repeating the offense—for a year or two anyway."

For a bed, private bathroom and bal cony overlooking the sea, all meals, serv ice and taxes, the best hotels, whose rate are fixed by the government, charge $3.6 to $4.20 a day per person. More modes pensions and boardinghouses, wher guests may have to share a common bath room, charge as little as two dollars. Th Hotel Tamariu, in the $3.65 class, in cludes with its meals wine without stint

The unique exception is the grandios Hostal de la Gavina in S'Agaro, the onl Catalonian village—and probably th only one in all Spain—reputed to hav no paupers. Both hotel and village wer created as a hobby by a millionair chemical manufacturer, José Ensesa Each of its sixty-eight bedroom-bat suites is furnished with antiques of different period. Within reach of eac capacious, pastel-shaded bathtub stand a telephone. In recent seasons the Hosta de la Gavina has lured away from the habitual haunts in Capri and the Rivier such gilded gadabouts as Cole Porte Orson Welles and Ava Gardner. Th daily rate, staggering by Spanish stanc ards, yet less than that of a luxury hote without meals practically anywhere else is $12.50. To old *Costa Brava* hands, suc splendor is a jarring anomaly, like a orchid growing amid wildflowers.

How much of its pristine simplicit the *Costa Brava* can preserve and for ho long is a topic that enlivens many a evening around the flaming *cremat* bow If Cole Porter comes, can Elsa Maxwe be far behind? In S'Agaro an agent of th Aga Khan has been inspecting shor property. Queen Frederika of Greece an Prince Umberto of Savoy were amon last summer's visitors. In San Jorge, ar other fashionable real-estate develop ment, a high-born White Russian, wh rented a villa for twenty-four years, said to have an unusual agreement wit the promoters. For every bona fid aristocrat he can persuade to settle i San Jorge he gets one year's rent fre

But the Wild Coast, seventy miles lon and as convoluted as a conch shell, sti has many an undeveloped stretch. Thos who have explored it thoroughly feel tha the day is distant when a mermaid an a shepherd will no longer be able to di port themselves far from the maddin crowd. THE EN



La Costa Brava's main link with the rest of Spain is a prehistoric, snail-paced train. Here, the old relic picks up a few passengers in the town of Palamos.

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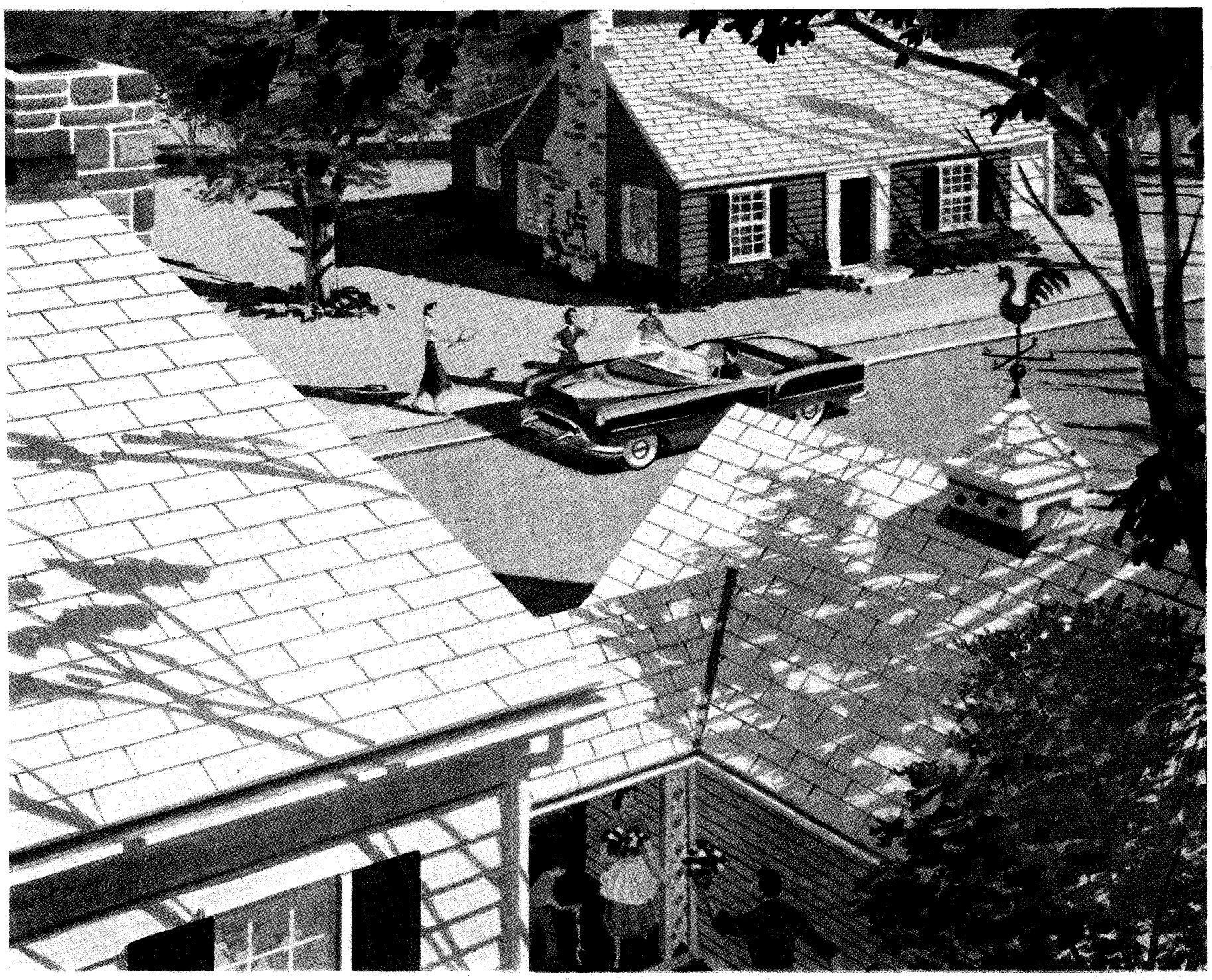

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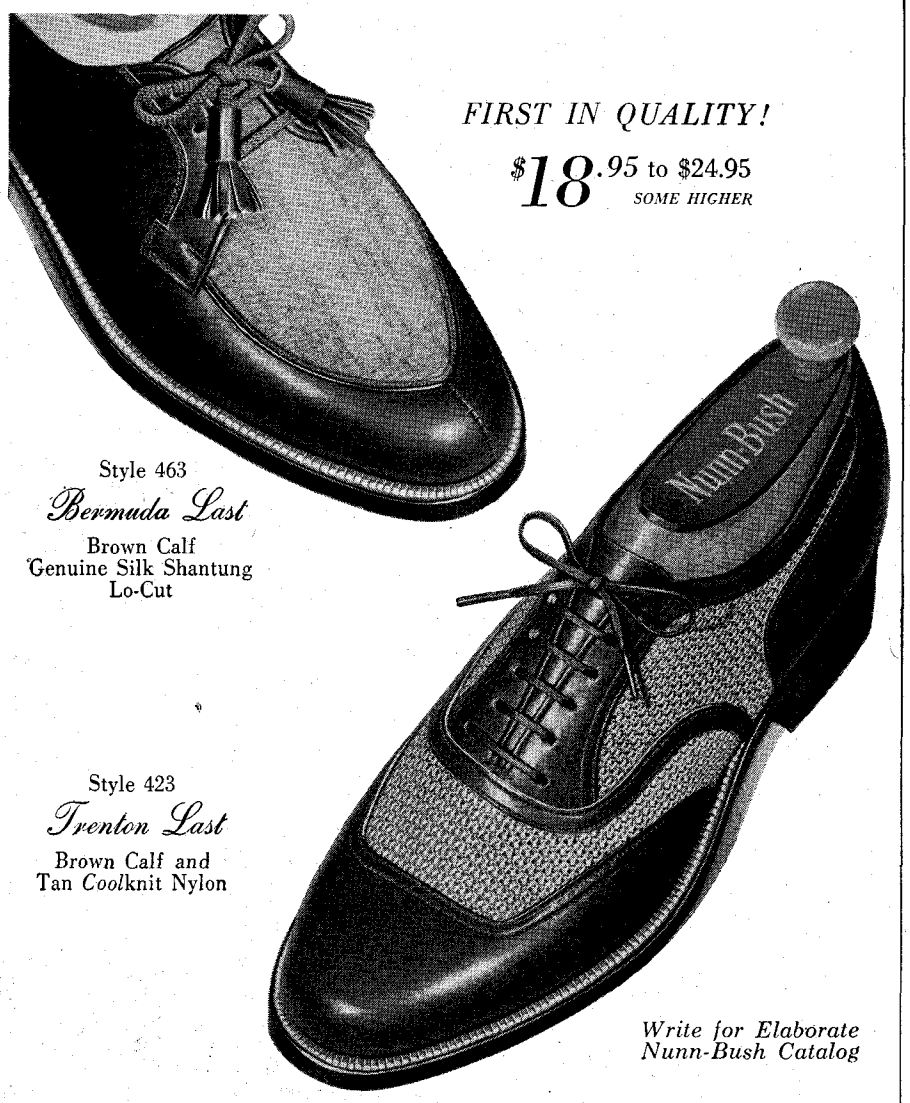

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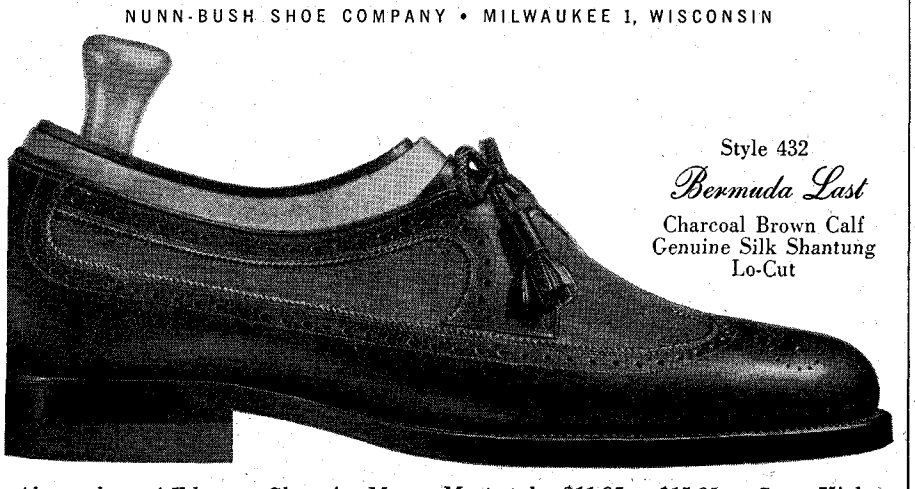

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The Slum That Rebelled

(Continued from Page 33)

first. She stormed into the city engineer's office, demanding to know why Casa Blanca couldn't have pavements, gutters and curbs like other Riverside neighborhoods. The city engineer said that Casa Blanca could have them if over half of the lot owners on any street would sign a petition agreeing to an assessment for improvements, costing about $200 per lot. He handed her a form for a petition.

"You're wasting your time, though," he said. "The people out there will never sign up."

It looked as though he was right. After working a year on the project, Mrs. Stowers had only 30 per cent of the property owners on two blocks of Peters Street, her street, signed up. Though her Mexican neighbors spoke English, they didn't seem to understand her. Then Ramon Quintero volunteered to go along as interpreter. More people signed, but still not enough.

That winter the skies opened and a downpour flooded the entire area. Most of Casa Blanca was under water. Many people were able to leave their homes only by wading. Everybody on Peters Street signed the petition, which Mrs. Stowers took in triumph down to city hall. The mayor prodded city council, and shortly they began approving pavements for Casa Blanca as fast as the majority of homeowners signed up.

Mrs. Stowers was reading about the project in the Riverside Press one evening and thinking, *Well, my job is done,* when there was a knock on the door. The visitor was round-faced, personable Joe Park, another Casa Blancan, who lived across the railroad tracks. Joe Park's father was a Korean, his mother Mexican; his wife, Sophia, half-Irish, half-Mexican, was the first Casa Blanca girl ever to go to college. They, too, had come back to be near aging parents, after living in other towns. They likewise had determined to do something about making Casa Blanca a better place in which to raise their four children. Park is a fore man in a citrus-packing plant.

The Parks thought that Casa Blanca's first need was a sewer system to replac the back-yard privies. Joe Park contacte the Riverside Sanitary Department. The provided him with a petition, assurin him he could never get the necessar signatures, because sewers would cos more than the property was worth. Par had come to persuade Lillyus Stowers t hold up on her street-paving campaig until he could put over the sewer proj ect.

"The sewers ought to go in first, be cause otherwise they will have to dig u your pavements to put them in," h argued.

"You lay off my pavements and I'll la off your sewers," she replied indignantly

After an evening's argument with "th stubbornest woman I ever met," as Par described Mrs. Stowers, they agreed t team up to work for both sewers an paving and for a general renovation o the neighborhood. The smart, bright-ey Negro mother and the handsome youn Korean-Mexican have sparked a chai reaction of civic projects that not onl has rehabilitated the neighborhood physi cally but has given it a newborn com munity spirit.

"These Casa Blancans have had to figh for the things that other neighborhood got as a matter of course," says Riversid city manager Oren King. "They are pul ing themselves up by their bootstrap and that is better than having outsid help."

Lillyus Stowers and Joe Park ove looked few bets for mobilizing thei neighbors into pressure groups for civi betterment. "If we can't get what we wan one way, we try another scheme," say Mrs. Stowers.

The first drive was for an America Legion post. Joe Park was charter com mander. When Legionnaire organize from nearby Colton began signing u Casa Blanca veterans, Park got h

"Here comes an easy sale."

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dander up and organized the Villegas Post, named for a Casa Blanca hometown boy, Ysmael Villegas, who died in the Philippines while leading his company in a daring charge that wiped out Japanese positions.

Casa Blancans were mighty proud of Sergeant Villegas, who was posthumously decorated with the Congressional Medal of Honor. So is Riverside, which dedicated ten acres for a park bearing his name. Villegas' gallantry in action proved to everybody that the offspring of Mexican itinerant fruit workers are brave soldiers and good Americans. Park and Stowers have capitalized on this pride repeatedly to ignite enthusiasm for community causes. Villegas Post's four-score members spend most of their energy working on community works.

"We are strongest when we are selling the community on a project," says Joe Park. "By intermarriage, the Legion represents every family in Casa Blanca."

Park mobilized his fellow Legionnaires to line up support for sewers and street pavements. After the sewers were in, it took some selling to persuade families to put in new bathrooms and hook up. This called for more cash than most Casa Blancans had on hand. Bankers considered Casa Blanca a poor area for loans, until Park called on them and pointed out, "Look, we can get plenty

Income taxes are something many people would rather chisel than file.

JOHN C. A. KELLY

of credit to buy automobiles, jewelry and TV sets, but we can't get credit to fix up our homes. How come?"

Al Fast, manager of the Citrus Belt Savings & Loan Association, which had made small loans of $300 to $400 to Casa Blancans, agreed that this didn't make sense. The association began making larger loans. It has lent about $160,000 to renovate homes, without losing a dollar.

"These people are sometimes delinquent, but they never fail to pay off when they get back from the fruit harvest," says Fast.

The Citizens Bank followed suit, as did other banks. Norman Geib, vice-president of Citizens, has a method in making loans. If he doesn't know the Casa Blancan who wants money, Geib talks the proposition over with Rev. Samuel Brown, the Baptist minister, or Father Luis Balderas, the Catholic priest. If the churchmen vouch for a prospective borrower's character, it's a loan.

"We have never had a foreclosure in Casa Blanca," says Geib.

With credit for home improvements available, all that the leaders of Operation Bootstraps had to do was to sell the home-improvement idea to their neighbors. They decided to do this by example.

"We never try to force anybody to do anything," explains Mrs. Stowers.

After Peters Street, on which Mrs. Stowers lives, was paved, the residents of Casa Blanca Street, who were known as *Los Ranos*," or "The Toads," because they lived in the mud all winter, came over to find out how they, too, could get pavements. Mrs. Stowers secured a petition and helped in the sign-up. Then the people who lived on other streets signed up. Now all but two of the twenty blocks in Casa Blanca are paved.

"We figured that if they had neat curbs and gutters, they'd want neat front yards and they'd want paint on their houses," says Mrs. Stowers. "That's the way it worked out."

But it took some doing, through newly formed civic groups. Lillyus Stowers turned out to be a champion behind-the-scenes organizer of movements, "when I wasn't too pregnant," as she puts it. Every few months she comes up with a new civic association because newly organized groups spark fresh enthusiasm.

The Casa Blanca Welfare Association was the first to take shape, in 1951. Mrs. Stowers and Park were aroused by a careful survey made by Leo Baca, a teacher in the Casa Blanca school, revealing that fourteen welfare agencies, some tax-supported, some underwritten by community contributions, were overlooking the settlement. At the school, principal M. B. Madden and his teachers were obliged to maintain a private fund to see that hungry school children were fed.

The Legion and the newly formed Welfare Association soon changed that. Welfare funds suddenly became available to provide milk for school children and to help with medical and dental bills. The County Health Department examined children's teeth. Their teachers taught the children to use toothbrushes, and mobile X-ray units checked Casa Blancans for tuberculosis.

The Welfare Association inspired an offshoot, the Health Council, with Peter Vargas as president, which undertook to educate Casa Blancans on health and sanitation. Most of the people considered tuberculosis a disgrace and something to be hidden. They were persuaded to go to the county hospital for treatment.

Casa Blancans had no neighborhood doctors. The Health Council induced the

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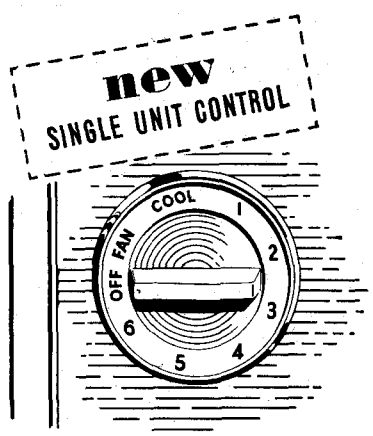

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county hospital to send out a young intern, who checked children and answered mothers' questions. It also lined up a team from the Junior College to make an objective sanitation survey; then it launched a drive to screen the privies still in use.

For years, garbage and rubbish had been placed in open tubs along the streets for the city collection trucks. Before they arrived, the dogs of the neighborhood made a mess of the litter. A Health Council drive induced Casa Blancans to use approved garbage cans with lids. The litter disappeared.

Then with the community health-minded, Mrs. Stowers and Park sprang a new idea on their neighbors. This was the Casa Blanca Improvement League, consisting of members of every organization in town. The league launched a community-wide cleanup to get rid of rubbish and litter in Casa Blanca's unsightly back yards. The city manager promised to haul off all of the rubbish the Casa Blancans stacked up in front of their houses.

As a demonstration, Mrs. Stowers and Park mobilized the neighborhood one Saturday morning to clean up Pete Lara's yard. Lara, a pioneer resident, was a patient in the county hospital with both legs amputated. While Lara watched from a wheel chair, his neighbors gave his yard a sprucing up that was something to behold.

"Now everybody go home and clean up his own yard like that," Mrs. Stowers urged after a coffee break.

The next day, city trucks hauled seventy-three loads of debris to the city dumps. The neighborhood cleanup is now a twice-a-year event.

Villegas Park, ten barren acres adjoining Casa Blanca, was an unsightly area when it was named after the community's Congressional Medal of Honor winner. The Casa Blanca Improvement Association was organized largely to turn the acreage into a real park, with shade trees, shrubs, lawns, picnic areas and playgrounds. The Casa Blancans wangled a clubhouse for the playground in 1952 by astute politicking. Candidates for office had paid little attention to Casa Blanca prior to that, because Casa Blancans didn't vote. Most of the potential voters were out of town working in harvests elsewhere when the main elections occurred. Consequently, they were not registered for the local elections.

In 1952, the Improvement League staged a vote-registration drive. Casa Blanca's block of votes was sizable enough to swing the election of councilman Zollie Hair, who showed his appreciation by persuading the Riverside City Council to move an abandoned gym from one of the city's schools to Villegas Park. The renovated gym became Casa Blanca's clubhouse, meeting place, sports pavilion and rallying place for youngsters who had roamed the streets in mischievous gangs.

Now that they had a clubhouse, Casa Blancans wanted lawns, trees, shelters for picnics. They built their own shelters and persuaded the park department to plant lawns. Trees were something else again, because they had to be protected until they could grow up. The memorial service for Sergeant Villegas solved that one. After the speeches, each youngster planted a tree in a hole already dug by a Legionnaire. Every youngster had his name on a tree, which became his special charge. The trees are thriving.

The Parent-Teacher Association was another crusade. The mothers of Casa Blanca had been too busy bearing babies or working in the fruit to pay much attention to school problems. Newer subdivisions got the new school buildings; Casa Blanca got along with what it had, which included one old wooden barracks, a firetrap with one door for two large rooms. Lillyus Stowers began organizing indignation over the inadequate school facilities. Her first move was to launch a PTA with seven members.

"You'll never get mothers to come to meetings," several teachers predicted.

"I'll get them out, and fathers too," she promised. She did too. The Casa Blanca PTA meets at night, when dads can come. The new PTA delegated Mrs. Stowers and Mrs. Clara Benzor to plead with the school board for new schoolrooms. The board pointed out that it required school bonds to pay for schools.

"We'll get the voters out," promised Mrs. Stowers. After a registration drive that doubled Casa Blanca's voting strength, Casa Blancans voted four to one for the school bonds. Impressed, the school board authorized a new fireproof school building, which is among Riverside's best. The new Casa Blanca is exemplified by the school attendance.

"We used to open school in September with one third of the pupils registered," explained principal Madden. "The rest were away in harvest camps, working. They straggled in by Christmastime. This year we opened with four hundred and ten pupils, our full attendance. Casa Blancans are no longer transients."

Principal Madden's cryptic comment highlights the change that has come about in Casa Blanca. Though many families still work in the fruit, they send their children home in time for opening of school. Better wages and more jobs in the Riverside area have made a difference. More important yet, the youngsters want to get back to school. Like Mrs. Stowers, they are proud of the community they used to despise.

The school has played an important part in the Casa Blanca uplift. Many Casa Blancans of Mexican origin read English with difficulty. When a drive is on for any civic cause, Madden sees to it that the proposition is explained in simple terms which his pupils can read to their parents.

The big yard cleanup was one of these. The branch library was another. Home delivery of mail was a typical example. Postal officials had refused to deliver mail, partly because of the muddy, rutty streets, partly because Casa Blancans feared youngsters would molest their mail. After the streets were paved, it was a question of installing mailboxes at the proper height and in the right position. Sketches making the post-office regulations clear were sent home with the youngsters. The Legion put up several mailboxes properly as examples. Other homeowners followed suit. Shortly, Casa Blancans enjoyed one more public service taken for granted in other communities.

The rehabilitation and painting of homes was the touchiest campaign of all. Most Casa Blanca homes were patched-up clapboard shacks built long ago. They were little more than rickety boxes large enough to shelter people. Several had fallen down while owners were away working in the harvests. These unsightly shacks were one reason why Casa Blanca was regarded as an impoverished shanty town long after Casa Blancans were earning fair wages. Once when Mrs. Stowers was pleading with the City Council for improvements, she persuaded councilwoman Thelma Goodspeed to take a ride through the neighborhood. As they drove up one street and down another, Mrs. Stowers pointed out the new cars and the TV antennas.

"These people can afford good streets and sewers and schools," she assured Mrs. Goodspeed. "If they are convinced Casa Blanca isn't going to be a slum, they'll put money into homes instead of moving away as soon as they can."

In Casa Blanca, renovating a home is a neighborhood affair. Neighbors turn out to help paint, pour concrete, lay new roofs and repair fences. The Stowers family, for example, is doing this itself on a three-year, pay-as-you-go program. George Stowers has swapped services for electric work, plumbing, plastering and carpentry. The couple saved up $1000 for materials for a new brick front to the house, a new fireplace and a new bathroom. While they are redoing their own place, they have helped rehabilitate the home of Mrs. Stowers' mother, next door.

"We're going to have the home we always dreamed about," says Mrs. Stowers. "Like everybody else, we are going at our own pace; that's better than prodding people."

One significant change in the neighborhood is the falling off of both juvenile and adult delinquency. In the old days it was a rare weekend that did not find several Casa Blancans guests of the city or county jails. One reason for this was that most Casa Blancans believed in the Mexican tradition of vendetta. They righted their wrongs, real or imaginary, by acts of revenge. The young men of the area banded in gangs to protect themselves from gangs of neighboring communities. Gang fights with knives were common. When the police came, everybody clammed up.

Joe Park and his Legion found an answer to these gang feuds. They organized a group of young men, ages seventeen to twenty-five, called *Los Vagabundos*, the Vagabonds, primarily to help one another fix up automobiles. An outstanding young truck driver, Frank Salazar, became their leader. From hot rods, the *Vagabundos* branched out into softball, basketball, community service and helping needy families. Every member brings a can of food to each meeting to put into the basket for the needy. They wear glamorous blue jackets that are the envy of the community's teen-agers. The *Vagabundos* have to qualify for membership by keeping out of trouble with the police, by speaking English only. Any *Vagabundo* fined in court has another fine slapped on him by the club. He also is put on probation for a year.

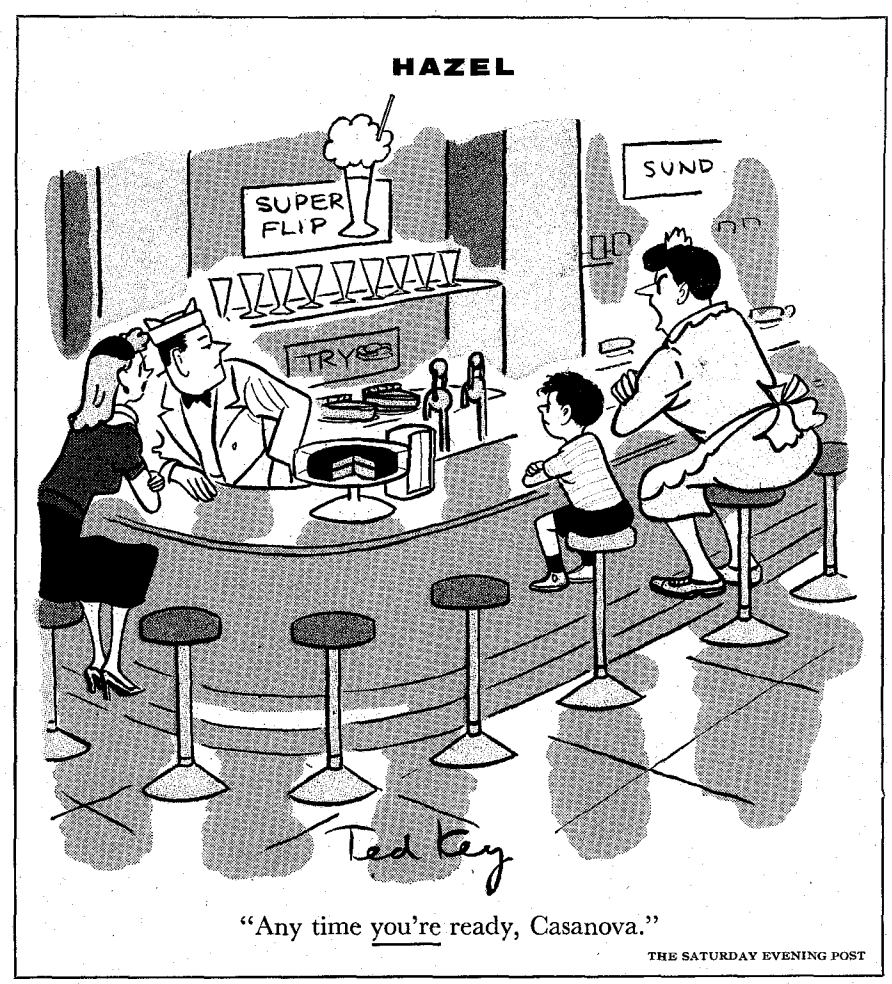
The *Vagabundos* also took under their wing a club of younger fellows, known as *Los Águilas*, or The Eagles. The Eagles formerly engaged in gang fights with young mobs from nearby Corona. The *Vagabundos* stopped that and diverted the *Águilas*' surplus energy into sports. After winning two basketball championships the *Águilas* have something to live up to. An *Águila's* main ambition is to qualify for membership in *Los Vagabundos*.

For the smaller boys, Joe Park organized "Los Drifters," who are interested in sports and who help in the neighborhood cleanups. Girls have their own clubs sponsored by the mothers of Casa Blanca. They stage dances in the club house, and the Legionnaires see to it that no gangs of rowdies crash the parties.

"We used to have gang fights with knives because so many of our boys were undersize," explained Park. "They had to prove that they could take care of themselves in their own way. Now that Casa Blanca is no longer an underprivileged community, they don't have to gang-fight any more."

The next Casa Blanca project on the timetable is a Boys' Club. It's going to take $10,000 to buy the materials, after which everyone will pitch in to put up the building, under the direction of two carpenters, a plumber, an electrician and a painter who have promised their donated services. Five years ago the idea of raising $10,000 in Casa Blanca would have been preposterous. Today the Casa Blancans are sure they can find the money.

"No one person deserves the credit for what has been accomplished in Casa Blanca," says Mrs. Stowers, who has sparked more ideas than anyone else. "It's an example of community co-operation and what can be achieved through careful planning and a lot of hard work. Everybody did his part according to his ability. That is the reason for the new pride among our people." THE END



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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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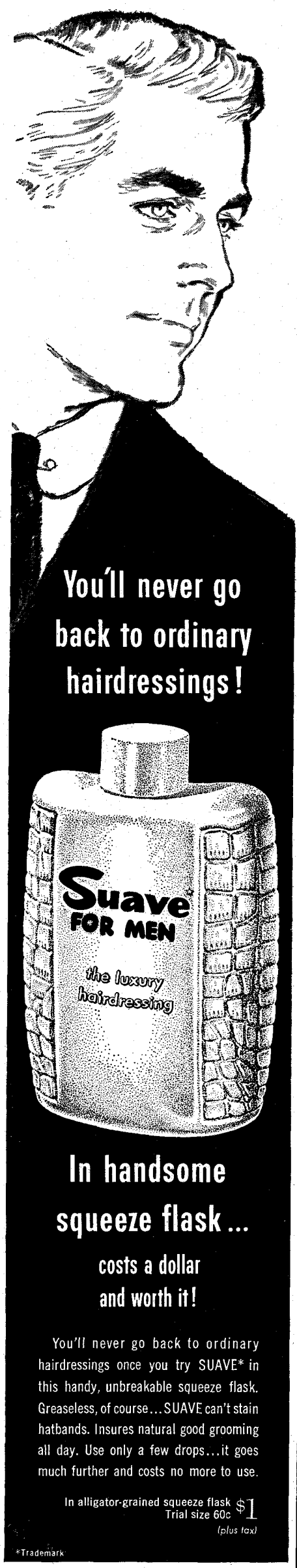
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Keeping Posted

Venerable Correspondent at the Front Again

On Quemoy Island disagreeably close to Red China's guns; left, our man Bess.

Demaree Bess, observer of the jittery Formosa situation on page 31, supplies that picture taken on Quemoy Island within shooting distance of the Chinese mainland, and he writes mournfully, "As you see, I'm getting too old for this sort of thing. Those other guys are about half my age." The guys rightward of Bess are Fred Waters, AP photographer; Lt. John Davy, USN, conducting officer; Maj. Gen. Yin T'ien Chia, Chinese commander on Quemoy; and Lawrence Chang, NBC photographer. General Yin's headquarters are in the background and behind them looms one of the frowning cliffs that make Quemoy and nearby islands a natural fortress. Bess, cheering up a little, reflects that being elderly among striplings has its points, such as getting to ride on the front seat of a Quemoy weapons carrier while the kids bound up and down behind him on painful planks.

As Bess himself started this, let's finish it: come July, he'll be sixty-three. This eminent correspondent and analyst, a Post by-liner 178 times, got busy in 1916 observing World War I, and has been probing big and little wars ever since. Also, similar peaces.

They See Themselves in Face of America

People report a special kind of affection for the Post's Face of America picture feature. They seem to find it a living thing with which they identify themselves personally—the goodness, the tragedy, the fun, the beauty, all the facets of life that turn up as a result of being, from day to day, an American. Like the facet on page 28. Photographer Glen Fishbach was driving his car when a flash of American beauty caught his eye, and presto-snappo, his camera captured it. His picture marks Face of America's first anniversary—my, how time and photos fly in this hasty world!

To be sure, while some of these photographic reflections of life have been happenstances, many were formal assignments, and a few, combinations. Example of a combo: photography editor

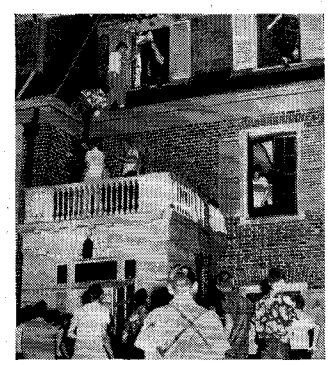
Borgstedt assigned Maynard Clark to rent a plane, fly to New York, and from the air snap the tip of Manhattan (published October 22). Clark picked a nice day, made thirty-five shots of the tip, then suddenly saw a plume of water feathering up into the air below him. It was a fireboat, which happened to be celebrating Fire Fighters' Day. The water-plume helped "make" the picture, and was taken with Clark's thirty-sixth and last available exposure.

A majority of the "Faces" are thought up by the photography department or suggested by pro photographers—like the time Bill Shrout was assigned to motor hastily to the scene of a flash flood (River Tragedy, last June 18 issue). Shrout, reaching the point where a bridge had collapsed and divers were seeking lost motorists, found himself on the wrong side of the torrent for light and action, but got his picture by driving eighty miles to cross a bridge that was still in business. Odd adventures of other Post cameramen have previously been recorded here; to mention Shrout again, he landed another "Face" —Whistle Stop, February 18—as a result of editor Borgstedt's seeing a funny little old railroad station in a movie, a built prop, whereupon Shrout had to motor himself blue in the face finding a real one as charming as the one that wasn't real.

But Face of America is an everybody in-it project, and the editors are happy that some of the best numbers have drifted in unsolicited from pro's, semi-pro's and amateurs who just saw something and snicked a shutter while the snicking was good. Some of America is glimpsed unexpectedly, some of it just once and never again.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Madness on the Campus"



In spring, a college boy's fancy turns to such extra-curricular activities as water-bag fights and panty raids. Is this "delinquency" or would you say it's "just good clean fun"? An old grad gives his studied report.

You'd Better Believe This Weatherman

Speaking of the weather for a few words, the Northeastern seaboard had a generally green winter this year until Dr. Hurd Willett, noted meteorologist of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, remarked in the Post that went on sale March 20, "Keep your ear muffs handy... there will be a return of 'old-fashioned' winters." Thereupon a blizzard exuded more snow than had been seen on said seaboard for years. This wasn't too good timing, as the snow was on the newsstands two days before the Post was, but we do the best we can with these things.

Life Among the Elmore Leonards

Post first-timer Elmore Leonard, whose address is page 37 and Birmingham, Michigan, says, "I write at work (advertising), then go home and work at writing (stories, books)"—and he seems undisposed to consider the latter activity a hobby. He has written in every room in his house, but the youngsters always catch up with him, and at last report he was heading for the cellar. When there are husbandly jobs to be done, like painting or repairing, Leonard thinks about it until Mrs. L. either hires a man or does it herself. She sounds like a fine, even-tempered girl, and that's just what her husband says she is.

Bitter Disappointment

Page 30 contains author Kurt Vonnegut's first story with a Cape Cod village setting, although he has lived there for years, and he blames this on Cape Cod old-timers. At first he spent much time talking to them, hoping to derive tales he could write in a day and sell in a week, but finally he quit in anguish. All the tales were swiped from magazines in the first place, from the famed writings of Cape Codder Joseph Lincoln.

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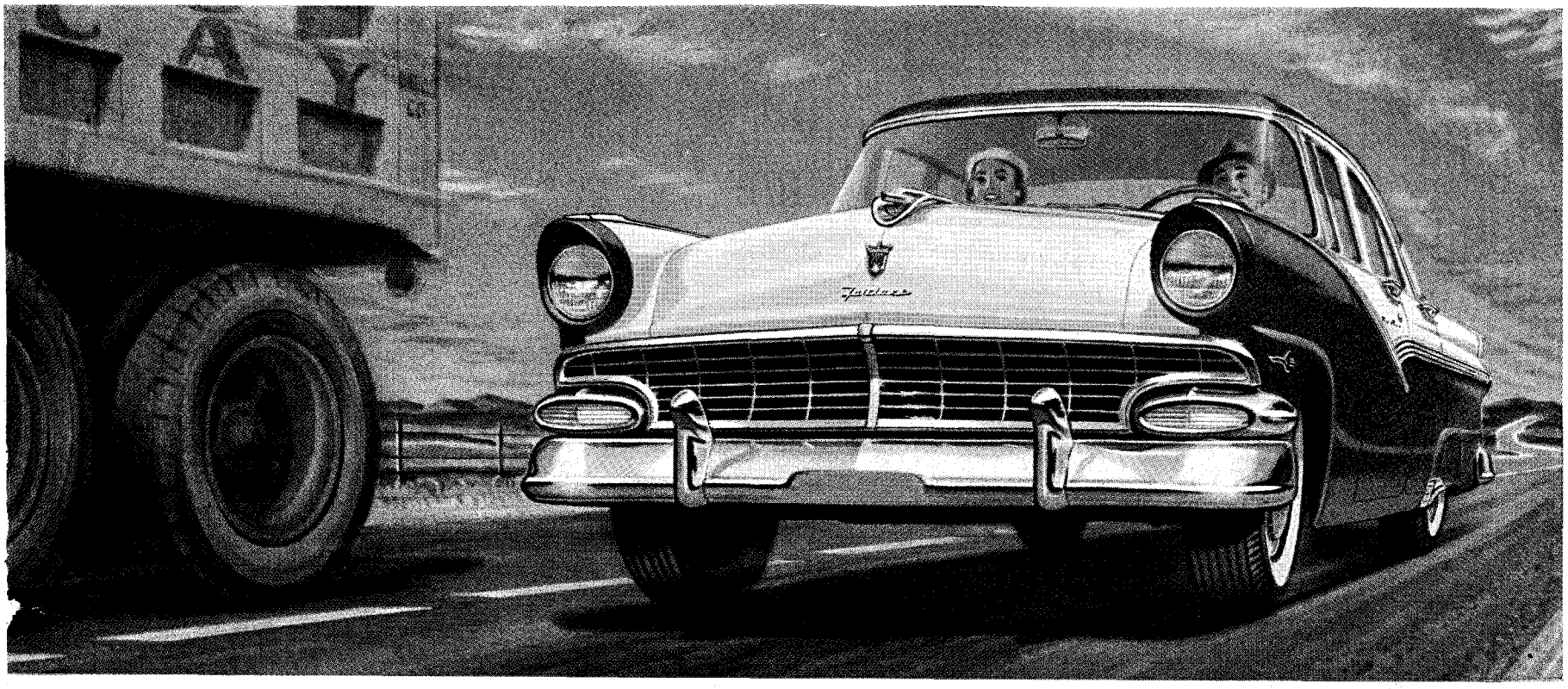
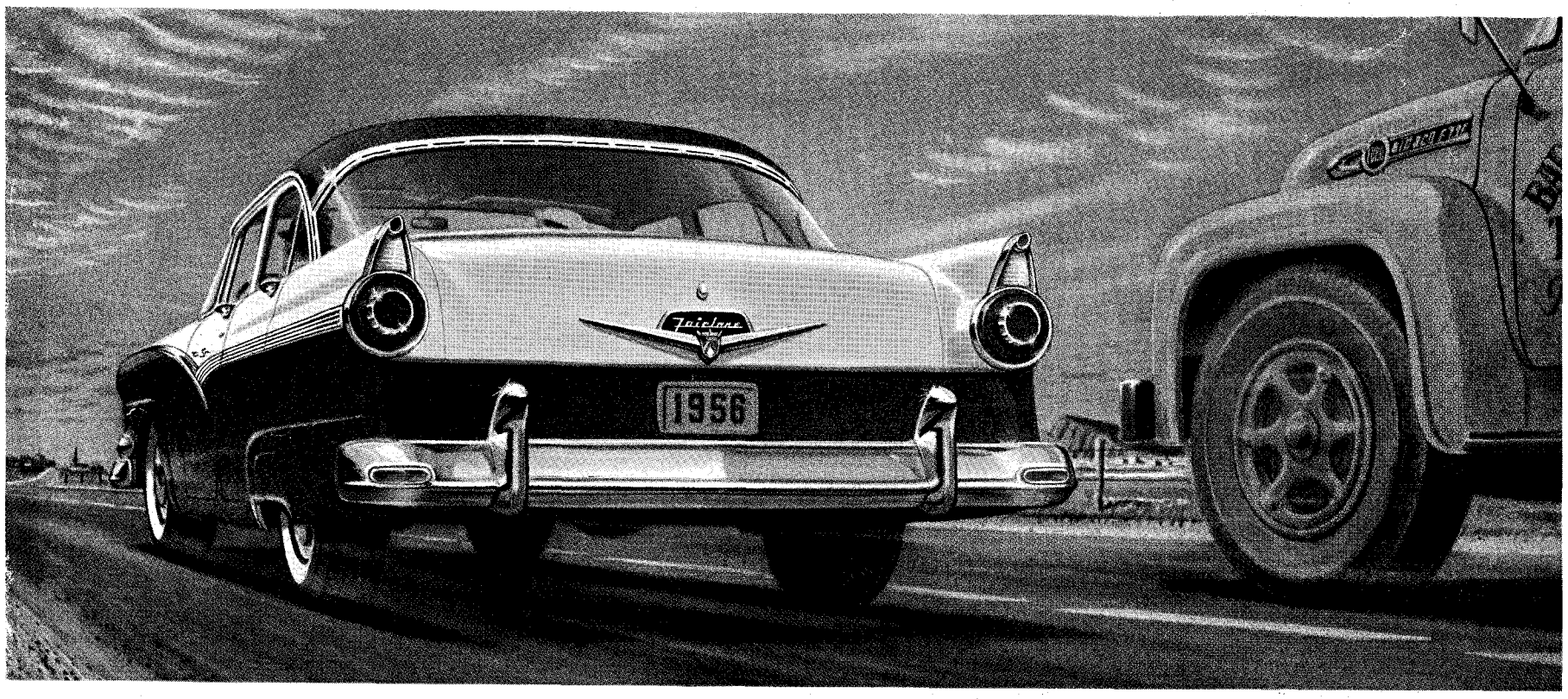


Call out the reserves

with a touch of your toe!



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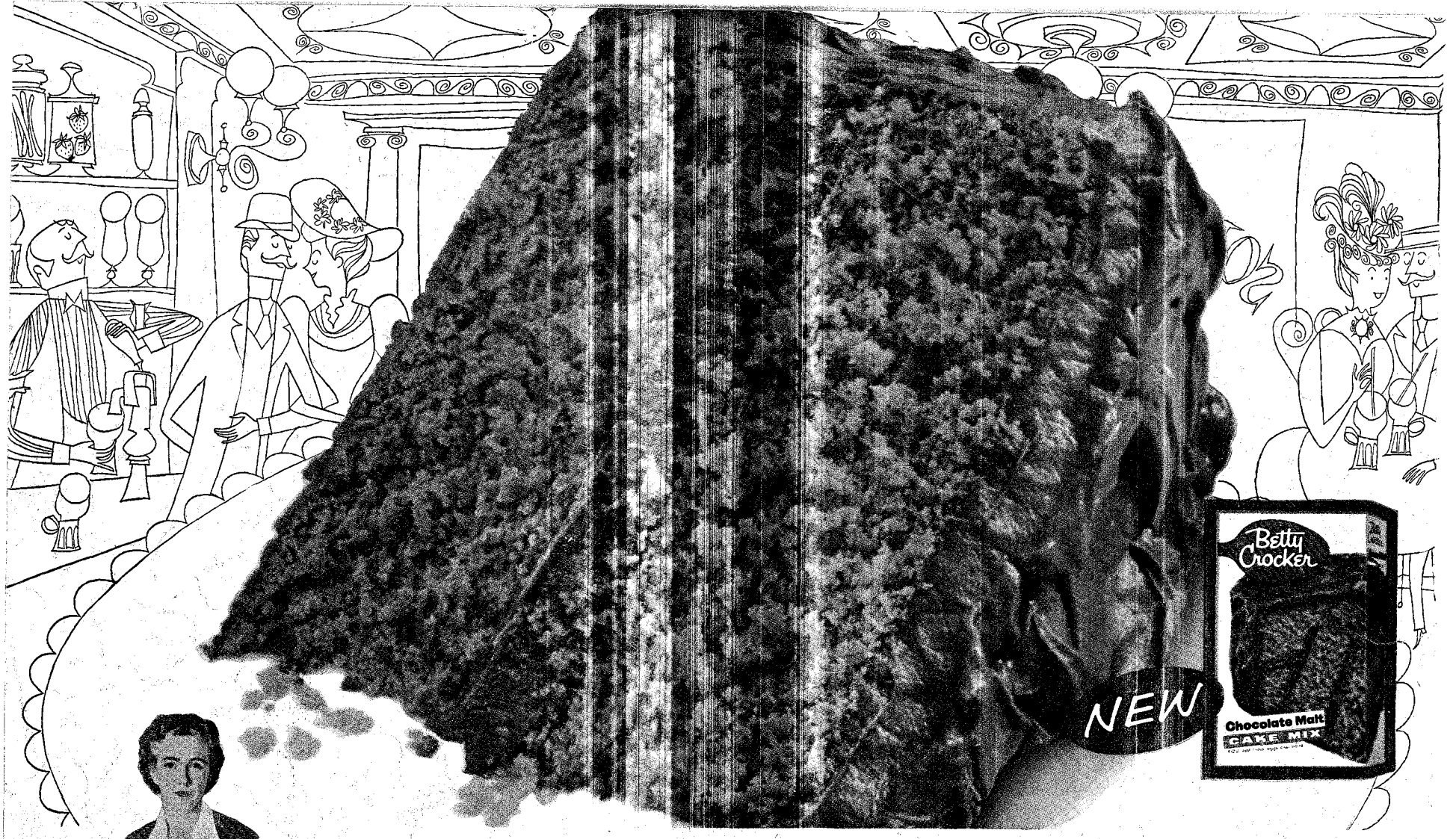

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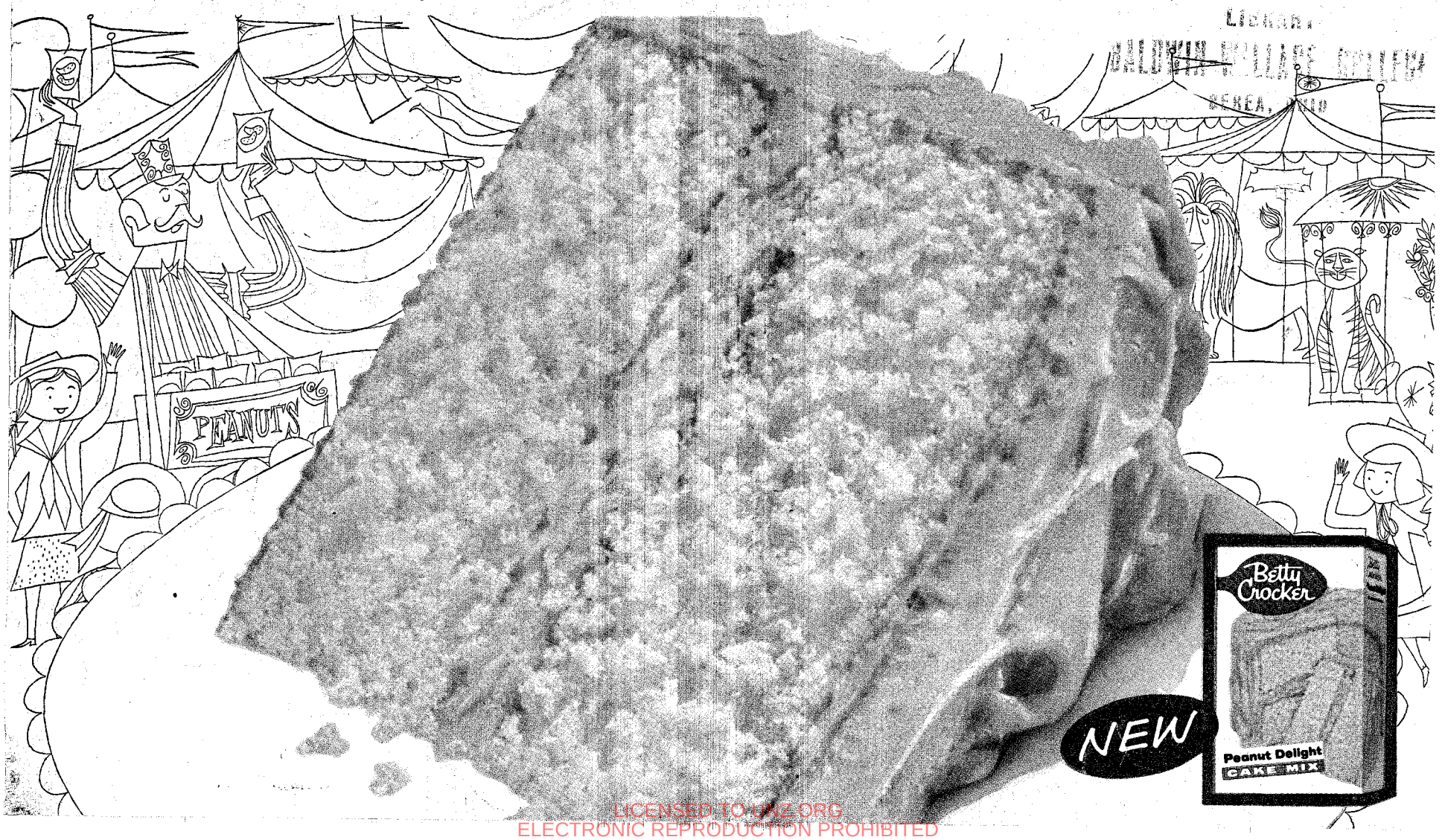

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